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THE
WORKS
OF
MRS. DAVYS:

Consisting of,
PLAYS, NOVELS, POEMS, and
FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Several of which never before Publish'd.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

- V O L. I. Containing,
- I. The SELF-RIVAL; a Comedy.
 - II. The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or *Hu-
mours of* York: a Comedy.
 - III. The MERRY WANDERER.
 - IV. The MODERN POET.
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L O N D O N,

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W. Murray



Tho. Ward Esq.
of Great Willbraham





The P R E F A C E.



*I*S now for some time, that those Sort of Writings call'd Novels have been a great deal out of Use and Fashion, and that the Ladies (for whose Service they were chiefly design'd) have been taken up with Amusements of more Use and Improvement; I mean History and Travels: with which the Relation of Probable Feign'd Stories can by no means stand in competition. However, these are not without their Advantages, and those considerable too; and it is very likely, the chief Reason, that put them out of vogue, was the World's being surfeited with such as were either flat and insipid, or offensive to Modesty and Good-manners; or that they found them only a Circle or Repetition of the same Adventures.

The French, who have dealt most in this kind, have, I think, chiefly contributed to put them out of countenance: who, tho' upon all Occasions, and where they pretend to write true History, give themselves the utmost Liberty of feigning, are too tedious and dry in their Matter, and so impertinent in their Harangues, that the Readers can hardly keep themselves awake over them. I have read a French Novel of four hundred Pages, without the least Variety of Events, or any Issue in the Conclusion, either to please or amuse the Reader, yet all Fiction and Romance; and the commonest Matters of Fact, truly told, would have been much more entertaining. Now this is to lose the only Advantage of Invention, which gives us room to order Accidents better than Fortune will be at the Pains to do; so to work upon the Reader's Passions, sometimes keep him in Suspence between Fear and Hope, and at last send him satisfy'd away. This I have

The PREFACE.

V

have endeavour'd to do in the following Sheets. I have in every Novel propos'd one entire Scheme or Plot, and the other Adventures are only incident or collateral to it; which is the great Rule prescribed by the Criticks, not only in Tragedy, and other Heroick Poems, but in Comedy too. The Adventures, as far as I could order them, are wonderful and probable; and I have with the utmost Justice rewarded Virtue, and punish'd Vice. The Lady's Tale was writ in the Year 1700, and was the Effect of my first Flight to the Muses, it was sent about the World as naked as it came into it, having not so much as one Page of Preface to keep it in Countenance. What Success it met with, I never knew; for as some unnatural Parents sell their Offspring to Beggars, in order to see them no more, I took three Guineas for the Brat of my Brain, and then went a hundred and fifty Miles Northward, to which Place it was not
very

very likely its Fame should follow: But meeting with it some time ago, I found it in a sad ragged Condition, and had so much Pity for it, as to take it home, and get it into better Clothes, that when it made a second Sally, it might with more Assurance appear before its Betters.

My whole Design both in that and the Cousins, is to endeavour to restore the Purity and Empire of Love, and correct the vile Abuses of it; which, could I do, it would be an important Service to the Publick: for since Passions will ever have a Place in the Actions of Men, and Love a principal one, what cannot be removed or subdu'd, ought at least to be regulated; and if the Reformation would once begin from our Sex, the Men would follow it in spite of their Hearts; for it is we have given up our Empire, betray'd by Rebels among ourselves.

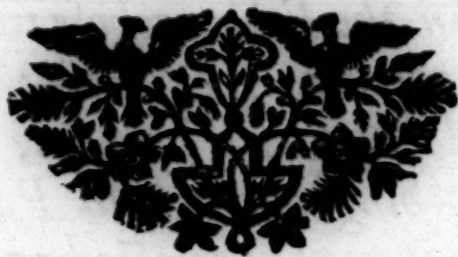
The two Plays I leave to fight their own Battles; and I shall say no more, than

than that I never was so vain, as to think they deserv'd a Place in the first Rank, or so humble, as to resign them to the last.

I have been so anxious for the Credit of my Modern Poet, that I shew'd it to several of my Friends, and earnestly begg'd their impartial Opinion of it. Every one separately told me his Objection, but not two among them agreed in any one Particular; so that I found, to remove all the Faults, would be to leave nothing behind, and I could not help thinking my Case parallel with the Man in the Fable, whose two Wives disliking, one his grey Hairs, and the other his black, pick'd both out, till they left him nothing but a bald Pate.

Perhaps it may be objected against me, by some more ready to give Reproach than Relief, that as I am the Relict of a Clergy-man, and in Years, I ought not to publish Plays, &c. But I beg of such to suspend their uncharitable Opinions, till they have read what I have writ,
and

and if they find any thing there offensive either to God or Man, any thing either to shock their Morals or their Modesty, 'tis then time enough to blame. And let them farther consider, that a Woman left to her own Endeavours for Twenty-seven Years together, may well be allow'd to catch at any Opportunity for that Bread, which they that condemn her would very probably deny to give her.





THE
SELF-RIVAL:

A
COMEDY.

As it should have been Acted

AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
In *Drury-Lane.*



VOL. I.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Ephraim Purchase ;</i>	<i>A Good Old Knight.</i>
<i>Young Purchase, his Son ;</i>	<i>A Cambridge Scholar.</i>
<i>Colonel Bellamont ;</i>	<i>A Fine Gentleman.</i>
<i>Verjuice ;</i>	<i>A Cross Old Batchelor.</i>
<i>Barnaby ;</i>	<i>The Colonel's Man.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Camphire Lovebane ;</i>	<i>An Affected Old Maid.</i>
<i>Maria ;</i>	<i>Sir Ephraim's Daughter.</i>
<i>Mrs. Fallow ;</i>	<i>A good-natur'd old Maid.</i>
<i>Kitty ;</i>	<i>Maria's Maid disguised.</i>




A C T I.



SCENE, *London*, in *Sir Ephraim's House*.

Enter Sir Ephraim and Maria.

Sir Eph.  F it be not very repugnant to your Ladyship's Inclinations, I shou'd be glad to know what Company you had last Night ; you were greatly diverted, I hear.

Maria. You know, Sir, what Company you allow me ; I had Lady *Camphire Lovebane*, my old stiff Aunt, and that Reverse of all Good-Nature and Manners, Mr. *Verjuice*.

Sir Eph. Nobody else, *Maria* ?

Ma. No, Sir, nobody else, till Mrs. *Fallow* came in accidentally, and brought a Gentleman of her Acquaintance along with her.

Sir Eph. Colonel *Bellamont*, I suppose.

Ma. The same, Sir, do you know him ?

Sir Eph. No, Hussy, nor never shall, unless you undertake to bring us acquainted ; but if he lays siege to any Fort under my Care, I shall beat up his

Quarters, and surprize him when he little thinks the Enemy so near him.

Ma. Sir, you have too many Fears about you, to make a good General; but one would think Colonel *Bellamont* should give you none, because he is one of those sort of Men I don't like.

Sir Eph. Well, Girl, look to it, your Fate lies in your own Management; if you take a Husband of my chusing, Twenty Thousand Pounds attends it; but if you cater for yourself, not a Souse, by *Jupiter*! I am now going to meet your Brother, who is coming from *Cambridge*; and I hope his Behaviour will be a Spur to your Duty.

Ma. Sir, my Duty rides a very easy free pace, and needs no Spur; but as I have no reserve in favour of any particular Person, I here promise, whenever I marry, it shall be by your Command.

Sir Eph. Well, you know what you have to trust to; so consider on't. [Exit *Sir Eph.*

Ma. Indeed, my dear Dad, Consideration is not my Talent; and 'tis well if I have not promis'd and vow'd more than I am able to perform: for Colonel *Bellamont*'s a charming Fellow, that's certain. Here, *Kitty*!

Enter *Kitty*.

Kitty. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

Ma. Yes, where's my Aunt?

Kitty. In her Closet, Madam; praying, I suppose, for what will never be granted her.

Ma. What's that, prithy?

Kitty. A Husband, Madam; old Maids never pray for any thing else.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! No, *Kitty*, I fancy you're mistaken; Lady *Camphire* has declaim'd so long against that frightful Creature, Man, that she could not for shame marry now, tho' ever so much to her Advantage. Well, she's safe then; but where's my t'other *Argus*, that old Crab-Stick, *Verjuice*?

Kitty.

The SELF-RIVAL.

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Kitty. He's lock'd up too; but his Devotions turn upon another thing, I guess: and if ever he prays at all, it is to be deliver'd from Matrimony.

Ma. Do you know who it was told my Father Colonel *Bellamont* was here last Night?

Kitty. I believe it was he, Madam; for I saw him with my Master in the Garden this Morning, and he look'd as if he was doing mischief.

Ma. So he does always; prithy help me to contrive some Revenge against the Monster.

Kitty. My Invention's very barren, Madam; but I saw Mrs. *Fallow's* Chair coming down Street, she will help you out presently.

Ma. Tell her where I am. [*Ex. Kitty.*] Bless me, this Colonel runs strangely in my head; if he attacks again, I fear I shall give ground: for the most potent Adversary we Women can meet with, is an eloquent Tongue, and a plausible Temper.

Enter Fallow.

Fal. I begin, my Dear, to reckon it among my Misfortunes, that I lodge in the same House with Colonel *Bellamont*; he has been just bribing me with his *Dutch* Mastif to be his Advocate.

Ma. The best way to get rid of him, is to say nothing in his favour.

Fal. If I be silent, he'll speak for himself; he hears your Father's gone abroad, and intends you another Visit.

Ma. He keeps excellent Scouts, they bring him early Intelligence; but my Father's not behind-hand with him for Information; that Spawn of Spight, old *Verjuice*, has told him all.

Fal. Oh the filthy Beast! how shall we be reveng'd on him?

Ma. Let's go this minute and contrive it.

Fal. Nay, nay, not now; the Colonel will be here presently, and interrupt us.

B 3

Ma.

Ma. Lard, what does the Fellow come for? Sure he has not Vanity enough to think I have any Inclination for him; I believe I shall learn Discretion from you and Lady *Camphire*, and resolve to live single: O Ged! The Thoughts of a Husband sets me a quaking like an Ague-Fit.

Fal. Airs, Airs, my Dear, don't I know that Women of your Years wish for nothing more? and Marriage is certainly a State of the greatest Happiness, where Tempers unite.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! I'll swear this is very good Doctrine to come out of your mouth.

Fal. Why I'll tell you, *Maria*, when I was as young as you are, I had the very same Fancies, which you, and all young Ladies of Fortune have; was fond of my Power, and thought Submission a very strange thing, till Time stole on me unawares, and now 'tis too late.

Ma. Pish, how you talk, don't I know you have at this time as many Lovers as ever *Penelope* had?

Fal. Aye Child, Women of Fortune can never want followers, that we may see by Mrs. *Fulsome*, whose only Charm is Sixteen Thousand Pounds; for tho' she has a deform'd Body, a Face scarce Human, and a Soul more despicable than either, there's not a Beau at Court, an Officer in the Guards, or a Merchant in the City, who does not constantly pay their Devoirs at her Levee.

Ma. O Ged, what depraved Appetites those Men have, but Madam, your Qualities and her's are very different.

Fal. No matter, Madam, a Woman who is once turn'd of Forty, and then puts herself under Covert Baron, in my opinion forfeits all Pretensions to Discretion; for if she marries a young Man, she's in the Decline of her Years, before he comes to the Prime of his; and what Comfort there is in an old one, daily Experience will tell us.

Ma,

Ma. As you say, an old Woman married to a young Man is a most ridiculous Sight, as witness poor Lady *Would-be-young*, who when she was a Widow of Fifty-Five, must needs marry Squire *Lusty* of Five and Twenty; he is now turn'd of Thirty, and she upwards of Threescore, yet would fain be thought as young as he, appears in publick dress'd in blush-colour'd Satin, and as airy as one of Sixteen, tho' her Head noddles like a piece of *German Clock-Work*, and her feeble Legs will scarce bear the Weight of her tottering Body.

Fal. For which Reasons, if you intend to marry at all, do it while you are young; beside, you will then avoid the odious Name of old Maid, which you see me labour under.

Ma. Were I sure to behave myself as well under that Denomination as you do, I would live single on purpose, for I have often thought you have brought a new Character on the Stage of Life, and you are certainly the first good-natur'd old Maid I ever saw.

[a Knocking at the Door very hard]

Fal. So so, here comes the Colonel, I think he beats a Point of War instead of a Parley; but I'll go take a Walk in the Garden, and leave you together.

Ma. I am resolv'd I won't be left alone with the filthy Fellow; if you go, I'll go too.

Fal. You'll meet with a Repulse and be beaten back again, so you had as good stand your Ground.

[Exeunt Ambo.]

Re-enter Maria, the Colonel after her.

Col. Nay Madam, why do you run away?

Ma. Because, Colonel, I know 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to you to pursue a flying Enemy.

Col. True Child, but I wou'd not put you into that Number, — I would —

Ma. What wou'd you? I'll swear you are one of

the most troublesome Men upon Earth; Lard what wou'd you have?

Col. Your Eyes and Ears a while, my Charmer.

Ma. One to read your silly Billets, and t'other to listen to your whining Complaints; no, I thank you, I have better Business for both.

Col. Nay, Madam, Whining's quite out of fashion, but methinks you might listen to an honest Truth, and look with some pleasure on my assiduous Care to please you.

Ma. Hum! — an honest Truth and out of the Mouth of a Soldier, 'tis so great a Rarity it must be worth hearing; prithee what is it?

Col. That I love you, my Angel, and would give you the last Proof of it by marrying you.

Ma. There's a Truth indeed for a Woman of my Years to listen to! Oh Ged! If I were to be confin'd to one Man, I should think my Charms were withering, and stand Knee-deep in Water all day to keep 'em fresh. No, no, Colonel, Liberty and Property's the *English* Cry, *I'll rove and I'll range, I'll love and I'll change*——till——high——ho——Thirty, and then he that holds out longest shall have me.

Col. Till Thirty! why a Man might take *Troy* in less time. Egad Child, your Lovers had need to be Soldiers, and used to long Sieges; but you don't consider, that one of your greatest Charms is Youth, and when that ceases, Admiration will do so to. Come come, *Maria*, lay by those foolish *Airs*, and take an honest Fellow while you may have him.

Ma. Well said Impudence! While I may have him! Why you talk as if I were at my last Prayers already, and instead of Thirty were turn'd of Fifty; beside, what have you ever done to merit my Favour? You love Trophies of Victory, so do I, and as you hang up your tatter'd Standards in *Westminster-Hall*, I surround my Chamber with the Spoils of dead

dead, or dying Lovers; 'tis much the best Furniture I have in't.

Col. That ever Mankind shou'd bring themselves to this! [*aside.*] Madam, how often have I told you, I love you better than Life, Liberty, or——

Ma. Plunder. But suppose you do love me, what's that to me who am told so by a thousand more? Can any thing in Nature have more Assurance than a Man in full Health and Strength with a fresh Colour and in perfect good Humour, to come and tell a young Lady he's in Love: No no, Colonel, when you approach me with pale lean Cheeks, languid dying Eyes, a Temper sour'd by ill Usage, and not one civil Word to come out of your mouth, but what is said to me; I may then, perhaps, believe some Part of your Tale, and give you leave to throw off a little Money at Cards with me now and then.

Col. Aye, but I shall bring you to my Lure upon easier Terms, or I'm mistaken. [*aside.*] And you really think to make such a thing of me as you have describ'd! Now do I know it would tickle that pretty little Heart of yours, and fill it as full of Vanity as it could hold, to see me in this Condition; but upon my Soul I can never bring myself to this, so beg you won't expect it; I will not say I deserve you, but as much as any one can, I do. Oh, how that Frown becomes you now! [*She frowns*]

Ma. I should be glad, Colonel, to have a short Catalogue of your Deserts from yourself, it would really be very novel to hear an Encomium of your Parts and Person out of your own Mouth.

Col. I am sure, Madam there's something in both which does not displease you; I am a likely young Fellow, in an honourable Post, which may justify my Pretensions to you: 'tis true, you are a fine young Lady, and may no doubt marry a Lord, but if ever he loves you half so well as I do, I'll be branded with Cowardice, and turn Mahometan, Ma.

Ma. No matter, I shall have a Title to make amends; besides, Colonel, you know my Father hates a Soldier; O Lud, if he should come and catch you here, I shou'd have a Life like a Dog.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Madam, my Master is just come in. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Ma. Oh! What shall I do?

Col. Go you down the back Stairs, and leave me to get off as well as I can. [*Exit Ma.*]

Enter Sir Eph.

Sir Eph. *Maria*, where are you Child?

Col. *Sir Ephraim Purchase*, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir Eph. I thank you, Sir, with all my heart; but by my Troth I know not how I came to merit your Favour.

Col. I have the Misfortune, Sir, of being an entire Stranger to you myself, but my present Business with you is from an Uncle of mine, Lord *Pastall*.

Sir Eph. Lord *Pastall*, I have heard much of that Family, 'tis a very large one, and I believe I am something a-kin to it myself.

Col. I believe, *Sir Ephraim*, you may be a Branch of it, but my Lord has a mind to be nearer related.

Sir Eph. As how, pray Sir?

Col. Why, Sir, the Fame of your beautiful Daughter has reach'd his Ears, and he begs to be admitted an humble Adorer; his Lordship has Ten Thousand Pounds a Year, and will give you leave to name the young Lady's Jointure; but as he is pretty well in Years, he is a little positive, and bid me tell you he will not make above two or three Visits before he is married.

Sir Eph. By my Troth he's very hasty, pray how old may his Lordship be?

Col.

The SELF-RIVAL. II

Col. O, Sir, for that, we'll let it pass; he follow'd the wise Maxim of being old when he was young, which makes him young now he is old: but all the danger lies, I fear, in the young Lady's Consent.

Sir Eph. Her Consent, ha! ha! ha! if I can't order my own Children, I have liv'd too long in the World. When, Sir, will my Lord honour me with a Visit?

Col. He only waits my Return, Sir, to know if his Visits are acceptable.

Sir Eph. And are you of the Family of the *Pastalls*, Sir?

Col. By the Female-Side, *Sir Ephraim*; but my Name is *Fainwell*.

Sir Eph. Oh dear! well, Sir, pray give my humble Service to my Lord, and tell him I wait his farther Commands; in the mean time, I shall lay mine upon my Daughter, to receive him as his Quality deserves.

Col. Sir, I kiss your Hand, and fly with the joyful News. [Exit Col.]

Sir Eph. solus. Well, if I can but get this Girl married to my mind, the greatest Trouble of my Life will be over; I'll try to bring her to it by fair means; but if that won't do, the Authority of a Parent shall.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. I thought my Lady had been here, Sir.

Sir Eph. No, but do you go find her, and tell her I want her. [Ex. Kitty.] This Girl too is another of my Plagues; and tho' I am ashamed to own it, even to myself, am forced to love her against all Resistance. What a troublesome thing is Old-Age, when the Follies of Youth pursue it? Have you found her?

Enter

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Yes, Sir, she is just set down with Mrs. Fallow to her Tea, and bid me tell you, if your Commands are not very urgent, she should be glad to be excused for a quarter of an Hour; if they are, I am to let her know forthwith.

Sir Eph. No, let her drink her Tea. [*Kitty going.*] Stay, *Kitty*, I think I have something to say to you. —Ouns, what am I going to do? No, you may go; [*Kitty going*] yet stay: *Kitty*, I have observed for this Fortnight you have been with my Daughter —Gads-bud, sure I am running mad — Who is with your Mistress, I say?

Kitty. Mrs. Fallow, Sir; nobody else.

Sir Eph. Is the Devil in me, to think of marrying a Chamber-Maid? No, no, it must not be. Go tell your Mistress I would speak with her.

Kitty. I think the old Gentleman's in a Dream. Must I call her before she has drank her Tea, Sir?

Sir Eph. No, I think you need not call her.

Kitty. I am afraid, Sir, you are not well.

Sir Eph. Not very well in my Senses, I think; but it is in vain to struggle with a Passion which has been too strong for Men of twice my Vigour. In short, *Kitty*, I have observ'd something in your Person and Temper which gives me the greatest Satisfaction: and I believe I shall marry you. [*Kitty aside.*] I don't believe a word on't.

Sir Eph. I know there is some Disparity in our Years, but you must balance that with your Family and want of Fortune: I shall very soon dispose of your Mistress; my Son, who will be here presently, intends to travel; and for my own Person, I design to bestow it upon you

Kitty. A goodly Present, I promise you. [*Aside.*] Sir, you were pleas'd to say just now you were not very well in your Senses; and I begin to take you

The SELF-RIVAL. 13

you at your word : Sure you forget I am your Servant, and that such an imprudent Action must of course bring you the Hatred of your Children, as well as the Contempt of all the World beside. No, Sir, my Advantage shall never interfere with the Duty I owe to so good a Mistress; and therefore hope you will think of this Project no more.

Sir Eph. If you have so little of the Chamber-Maid in you as to despise Profit, it adds to your Worth, and makes you still deserve all that I can give you ; I expected one Denial from your Modesty, but now I expect a Compliance from your Prudence.

Kitty. I should be glad of an Example of that good Quality from you ; I remember you read my young Lady a Lecture t'other day, in which you told her, Happiness did not consist in the present Gratification of our Passions, but in a thoughtful Reflection upon Futurity : Now, Sir, if she at Eighteen must not indulge those Passions, sure you, who are in your grand Climacterick, should find it no hard matter to subdue 'em. [*A Bell rings.*] Sir, my Lady rings ; I hope you will please to let me wait upon her.

Sir Eph. Go, [*Ex. Kitty.*] and may thy Sauciness prove an Antidote for my Folly. Death ! Do I live to be slighted by a Chamber-Maid !——Oh for *Medea's* Art of growing young again !

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*]

Enter Maria and Fallow.

Ma. What, the old Gentleman's gone ; I wonder how the Colonel got off.

Fal. Oh, Colonel *Bellamont's* a good Soldier, and knows how to make an honourable Retreat.

Ma. Nay, the Man has Wit enough ; but I hate him because I can give him no pain : the Wretch is so very indolent, he makes me no manner of sport.

Enter

Enter Sir Eph. not minding them.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud, this is not to be borne. Do I live to turn Fool, and be used like an Ass?

Ma. Hey-day! what's the matter now? Did you want me, Sir?

Sir Eph. Want you, Sir; what if I did, Sir? you thought fit to come when you pleas'd.

Ma. Sir, I sent my Maid.

Sir Eph. I know you sent your Maid; but you had better have kept her.

Ma. Sir, if she has said any thing to disoblige you, I won't keep her another Hour.

Sir Eph. I must be calm, or I shall discover myself. [*Aside.*] No, no, she has said nothing to me; but I am vex'd upon another account.

Fal. *Sir Ephraim*, I heard you were gone to meet your Son from *Cambridge*; is he come yet?

Sir Eph. Yes, Madam, he is come; but so strangely alter'd, I had much ado to know the Boy: I left him to drink a Bottle with his Companions that came in the Coach with him; he'll be here presently.

Ma. Sir, here was a Gentleman in the Dining-Room; I fancied he wanted you; did you see him?

Sir Eph. Yes; but his Business was as much with you as me.

Ma. Sure he has found out who it is. [*Aside.*] With me, Sir! I wonder he did not ask for me, then. May I know what his business was?

Sir Eph. That I shall tell you by-and-by; but, *Mrs. Fallow*, I have a small Request to beg of you.

Fal. I am sorry, *Sir Ephraim*, it is a small one; there will be the less thanks due, when granted: however, pray let me hear it.

Sir Eph. Why, as I believe you had no design in bringing Colonel *Bellamont* here last Night, I beg you will introduce him no more.

Ma.

The SELF-RIVAL. 15

Ma. Aye, aye, it must be so; he has certainly found him out. [*Afide.*]

Fal. If that be all, *Sir Ephraim*, I here give you my word I will oblige you.

Sir Eph. Madam, I thank you; but I hear a Coach stop, 'tis my Boy, I believe. [*Ex. Sir Eph.*]

Ma. Now is my Curiosity up in Arms to know what this Creature has done.

Fal. Done! for my part, I believe he has ask'd your Father's Consent.


Ma. If he has, I'll give him my word he shall never have mine; for then the next thing will be my Confinement.

*And Woman's Will can never bear the Rein;
I'll have my Freedom, or I'll break my Chain.*



A C T II.

Enter Sir Eph. Young Purchase and Maria.

Sir Eph.  Ethinks, *Frederick*, I could consent to this travelling Proposal of yours, were I sure Improvement were your Design; but to me it rather look'd with an Air of Discontent than Curiosity.

Young Pur. Sir, I must own I despise the World, yet have a mind to see it.

Ma. Now will I be hang'd if this ben't some Love-Qualm; for *Cambridge Air*, they say, makes People very amorous. *Sir*

Sir Eph. Why, what a pize, ar't fallen out with the World before thou art well got into't? By my Troth, Boy, thou art too young of all Conscience for a *Sto-ick*. Gads-bud, at this rate, you'll grow old before your Father: why, I can drink my Glafs, crack my Jest, make one in a Country-Dance, and laugh as heartily at a good Comedy as I could have done forty Years ago; and I protest I can look at a pretty Girl with as much Pleasure as ever I did in my Life.

Ma. Look at her! aye, in my Conscience, and that's all. [*Aside.*

Sir Eph. Well, Boy, if you are resolv'd to take a Ramble, I won't hinder you; but you shall stay and dance at your Sister's Wedding first.

Ma. At my Wedding, Sir! why am I going to be married then?

Sir Eph. Yes, forsooth, you are; and that very suddenly too.

Ma. I hope I shall have the Pleasure of a little Courtship first: May I know his Name?

Sir Eph. I warrant thee, Girl, thou shalt have Courtship and Ladyship; but it is time enough to know his Name when you are going to lay down your own.

Young Pur. I hope, Sir, you don't design to force my Sister's Inclinations.

Sir Eph. Not force 'em! by my troth but I will, if they don't comply without it: we should have a fine World indeed, if young Wenches were to be their own Carvers.

Enter a Maid-Servant.

Maid. Madam, Mrs. Kitty is gone away.

Sir Eph. Gone! where is she gone?

Maid. I don't know, Sir; when she was at the Door, she bid me tell my Lady she could stay no longer, and she would let her know the Cause in a little time.

Sir

The SELF-RIVAL. 17

Sir Eph. Ads-bobs I'll have her found, if she be within the County of *Middlesex*. Come and show me which way she went. [Exit *Sir Eph.*

Young Pur. What *Kitty* is this that has put the old Gentleman in such a Rage?

Ma. A Girl I have not had above a Fortnight, I am amazed at her sudden Departure. I always used her well for your sake; tho' she was no more fit for my Servant than I was for her's.

Young Pur. I don't understand you, *Maria*; is your Maid's Interest mix'd with mine?

Ma. No, but she came recommended to me from your Friend young *Hartfree's* Sister, the fair *Emilia*, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Young Pur. Oh name her not! did you but know what I daily suffer for that lovely False-one, you would pity your poor despairing Brother, and save his Ears a Sound that rends his Heart.

Ma. Is it possible you can be so weak as you make yourself? and whine thus for another Man's Wife? You sent me word she was married.

Young Pur. Ah! *Maria*, you talk like a happy Novice, like one a Stranger to the Pains I feel; had you the least Notion of Love, or had ever seen her blooming Youth and Beauty; had you heard her sprightly lively Wit, and been a Witness to her soft, sweet, engaging Temper; you wou'd then own with me, her Charms are irresistible.

Ma. And is this the Logick and Ethicks, as you call it, you have been studying all this while? O Ged! how I could laugh at you now! but *Sir Ephraim* has put me out of humour with this Wedding he tells me of; I wonder who it is he would sacrifice me to, if I were fool enough to comply?

Young Pur. 'Tis pity we should both be unhappy; but I can tell you; Lord *Pastall* has sent to be admitted, and my Father seems resolv'd to give you to him.

18 *The SELF-RIVAL!*

Ma. Lord *Pastall* ! is he the Man ? Why he's Colonel *Bellamont*'s Uncle.

Young Pur. The same ; but what have you done with the Colonel ?

Ma. Why, I disbanded him, to please the House ; but believe I shall lift him again, if this News prove true.

Young Pur. Well, I know not how to advise ; there's a Father's Commands, and a Woman's Inclinations to clash, both perhaps very resolute : so I'll leave you, to prepare for my Journey. [*Going, but turns back.*] Do you expect your Maid again ? methinks I would fain see her, because you say she came from *Emilia*.

Ma. I am so much at a loss to find out why she went, that I know not what to think ; but if I see her again, you shall. [*Ex. Young Pur.*]

Enter Mrs. Fallow.

Fal. I wonder what the Colonel's Man wants with Mr. *Verjuice* ; he's below enquiring for him.

Ma. Now you talk of the Colonel, I am going to me married, Child.

Fal. When ?

Ma. I don't know.

Fal. To whom ?

Ma. I can't tell.

Fal. Pugh ! you banter me.

Ma. I don't indeed ; 'tis true, neither my Father nor I have ever seen him ; but I am to have him for all that : nay, for ought I know, I am married already by Proxy : You know all Stations of Life imitate those above them ; which we may see by the Cobler's Wife in her Velvet Scarf, and the Chimney-Sweeper's Daughter with her Gold-Watch.

Enter Young Purchase.

I wonder Sir *Ephraim* has never found out some aged Piece of Quality for my Brother here. Old Folks dearly love to prefer one another. *Young*

The SELF-RIVAL. 19

Young Pur. He's for a tenderer Morfel himself, or I'm mistaken.

Fal. That, Sir, is because his Teeth are not so good as your's.

Young Pur. But, Madam, if he should make me live upon Whit-Leather, my Teeth would soon be as bad as his own; he is so strangely ruffled about my Sister's Maid that's gone away, I can't get one word out of him about my own Affair.

Ma. I believe he has made love to her, and she's run away for fear: I'll swear it would look with an air of great Prudence, to see him marry me to an old Man, and chuse a Girl for himself. How Nature laughs at such Contrivances! But where's his great Adviser, Mr. *Verjuice*?

Young Pur. Gone out with a Fellow in Red. Prithee what is this *Verjuice*? his Name sets my Teeth on edge.

Ma. Oh! a very honest Fellow; one that would at any time pawn either Body or Soul for Mischief, or Money: my Father pick'd him up at the *Spaws*, and brought him home, I suppose, to be a Spy upon me.

Young Pur. Is not Lady *Camphire Lovebane* a sufficient Guard for you, with her Affectation and Ill-nature?

Fal. Which Qualities are, generally speaking, the constant Attendants of us old Maids; tho' being peevish, is telling the World how much we repine at our Condition: and, for that reason, I always speak well of Matrimony.

Mar. How unlike to this is my good Aunt within, who pretends to hate the very name on't; and, for fear of being put in mind, has tore it quite out of her Common-Prayer Book, says 'tis a very useless Part of the Liturgy, and should be in nobody's Book but the Parson's.

Young Pur. That's because she would not be tantaliz'd; but see! she's coming.

Ma. Let us vex her a little.

Enter Lady Camphire.

Fal. I am sorry your Ladyship did not come a little sooner to share my Mortification; this cruel Niece of your's says she's sure no Woman ever liv'd single till thirty, who had it in her power to be otherwise.

Lady Cam. Sadness, I wonder at my Niece; her Tongue is always running on what she does not understand.

Ma. I only judge of other People by myself, Madam; I own it would give me the height of Chagrin, if I thought the Men did not think me worth courting.

Lady Cam. Faugh! how can you desire a Man's Company upon any Terms? I am amazed, Mrs. Fal-low, you should have employ'd your time on so filthy a Subject, as all must needs be, where the Men are concern'd. Oh! what sweet Lives did the *Amazons* lead? a whole Nation of Women, govern'd by their own Laws! Oh happy People! that there were such a State now!

Young Pur. Sure, Madam, if there were, your Ladyship would not be a Member of it, because of the Custom of going sometimes to filthy Man.

Lady Cam. That, Nephew, was Necessity; and since Nature has been so improvident, as to provide no other way of propagating our Species, 'tis a Duty incumbent on us all.

Fal. If that be your Ladyship's Opinion, I wonder you have been so remiss in your Duty that way yourself.

Lady Cam. There are People enough in the world to excuse me; but I must own I have been a little too cruel.

Ma.

The SELF-RIVAL. 21

Ma. I dare swear no body but yourself ever thought so. [*Afide.*]

Lady Cam. How many Men of Quality have I had at my feet, whom I did not regard! There was poor Lord *Sippington* fretted himself into a Consumption upon my account; and that great Sportsman, Sir *Noisey Rockwood*, not able to bear my Scorn, went in a Fit of Despair, and married Mrs. *Sarah Maidenly*; tho' he always said he could love nobody but me.

Ma. [*to Mrs. Fal.*] Was ever any thing so ridiculous! I have heard my Mother say, she was never ask'd to marry in her Life; but was so fond, that if she had not been strictly watch'd, she had run away with the Butler.

Lady Cam. What does my Niece say, Mrs. *Fallow*?

Fal. That she has heard her Mother say, your Ladyship had always such an Aversion to Men, that she has known you keep your Chamber for Months together, because you could not bear the sight of the Butler and Footmen, when they waited at Table.

Lady Cam. Well, that's very true, I own it was carrying the thing a little too far, but I could not help it; I never spoke to a Man, unless my Father, till I was turn'd of Two-and-twenty: the Gentlemen who used to visit at our House, always call'd me the inaccessible Lady.

Young Pur. I never heard of anybody in my life that had such strict Notions of Modesty; your Ladyship would have made an excellent Nun.

Lady Cam. I have oft lamented the Misfortune of our Nation, that we have not that agreeable Society among us; could I get the Parliament to consent to it, I would build a Nunnery myself, and settle my whole Fortune upon it.

Ma. And be Lady Abbess yourself, Madam; but I hope your Nuns must not observe such strict Rules as they do abroad; I doubt, perpetual Confinement,

Penance, and Midnight-Prayer, will never agree with our *English* Ladies: if you expect those of them, I fancy you will gain but few Profelytes.

Lady Cam. Dear Niece, that you should think I would have any of the strict part abated! Penance, indeed, our Church does not allow of; but for every thing else, I would have it most religiously observ'd: and this would hinder all desire of things which the Order would not admit of. I would have *Plato's* Rules of Love only practis'd.

Young Pur. Mad, as I live! stark mad!

Ma. I find, Madam, I shall never be one of your Society; my Notion of Things is not so very abstracted; I own I have a little more of the gross in me: and what they call *Platonick* Love, is to me the greatest Jest in Nature, and seems as inconsistent with our Nature as being invisible.

Lady Cam. I extremely wonder at your Taste, Child, when I consider from what Blood you are sprung; you have too little of your Mother's Family in you, which was always so remarkable for that Purity I find you want: Our great Grandfather, Sir *Frosty Lovebane*, married Dame *Chastity Camphire*, who was Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, and he was knighted by that glorious Virgin, and was the first of our Family who was ennobled; for King *James*, at his Accession to the Crown, created him Baron *Iceby*, and afterwards Earl of *Snowington* in the Highlands of *Scotland*: He liv'd to be Ninety-five Years of age.

Ma. For goodness sake interrupt her, or she will never have done, now she has begun with her Family: I have known her tell a Tale of it three Hours long, and then had not got to the Union of *York* and *Lancaster*.

Young Pur. Come, Ladies, who's for the Play to-night? I believe 'tis almost time,

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Lady Cam. Sadness! that ever People should give their minds to such vain empty things! Come, *Mrs. Fallow*, if you will go along with me, we'll first drink a Dish of Tea, and then I'll read you a little Treatise I writ myself upon Vanity.

Fal. Madam, you can write nothing but what must be worth hearing. I attend you.

Lady Cam. Come then. [*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Young Pur. The worst-match'd Pair in *Christendom*; one all Good-Humour, Ease, and Freedom; t'other all Ill-Nature, Pride, and Affectation.

Ma. A just Remark, I confess; but let us go and see whether the old Gentleman be reconciled to his Loss.

You. Pur. I wish I could be reconciled to mine. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

[*Scene changes to Colonel Bellamont's Lodgings; the Col. and Verjuice set at a Table with Wine before 'em.*]

Col. Come, *Mr. Verjuice*, why don't you drink your Wine?

Ver. Because I don't love it, Sir,

Col. I'm sorry for't; I thought every honest Fellow had lov'd his Bottle.

Ver. Ha! ha! ha! If none but honest Fellows were to drink Wine, one Vintage would serve till the Resurrection; I don't believe there's an honest Man betwixt *Nova Zembla* and the Streights of *Magellan*.

Col. I hope, *Mr. Verjuice*, you exclude yourself.

Ver. Sir, I exclude nobody.

Col. That's hard; I was in hopes to have made you my Friend.

Ver. Lookye, Sir, I have no Notion of what the World calls Friendship; nor do I take it for any thing but Sound, mere Sound! Draw up a Catalogue of all those who call themselves your Friends, and ten to one whether in five hundred Persons, there is one single Mortal who will do you the least

Service, but promise like the Devil, tho' they are not half so honest in performing. No, Colonel, I neither have, or desire any Friend but Money; and if ever I do any Man a piece of service, that must be my Inducement.

Col. I wonder, Mr. *Verjuice*, you should say you are not an honest Man; upon my Soul, I never heard an honefter Declaration in my Life: Come, Sir, I love plain Dealing as well as you do; and, without any farther Preamble, I must tell you I have a design upon the Daughter of Sir *Ephraim Purchase*; [*pulls out a Purse, and lays it down by him*] I have address'd her for some time: but as Women of her Coquet Temper encourage all Men alike, I have not gain'd that ground I expected; for which reason, I intend to try another Expedient, but can do nothing without your assistance.

Ver. [*Eying the Purse.*] Why, I believe I shall be inclined to serve you, when you have told me how.

Col. That I shall do very briefly; and, by way of Preludium, desire you will accept of this Purse; 'tis lined with something that will please you: and when the work is over, I believe I can tell where to find a fellow to it.

Ver. Well, Sir, I have already told you this is the Friendship I like; and if I can return it in something that will please you as well, why you will, I suppose, be satisfy'd.

Col. True, Sir, and now to the purpose: In the first place, you are to know I am a younger Brother, and have not much more than my Commission to trust to; and how soon I may be reduced to Half-Pay, I know not; for which reason, I would secure *Maria* and her twenty thousand Pounds, which will be a comfortable Recruit whenever t'other happens.

Ver. I won't say 'tis impossible to get the Girl, but how will you secure her Fortune?

Col.

Col. I'll run the hazard of that ; Time will reconcile all things ; and Sir *Ephraim*, when he dies, will certainly leave his Money behind him : beside, if I marry her with his own Consent, there will be no great difficulty.

Ver. True ; but how the Devil do you expect to get it ?

Col. That I am now to tell you ; I intend to disguise myself, and pass for the old Lord *Pastall*, who is my own Uncle, and has a good Estate, part of which I may one day possess : neither Sir *Ephraim* or his Daughter have ever yet seen him, tho' they both know there is such a Peer, and that he intends to address *Maria*.

Ver. Does she know any thing of the matter ?

Col. No, nor do I design she shall, till I am forc'd to discover myself ; for if she likes an old Man with an Estate and Title, better than a young one with neither, she'll close with her Father's Proposals, and marry me as such ; if she likes the other better, 'tis but letting her into the secret at the last pinch ; and she will then be pleas'd it is no worse.

Ver. But I don't see how I am to serve you all this while.

Col. Why 'tis very probable Sir *Ephraim* will desire to be satisfied I am the very Man I personate ; and your part in this Affair is to own me as an old Acquaintance, and say I am to your knowledge the very numerical identical Lord *Pastall*.

Ver. Hum—Well, I find I am to act no very reputable part ; for I see I am to be little better than a down-right Cheat : but why should I be ashamed of being in particular what all Mankind are in general ? One word more, and I have done ! Are you not afraid *Maria* should know your Voice ?

Col. I'll disguise it as well as I can ; but you know such near Relations may speak alike.

Ver.

Ver. Well speed the Plow ; when must I expect you ?

Col. In half an hour precisely ; my Man is gone to provide the Disguise, and in that time you may expect me.

Ver. I'll be at home. Fare you well. [*Ex. Ver.*]

Col. So, now have I put myself into the power of one who has Villany enough to betray me the first thing he does ; but as he has no notion of either Friendship or Honour, the Bribe already given, and that promis'd, will secure me ; else let him look to his Bones, for they pay for every slip of his Tongue.

Enter Barnaby with a Bundle.

Well, have you forgot nothing ?

Bar. No, Sir, no ; here's every thing in order, from the narrow-brim'd Beaver to the Roses in your Shoes ; if my Lord dresses as your Honour is like to be, by my troth he's a queer figure.

Col. Are all the Footmen ready ?

Bar. Yes, Sir, Coach and Equipage are all at the door ; but will your Honour give me leave to ask how you managed Mr. *Verjuice* ?

Col. By the Magick Art of Gold, Sirrah ! the Dog's run away with a whole Month's Pay.

Bar. Aye, Sir, there's nothing to be done without it, either in Love or Politicks ; to attempt a Design in either without Generosity, is like besieging a Town without Ammunition.

Col. The Rascal's in the right for once.

Bar. That ever People should be so fond of a little white and yellow Earth ! Now could I philosophize much, and wonder in my Conscience who it was that first set a value on it. Oh Gold, Gold ! I may say as my Friend *Castalio* did of Women :

What mighty Ills have not been wrought by Gold ?

What is the Cause the gaming Lady spends

At Cards or Dice her sleepless Nights ? nor thinks

How

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*How much late Hours prey on her Damask Cheeks,
And spoil her blooming Charms?——Gold.*

*What makes the Sailor plow the Azure Main,
While Spouse and Babes at home neglected mourn
His tedious Absence?——Gold.*

*By thee betray'd, how many Maids lament
Their Honour lost, and rail at faithless Man!*

Col. Ha! ha! ha! you're extremely eloquent, Sir.

Bar. Aye, Sir, you may please to remember, when we were at *Cambridge* how differently we spent our time; while you were at the *Tuns* over your Bottle, I was in your Study over your Books, and there I read the Force of Gold; it once made *Demosthenes* dumb, and 'tis that now which makes me speak.

Col. Your most humble Servant, Sir! I would have you turn Poet.

Bar. No, I thank you, Sir; that would be the way to have little enough of the Metal I have been just talking of: for I'll engage that Trade starves more People than the seven Years of Famine did.

Col. Well, Sir, no more of your Wit at present, but carry up the things, for I must dress, and be there immediately.

Bar. I go, I go, Sir; but I hope when you have taken the Town, you will be pleas'd to remember 'twas I that sprung the Mine, and reward me at least with some of the Plunder. [Ex. Bar.]

Col. Now, Fortune, be propitious, and crown my Wishes with Success!

*The Gods in borrow'd Forms committed Rapes,
'Twas they first taught us how to change our Shapes;
And if by their Example 'tis we move,
What Mortal would not mimic mighty Jove?*

A C T



A C T III.

Enter Verjuice.

Ver. T O talk of Honour and being nicely virtuous, is like a Girl eaten up with Green-Sickness and Romance; 'tis true, indeed, Sir *Ephraim* may meet with Vexation, his Daughter with Ruin, or the Colonel with Disappointment, but what's all that to me, who am like to get both Sport and Profit by it? [*Enter Sir Ephraim.*

Sir Eph. I am glad you are here, Mr. *Verjuice*, I want a little of your Advice; my Son, you must know, has a mind to travel, and if I should let him go, and he should bring me home some *French* Whore, or *Venetian* Strumpet, to get Heirs for my Estate, Gads-bud, 'twould make me mad.

Ver. But if he should marry an *English* Whore, the thing is so very common, that it would not disturb you, I suppose: Lookye Sir *Ephraim*, if I were in your place, I should rather think of disposing of my Daughter than my Son; for as he grows older, he'll get more Wit; but as she does so, she'll grow more head-strong.

Sir Eph. Aye, may be so, but I have dispos'd of her already.

Ver. Have you so? to whom, pray?

Sir Eph. To one I expect every minute, 'tis Lord *Pastall*, if you ever heard of such a one.

Ver.

Ver. Heard of him! Why he's my old Acquaintance, my particular Friend, an excellent Match, I assure you: but I would have you close with him as soon as possible, for he's a little whimsical, and not very steady in his Resolutions; catch him Sir *Ephraim*, catch him as soon as you can, for he's worth a prodigious deal of ready Money, beside an Estate of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud I'm glad to hear it, by my Troth I am glad to hear it.

Ver. Aye, but Sir *Ephraim*, will your Daughter like him? For he's pretty old.

Sir Eph. I shall never once give myself the Trouble to ask her, whether she does or no; if I like him, 'tis sufficient; and if she does not like him, she shall take him for her pains. [*A knocking at the Door.*]

Ver. I believe he's come.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a strange sort of an old Gentleman below, they call him Lord *Pastall*, and I believe they are in the right. He's here.

Enter Colonel disguis'd and dress'd in a very old-fashion'd Habit, Sir Ephraim and he make a great many ridiculous Bows to one another.

Ver. Ouns what a Figure he makes! [*Aside.*]

Col. Sir *Ephraim*, I sent my Business to you to-day by my Nephew, for I am a Man that cannot away with a great deal of Trouble. How! my Friend Mr. *Verjuice* here!

Ver. My good Lord *Pastall*, I am glad to see you. Why I think in my heart you grow young again?

Sir Eph. Young again! He may be an Antediluvian by his Dress; by my troth the Girl will never like him, nor I don't know how the Devil she shou'd.

[*Aside.*]

Col. Well, Sir *Ephraim*, to our Business; come, I have

have a good Estate, and I begin to think of getting Heirs for it.

Sir Eph. Why, truly my Lord, I think 'tis almost time, if you design it at all; my Daughter's young enough, if we can but get the Baggage to like your Lordship.

Ver. I see you have Business, my Lord, so I take my leave. [Exit Verjuice.]

Col. Like me! Cot-so, how shou'd she chuse but like me? [gets up and struts] Why I am as likely an old Fellow as ever got over Seventy Three, since the Siege of Jerusalem.

Sir Eph. And I believe he can remember it, for ~~my~~ my part. [Aside.] But my Lord, I beg your Lordship will not be too free in telling your Age.

Col. Away, away, let me see the young Gentlewoman, and leave me to do my own Business: Cot-so, I can mousel a young Girl, I warrant you.

Sir Eph. Well my Lord, I'll go and fetch her. By my Troth I can hardly forbear laughing myself. [Aside.]

Col. solus. Ha! ha! ha! If this does not mortify Maria, and bring her to a better Opinion of her young Lover, the Devil's in her Taste, I think.

Enter Sir Ephraim and Maria.

Sir Eph. Here my Lord, here's my Girl; if you can get her Consent, I freely give you mine, you say you can do your own Business, so I leave you together. [Exit Sir Eph.]

Col. Come my pretty Maid, sit you down, and I'll talk a little with you. [Maria looks at him, and bursts out a laughing.] Cot-so, my little Wag, what do you laugh at me? but that's a Sign you're pleas'd, and I'll please you better, my little Wag, before I have done with you.

Ma. My Lord, you have but one way of pleasing me.

Col. Which way is that, prithee?

Ma.

Ma. To make me a very good Jointure, and marry me to-night, then kick up your heels and die to-morrow Morning.

Col. Cot-so, why you unconscionable little Baggage, but one Night, Hussy, but one Night!

Ma. No, but one Night, and enough too, all things consider'd. I warrant, my Lord, you carry an Organ to bed with you every night, but I hate Serenades.

Col. Say you so, my little Wag, Cot-so; try me, and if you do not find me better than you expect, I'll give you a good separate Maintenance, and we'll part like any fashionable young Couple.

Ma. I shou'd know that Voice; [*she looks earnestly at him.*] Aye! in my Conscience, 'tis Colonel *Bellamont*, he has forgot to cover the Mole on his Forehead; but if I don't play him Trick for his Trick, may I never marry a younger Husband than he represents.

Col. Come, come, venture upon an old Fellow for once, here's Two Thousand Pounds a Year Jointure, a Title, with a Coach and six; Cot-so, my little Wag, what wou'd you be at?

Ma. I must own, my Lord, your Offers are very powerful, almost too strong for a weak Woman to resist; but I have made a firm Resolution never to marry any Man, who will not first promise me to chastise the Insolence of a young saucy Lover I have.

Col. Do but name him, and he dies tho' he had the Lives of ten Cats.

Ma. Nay, I believe he's but a Coward, tho' he's a Field-Officer, and I fancy it wou'd be no hard matter to lead him in Triumph like a tame Bear.

Col. 'Sdeath that's unsufferable. [*Aside.*]

Ma. But you know, my Lord, if you can't manage him yourself, you may call in some of your Bull-Dogs; poor Gentleman, he's no *Almanzor*, but plain Colonel *Bellamont*.

Col. How! my little Wag! Colonel *Bellamont*! why he's my Nephew, Child; and that would be an un-

unnatural Quarrel indeed : Fy upon't ! I hate every thing that's unnatural.

Ma. Why then, my Lord, do you desire to marry a young Woman ? I think you ought to sacrifice every thing to my Inclination.

Col. By my troth he's a very honest Fellow ; and I love him as well as I do myself : but to let you see I love you better than either, I'll go this minute and bring him an humble Suppliant at your Feet, where he shall renounce all his Pretensions, and resign you wholly to me.

Ma. But then, my Lord, I expect you should bring him yourself.

Col. Myself !—ay, ay. That would be a little hard, if she knew all. [*Aside.*]

Ma. Be sure, my Lord, tho' he's your Nephew, use him like your Rival ; and believe his ill Treatment gives you a title to the best in my power.

Col. Why then he falls, tho' he were as fix'd as the Poles that support the Globe. Here, where are my Rogues ? [*Exit blustering.*]

Ma. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I think the Creature acts the old Man better than the young one ; but I fancy I have humbled him pretty well, and shall hardly receive any more Addresses from him as Colonel *Bellamont* ; tho' I like his Contrivance of all things : for now I can mortify him as a young Man, and marry him as an old one ; can oblige a resolute Father, and please myself too : for, to say the truth, *Bellamont* has receiv'd a lavish share of Nature's Bounty, tho' Fortune has play'd the niggard.

Enter Sir Ephraim.

Sir Eph. Hussy, what have you done to my Lord, that he's gone away in such a plaguy stickle ?

Ma. Sir, all Ladies in Romance expect their Lovers to kill a brace of Giants, a Dragon, or a Monster,

ster, before they think them worthy of their Favours ; and I have sent mine to catch a *Myrmidon*.

Sir Eph. A what ? a Mermaid ?

Ma. No, Sir, a more formidable Creature by half.

Sir Eph. By my troth I don't believe he can catch any thing swifter than a Snail. [*Afide.*] Well, *Maria*, how do you like him ?

Ma. Like him, Sir ? very well as Lord *Pastall* ; but don't suppose you would have me like him as a Husband.

Sir Eph. Not as a Husband ! by my troth but I would. Why, you silly Jade, would any body in their Senses refuse a Man of his Substance, and so old too ?

Ma. Pray, Sir, do you reckon his Age among his Charms ?

Sir Eph. Yes, Hussy, I do ; for the older he is, the sooner he will die, and then——

Ma. There's something in that I confess ; but, however, I shall always prefer my Duty to my Inclinations : and if you command, I'll obey.

Sir Eph. By my troth I'm overjoy'd : And wilt have him, *Moll* ? wilt have my Lord ?

Ma. Sir, I am yours, and you may dispose of me as you please.

Sir Eph. Why then thou'rt a very good Girl ; and I'll promise thee I'll throw thee in a Brace of Thousands more for thy Obedience. Here, *Frederick* !

Enter Young Purchase.

Come, Boy, and rejoice with me ; thy Sister has promis'd to have my Lord.

Young Pur. Sir, you will please to pardon me, if I say my Aversion was always very great to unequal Matches ; and I cannot but think you are going the ready road to my Sister's Ruin.

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Sir Eph. Why how now, Sirrah! have I sent for you from your Tutor, to come and be mine? Gadsbobs, no more of your Advice, or—or—

Enter a Maid running.

Ma. Madam, Madam! here are Gypsies coming.

Sir Eph. Who? who? give me my Sword; who's coming?

Ma. Only a poor Woman or two that tell Fortunes; pray, Sir, let's have 'em in, to make us a little sport.

Sir Eph. Apox on 'em! and so we shall have our Pockets pick'd. But you have lately humour'd me, and for once I'll try to please you. Go, bring 'em in.

Enter Kitty, disguised like a Gypsy, with a Patch upon one Eye.

Kitty. So! so! here's one, two, three great Lovers.

Sir Eph. [*in her Tone*] Why then here are one, two, three great Fools.

Kitty. I warrant you thought yourself one, when you were making Love to a certain Person this morning. Come, Sir, cross my Hand with a Piece of Silver, and I'll tell you more.

Sir Eph. Husfly, stand farther off, or I shall cross my Cane over your Shoulders, for what you have told me already.

Kitty. No matter for that, I'll tell you more for nothing; if you don't make haste and send away your Son there, he will prove a dangerous Rival, and rob you of your Mistress.

Sir Eph. Apox confound your Lyes! I have not patience! if I stay, I shall kick the Jade out of doors.

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*

Kitty. [*to Maria.*] Now for you, Madam; the Stars give a very confused account of your Fortune, and are somewhat various in their Decrees for you; here's a Lord and a Soldier, whose Interests are so in-

interwoven, that it is not possible for the Stars themselves to tell which they are most inclin'd to; you will marry both, yet have but one Husband, and with him be very happy.

Ma. The Devil! the Devil! [*runs out.*]

Kitty [*to Young Pur.*] Come, Sir, you stand as if you were grown careless of your Fortune; but have a good heart, you have a Day of Jubilee coming.

Young Pur. I hope you will not take it ill, if I don't believe what you say.

Kitty. If you don't, I shall have *Cassandra's* Fate; but since you seem to doubt my Skill, answer me one Question: Didn't you renounce your Love for your Friendship? and because the Brother desired you to desist, who had promis'd his Interest to another, you most ungenerously left the Sister, who lov'd you more than Life.

Young Pur. If the Lady had any value for me, she deny'd me the Pleasure of knowing it; yet sure what I did was far from an ungenerous Action, since to please my Friend, I ruin'd myself.

Kitty. Had you ruin'd yourself only, the Action had indeed been generous, tho' not very natural; but you ruin'd the Lady too.

Young Pur. Who the Devil can this be? [*Aside.*] Prithee what's your Name?

Kitty. *Caldeſe.*

Young Pur. And were you born in *Egypt*?

Kitty. Yes, an *Egyptian Magi's* Daughter.

Young Pur. I rather take thee for an *Egyptian Hieroglyphick*.

Kitty. Sir, I am a perfect Mistress of my Trade. [*pulls out a Snuff-Box.*] Here, Sir, one Pinch of this Snuff will immediately represent to your eyes the Face you like best.

Young Pur. No, I have left it off. [*Kitty holds the Box nearer to him.*] One Pinch, Sir, and no more.

Young Pur. [*snatching the Box.*] Ha! *Emilia's* Picture!

ture! what Angel convey'd this Treasure into thy Custody? [*looking at the Picture.*] Thou lovely Likeness of a most beautiful Face to a more beauteous Mind! thou shalt along with me; and while *Emilia* lies incircled in a happy Husband's Arms, (Oh Death to my Repose!) I'll lay thee to my broken Heart, a senseless Witness of my Sighs and Tears! [*Kitty turns, and wipes her Eyes.*]

Kitty. Perhaps, Sir, I have made a deeper Scrutiny into your Fate than you may think me capable of; and dare affirm, *Emilia* is not married.

Young Pur. Alas! thy Good-Nature carries thee too far; and I see thou would'st divert my Trouble, even to the Subversion of thy own Skill: for her Brother——

Kitty. Sent you word she was; I know it: but his whole Design was to put a stop to your Proceedings, and the Fact intirely false.

Young Pur. Suppose I were Fool enough to believe thee, how should I reconcile her present Behaviour to her future Design? Had she the least intention to make me happy, she would doubtless e'er now have found some way to let me know it.

Kitty. My Art tells me she writ three Letters to you, but her Brother intercepted them: I'll go and consult my Familiar, and in an hour's time I'll return, and tell you when you are to see her, and never part again. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Young Pur. This is a little odd. [*Pauses.*] S'death! what a Blockhead am I! My Sister, I remember, told me, her Maid came recommended from *Emilia*, and this Woman has certainly been set on by her; should it be true—Oh that it were but true! So, here come the old Ladies; they shall have my place, whilst I go to indulge Hope.

[*Exit Young Pur.*]

Enter

Enter Lady Camphire and Fallow.

Lady Cam. Then, Madam, you think my Niece is no way inclined to the rakish Officer.

Fal. I hope not, Madam, for your sake; she says not: but we Women are sometimes, like our Dreams, to be taken by the Rule of Contraries.

Lady Cam. I am extremely concern'd to find her Taste so depraved; I wish she would contemplate on, and imitate my Vertues: but, alas! she's too much in love with sensual Pleasures, to relish intellectual, tho' they pall the Appetite, and weary even in the Enjoyment.

Fal. I fancy, Madam, if you had been a Man, you would have run into very deep Philosophy.

Lady Cam. Natural Philosophy, I believe I should; for I had always an exceeding desire to pry into the Secrets of Nature.

Fal. Bless me, what Stuff she talks! [*Aside.*]

Enter Verjuice with a Pipe in his Mouth.

Ver. Ouns! these Women, like a Man's evil Genius, are every where, I think.

Fal. I wonder, Mr. *Verjuice*, how you come to be such an Enemy to our Sex.

Ver. [*in her Tone.*] Because, forsooth, I have a natural aversion to Impertinence.

Fal. A body would expect then you should be always silent yourself.

Ver. I generally am so in Womens Company, especially among the old ones.

Lady Cam. Rude and unmanner'd! to whom do you unjustly fix that Epithet?

Ver. To nobody unjustly; for I think your Ladyship and that Mrs. *Termagant* may very well come under that Denomination.

Fal. To what end is all this Ill-nature shown? Sure you don't think it in the power of one scarce worth laughing at, to give us any Uneasiness?

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Ver. Yes, when I show my Skill in Painting, and draw your Pictures to the Life!

Fal. Where there's neither Wit enough to say things entertaining, or Good-nature enough to keep a Man within the Bounds of good Manners; I think one may venture to despise such a Person, and bid him do his worst.

Lady Cam. And for my part, my unfullied Vertue is a sufficient guard against the most virulent Railer.

Ver. Five-and-fifty's a better guard than all your Vertue; a Man must have a vast deal of Desire that can attempt a Person with no more Charms than a Skeleton, one that would damp his Desires more than the sight of a Charnel-House.

Lady Cam. How! I'd have you to know I have refused the best Matches in the Kingdom.

Ver. If your Ladyship was ever offer'd Love, (which is a very great question) it was when that Face was forty Years younger; before it had destroyed more Paint than would have daubed all the Signs betwixt *Aldgate* and *Temple-Bar*——tho' tolerable it never was.

Lady Cam. This Usage is not to be borne; one would think Sir *Ephraim* kept you on purpose to affront his Friends: but I'll know the meaning of it.

[*Ex. Lady Cam.*]

Ver. What do you fly for't? nay, then I'm Conqueror. And now for you, Madam.

Fal. Mr. *Verjuice*, I am not very fond of a *Bil-linggate* Dialogue; but I have too much of the Worm in me, not to turn again.

Ver. Nay, I know you can outdo me in scolding; for your Tongue is as nimble as the Fingers of a German Artist, and as loud as the new Clock at St. Paul's; then thou hast impudence enough to outdo Mrs. *Hardenfaced Brazen*, who put a whole Regiment of the Guards out of countenance.

Fal.

Fal. Why all this is very well now, from a Man whose Compound is Spight, Malice, Avarice, and Ill-nature; in my conscience, I begin to believe the *Rosicrucian* Philosophy, and fancy some infernal Spirit has had private Dealings with thy Mother; for Man and Woman could never beget such a Monster.

Ver. To enquire how thou wert begot, would be raking too far into so bad a Subject; but I dare say thy Nurses were puzzled to tell whether thou wert Male or Female; and if thy Maid did not lay a Plaister to thy Chaps every Night, of Honey, Tar, Treacle, and Album-græcum, thou would'st have a Beard as blue as an Ale-Wife's Apron; and there's not a Yeoman of the Guards, or a *Swiss*-Officer, that has a more masculine Phiz.

Fal. Well, I have still the advantage of you, by looking like a Human Creature, while you resemble an *Egyptian* Mummy, swaddled up in Sear-Cloth every Night, lest you should drop in pieces, when your Iron Bodice are pull'd off.

Ver. Have a care how you say this in publick; People may think I have favour'd you with a Night's Lodging, by your being so very knowing.

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! I had rather have the Favour from a Pole-Cat, and should have a sweeter Bed-fellow.

Ver. A pox o' your tart Tongue, it has set my Teeth on edge. [Exit Verjuice.]

Fal. *Victoria! Victoria!*

Enter Maria and Young Pur.

Ma. What's the matter, Madam?

Fal. Only a few sparring Blows betwixt Mr. *Verjuice* and I; but if I come not even with him for his civil Treatment, may I never converse with any thing better-humour'd than himself.

Young Pur. Then pray take your Revenge as soon as you can; for if that Curse falls to your share,

share, I know but few Blessings can make amends for't.

Fal. I am just going to lay the Scheme, before I have time to cool. Madam, I am yours.

Ma. I hope you'll let me share the Pleasure, because you know I have an old grudge to him myself.

Fal. Or it would be none to me. [*Exit Fallow.*]

Young Pur. Sure, *Maria*, you don't design in earnest to marry this silly, old, doating Lord.

Ma. Nay, I don't know; perhaps, when it comes to the push, I may marry nobody: but if I do, I am resolved to please my Father; beside, I really like my Lord.

Young Pur. For what, prithee?

Ma. His Wit, his Humour, his Air, his Behaviour; nay, in my conscience, he is very handsome too.

Young Pur. Sure you think you're describing Colonel *Bellamont*.

Ma. Pish! a fiddle on Colonel *Bellamont*! I tell you, if ever I do play the fool, and marry, it shall certainly be Lord *Pastall*; then I shall have Title, Grandeur, Jointure, Equipage, and every thing a Woman loves—

Young Pur. But a Man, *Maria*.

Ma. Pugh! my Lord's no Cypher.

Young Pur. You make me think of the Gypsy; 'tis well if there be not some Mystery in this Matter.

Ma. O Lud! I wish you were hang'd for putting me in mind of her; the very thoughts on't makes my Hair stand an end; I never convers'd with the Devil before: but my Lord will be here presently; I must go and order the Tea-Kettle to be set on. [*Ex. Maria.*]

Young Pur. solus. How I envy this Girl's happy Temper; she can be easy under any Circumstance, while my Thoughts are confined entirely to one Subject.

Lovers, like me, continually oppress'd

With strange Emotions, never are at rest,

Till with the Object of their Wishes bless'd.

A C T




ACT IV.



SCENE changes to Mrs. Fallow's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. Fallow and Barnaby.

Fal.  YOU say your Master is gone out, *Barnaby*?

Bar. Yes, Madam.

Fal. Why then I'll tell you my Business with you: *Mr. Verjuice* has this day given me some gross Affronts, which, as I did not deserve, I cannot easily pass by. There is something too grateful in that thing call'd Revenge, tho' mine does not run very high; a little drubbing will satisfy me, but you must be my Assistant.

Bar. Ah Madam, how willing shou'd I be to serve your Ladyship if I durst! but at present my Master lies under some Obligations to him, and it is as much as my Life is worth to touch him.

Fal. But it may be possible to put you in a way of touching him, and making him feel you too, without any manner of Hazard to yourself.

Bar. Why then, Madam, you shall find I do not want Inclination; ad-zucks my Fingers itch already to be at him.

Fal. I intend to dress you in a Suit of my Maid's Clothes, and then you shall go to *Sir Ephraim's* and enquire for him, tell him you have a Letter and Business

ness of some Consequence to deliver to him, but it requires the greatest Secrecy; he will then take you into the Garden, as he does every body when he wou'd not be heard; and when you have him in the Summer-House——

Bar. Leave the rest to me, Madam, I shall easily pick a Quarrel with him, and then Discipline's the Word; by *Jove* I'll give him enough to-day to serve him to-morrow too, unless he loves Beating as well as Mis-chief or Money.

Fal. In such a case, *Barnaby*, I doubt you wou'd be weary first; here, I have provided you a Cudgel, which you must walk with, under pretence of being lame.

Bar. And he shall have a plentiful Share of the Sweets on't, for I owe him a Grudge upon my own account. But, Madam, how shall I get out again? For I doubt he'll raise the *Posse* upon me.

Fal. *Maria* has given me a Key to the Back-Door, I will be there myself to let you out; in the mean time, take this as a Reward for your future Service.

[*Gives Money.*]

Bar. I'll assure you, Madam, Mr. *Verjuice* shall reap the Fruits of your Generosity, and I'll give him penny-worths for your penny; but if you please, I wou'd be dress'd and gone, for fear my Master shou'd come home and want me.

Fal. This Minute.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

[*Scene changes to Sir Ephraim's.*]

Maria, sola. What Pains the old Gentleman takes'to persuade me to follow my own Inclinations; ha! ha! ha! I wonder how he will behave himself when he finds he is deceiv'd! Well, I am safe however, and he cannot be angry with me for what is his own Act and Deed. Oh, here comes the Colonel unmetamorphosed; now for another Scene of Diffimulation.

Enter

Enter Colonel.

Col. *Thus when from Wintry Signs the joyous Sun
Returns, and drives away th'unkindly Frosts,
The Earth again receives th'enlivening Beams,
And a new Bloom o'erspreads its languid Face.*

So I, Madam, who so long absented from you have been as dull and heavy as a Day in *December*, do by your Presence receive so much Sprightliness and Vigour, that *May* in all its Glory can scarce compare with me.

Ma. What! Flights, Colonel! nay, if once you turn Poet, Mercy upon you I say.

Col. 'Tis all to please you Ladies, Madam, for we know you love Verse.

Ma. Tho' perhaps we don't understand it.

Col. Oh Madam! That's too hard upon you Ladies, you are generally speaking very knowing, and understand every thing—

Ma. But the Heart of Man, Colonel; and that's past finding out.

Col. Nay Child, I should have said that, and apply'd it to the other Sex: how cou'd you be so cruel, as not only to take away your dear Self from me, and give what shou'd be mine to a superannuated Lover, but set him to assassinate me in the Street; nay, he wou'd fain have made a *Bajazet* of me, and brought me to you in a Cage: but I consider'd I cou'd not sing, so begg'd my Liberty to go and make a voluntary Confession of my Disgrace.

Ma. I hope, Sir, with your Confession you'll make a Resignation too.

Col. Why fure, *Maria*, you don't prefer my Uncle to me.

Ma. Indeed I do, and think Lord *Pastall* in every respect as agreeable as yourself, but intend to marry neither.

Col. Then there's a happy third Man you love better.

Ma.

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Ma. No, no! Lard you are so impertinent, I'll marry no body; here am I, a fine young Lady, have a good Fortune, and admired and address'd by every body, and you wou'd have me such a Fool as to leave all this Pleasure to be a Wife forsooth, to spend my Evenings at home with my Maids, making Patch-Work or mending my Husband's Night-Caps, whose coming I must patiently expect till Midnight; and if he comes then, perhaps so fuddled, that I shou'd have but little Comfort of his Company.

Col. This is painting Matrimony in its worst Colours; you are in no Danger of such Usage, but may have a Man who entirely loves, admires, nay adores you, who will never be from you, but when Necessity obliges him, and then our Meeting will be so much sweeter for that little Absence.

Ma. Is this your Resignation? I'll assure you, Colonel, I'll tell your Uncle of you.

Enter Sir Ephraim and young Purchase.

Young Pur. Colonel *Bellamont*, I am your most humble Servant.

Col. So, how the Devil shall I come off now? *[Aside.*

Young Pur. I think, Sir, you have forgot me.

Col. Now Impudence assist me! *[Aside.]* Forgot you, Sir! I never had the Honour of being known to you.

Young Pur. How so, Sir! is not your Name *Bellamont*?

Col. No, Sir.

Sir Eph. Why, what a Pox, is this Colonel *Bellamont* at last? Sir, did not you tell me you were Lord *Pastall*'s Nephew, and that your Name was *Fainwell*?

Col. Yes, Sir.

Ma. Don't believe him, Sir; his Name is *Bellamont*, and his Business here is to circumvent my Lord, and draw me from my Obedience to you. *Col.*

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Col. The Devil, nay then my Hopes are at an end.
[*Aside.*

Sir Eph. Are not you an unnatural young Dog now, to rival your own Uncle?

Col. Sir, I wou'd rival my ownself rather than lose the Woman I love.

Sir Eph. The Fortune you love, I suppose you mean: but do you hear, Sir! pray do me the Favour to walk down Stairs, and come no more here till your Uncle invites you to his Wedding.

Ma. Which I promise you, Colonel, he shall do, tho' it cost me a pair of Gloves and a Favour.

Col. Gentlemen your most obedient; Madam, I am yours.
[*Exit Col.*

Ma. O Ged! How it vexes me to see with what Indifference the Fellow bears all this? I think 'tis impossible to mortify him.
[*Aside.*

Sir Eph. By my Troth this Fellow has a good Stock of Assurance; if his Courage does but come up to a fourth Part of his Impudence, one Regiment of such Men, wou'd put a whole Nation to the rout.

Young Pur. I cannot enter into *Maria's* Designs, but sure I am they wear a Mask.
[*Aside.*

Sir Eph. As soon as my Lord comes again, I will have your Jointure settled, and you shall be married forthwith, there may be Danger in Delay.

Ma. O Lud, Sir, I wou'd have him with all my heart, but——

Sir Eph. But what, Hussy?

Ma. He's so old, Sir.

Sir Eph. Aye, this comes of your entertaining young Fellows! Did not you promise you wou'd do whatever I desir'd you?

Ma. Must I have him then?

Sir Eph. Or nobody: come, be a good Girl, and don't vex thy poor Father, who intends to give thee a great deal of Money, and be very merry at thy Wedding: But hast heard nothing of thy Maid yet?

Ma.

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Ma. No Sir, but shall, I fancy, some time or other.

Sir Eph. 'Tis well if you do ; by my Troth a Man may as well guard the Furnace, when the Philosopher's-Stone is in Projection, as one of those Eel-tail'd Wenches.

Young Pur. I hope, Sir, you have no private Reason for being concern'd at her Loss.

Sir Eph. Suppose I have, Sir, am I to give you an account of my Proceedings? You have a mind to travel, I give you leave, and I hope, Sir, [*pulling off his Hat*] if I have a mind to marry, you will be as kind to me.

Young Pur. If you marry, Sir, I am oblig'd to submit to it, but must own I cou'd never consent to it. Do you consider, Sir, how just a Cause the World has to despise us, when we rack Nature, and strive to act Twenty at Threescore?

Sir Eph. Why, Sir, do you think I have out-liv'd all my Passions?

Young Pur. No, Sir, some of our Passions grow stronger by Age, such as Fear and Anger ; but some again grow weaker, such as Hope and Love. How industrious is every Parent in advising their Children to make Reason the Touch-Stone of all their Actions ! and yet—pray, Sir, consider, none of the four Elements are greater Opposites than Age and Youth.

Ma. So, that's partly design'd for me. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant to young Purchase.

Serv. One Mr. Brightly from Cambridge, Sir, desires to kiss your Hand.

Young Pur. I wait his Commands, pray Sister order us a Pot of Tea. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Eph. solus. From whence does it arise, that we are hurried into Folly by our own Consent? Is it implanted in our Nature? Or is there a Fatality constantly waiting upon Mankind, to hurry him into his

his own Ruin? No, it must proceed from that Complacency we have for our dear selves, who we are loth to disoblige, or deny any thing, tho' by granting it we are for ever ridiculous. Here am I, a Man of a very plentiful Fortune, am blest'd with two dutiful Children, want for nothing this World can give me, but——a Wife forsooth: and tho' I know I should be despised by them, the World, and even myself; yet could I find this Girl again, I should certainly marry her; tho' her Fortune, Family, and Years, are so unsuitable. The Boy's in the right on't:

*So many Passions do our Reason sway,
That what we ought to conquer, we obey.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Porter, Sir, brought this Letter. [*Gives it, and Ex. Sir Ephraim opens and reads it.*]

S I R,

AS I had the honour of being related to your deceased Lady, I cannot bear any thing to the prejudice of her Offspring, without letting you know, I am credibly inform'd there is a young Officer who intends to take away your Daughter Vi & Armis: Be advised, and dispose of her as soon as you can. Yours.

By my troth, and so I will; this must be that impudent Colonel: but if I don't do his Errand to my Lord——Gads-bobs, he's just here!

Enter Colonel as Lord Pastall.

Col. Come, come, where's this Dad of mine, and my little Wag? Cotso, I have not seen her this age; where is she? where is she? By my troth, the very thoughts of her fills my Veins with young Blood. Prithee, *Sir Ephraim*, let us be married to-night.

Sir

Sir Eph. The sooner the better, my Lord; for I can tell you, you have a dangerous Rival in your own Family. Read that Letter.

Col. I think I had best tell him I writ it. [*Aside.*] [*He reads.*] Hum—hum—Aye, aye, this must be my ungracious Nephew: Would you believe it? the Rogue had the impudence to tell me to my face, he would cheat me of her.

Sir Eph. The Devil he did! and could you bear it, my Lord? could you bear it?

Col. No, no, bear it! I have cudgel'd the Jackanapes about her two or three times already; but he's a damn'd resolute Rascal, so I would fain have it over. But where is she? where is she?

Sir Eph. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Where's my Daughter?

Serv. In the Garden, Sir, with Mrs. Fallow.

Sir Eph. Bid her come here.

Col. No, no, we'll go to her: Cotso, 'tis very pretty to court in shady Groves, if we had but some purling Streams to 'em; we shall so bill and so coo, till we teach the little Birds to make love.

Sir Eph. A very cranky romantick old Gentleman. [*Aside.*] Come, then, my Lord; but first I'll take you into my Closet, and give you a Dram of Clary-water; we old Men want it sometimes, to chear our Spirits.

Col. Old! Sir *Ephraim*, I protest I wonder you should talk so; why I am as brisk and as jolly as—as—by my troth, as my Nephew himself. But let us have a Dram however, and then for my little Wag.

[*Ex. Sir Eph. and Col.*

[*Scene changes to the Garden; Maria, Mrs. Fallow, and Barnaby behind.*]

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder'd as I came by his Chamber-door, to hear him groaning like a despairing

ing Lover, and cursing like a *Dutchman* after an Inundation. But prithee, *Barnaby*, let us have the Particulars.

Bar. As soon, Madam, as I had whisper'd in his Ear, that I had a Money-Concern with him, he tipt the wink upon me to follow him, which I did, into the Garden here; and when I had got him into yonder Summer-House, I turn'd and lock'd the Door: upon which he grew pale, tho' I believe it was rather fear of Ravishment than Chastisement; but when he saw me pull a Rope out of my Pocket, which I had prepared ready, with a Noose at the end on't, to pinion down his Arms, he cry'd out, and ask'd me if I was going to hang him: I told him yes, if he did not come to good Terms with me. He ask'd what I would be at; I told him he had got me with Child, and I expected a Maintenance for it and myself.

Fal. There, I suppose, his Patience was try'd to the quick.

Bar. Ay, Madam, and his Bones too: When I told him I was with Child by him, he stared and gaped at me as if he had taken a Vomit, call'd me a thousand hobbling Bitches and two-handed Whores, threatned me with the Stocks, *Bridewell*, and a Cart's Tail; all which I return'd with the kind Salutes of my Cudgel, till I made him as patient as a suffering Martyr: 'Twould have done one good to hear how the Stick and his Bones jarr'd one against t'other.

Ma. Well done, *Barnaby*; you have reveng'd at least a hundred Quarrels in this one single Drubbing: But are you sure he did not know you?

Bar. No, Madam, no; he took me for nothing but a limping lying Harridan.

Fal. No matter, *Barnaby*; if he ever should find you out, he knows the Strength of your Arm too well, to dare either to return it, or complain.

Ma. Well, *Barnaby*, since I have had my share both of the Pleasure and Revenge; it is but reasonable I should contribute towards the Reward. [*Gives Money.*]

Bar. Madam, 'tis the highest Reward that you are pleas'd with my Performance. [*Takes the Money and Ex.*]

Fal. Well, my Dear, can you give any better account of your Wedding-Affair yet?

Ma. Yes, yes, Sir *Ephraim* talks hard of an old Lord; but I am resolv'd to marry nobody. O Ged! to be tied to one Man all one's life, and sworn to obey him too, tho' the Creature should prove tolerably obliging, is a terrible thing; but if he should be cross and perverse—I should never endure it, that's certain.

Fal. Oh! you don't know what you can do, till you try; you will think very different then from what you do now; Marriage alters Folks strangely.

Ma. But it is always for the worse; have you not observed yourself, that married People are only fit Company for one another.

Fal. Why, since you press me to speak my mind, I own I have.

Ma. Who can bear the Company of Lady *Tender*, when Sir *William* is out of the way? her whole Conversation is on him, tormenting herself, and all about her, with her ridiculous Fears for his Safety; as if the Man were not at Years of Discretion to take care of himself.

Fal. I rather think her Company more intolerable when he's present; for then she's always hanging about his Neck and kissing him, and he all the while looking Babies in her Eyes, and fiddling his Hand in her Bosom: then the filthy silly Names they call one another; as Lovey, Honey, Deary, and Sweetheart.

Ma. O Ged! the fulsome things! I hate to hear of 'em.

Fal.

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Fal. Or what think you of Lady Breeder? who constantly entertains her Visitors with the Ingenuity of her Children: Master has a profound Invention, and has made a Scoop: Miss is so very witty, that she puzzles the Parson: then she gives you Receipts for the Rickets, sore Eyes, and——

Ma. Oh horrible! no more I beg of you.

Fal. And yet those two Ladies have I known as gay, pleasant, well-bred Company as any in *England*: So that you don't know what you may come to.

Ma. I would first renounce every thing in Breeches; and yet I believe I shall marry some time or other.— Hey-ho!—well if it should be my Fate——

Fal. Aye, if it should, who can help it? You must know I am a sort of a Predestinarian in that Affair; and have seen so many Men and Women go together, that, in all probability, could never have met, that I often think the thing unavoidable.

Ma. Why truly I am almost of your mind; or else Lady *Brawnlove* would never have married her Coachman; nor Mrs. *Wealthy*, the rich Heiress, run away with a Joiner's Prentice. But here comes my Father, and Spouse that is to be; look at him, and tell me how you like him.

Fal. Mercy on me! pray let me out at this Door; for I have enough of him.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! what must poor I do then, who am like to spend my Days with him?

Fal. Why sure you never intend to have him?

Ma. Yes, if ever I marry at all, I believe it will be him.

Fal. Nay, Child, you know your own Inclinations best; I am sure he would never suit with mine.

[*Ex. Fl.*]

Enter Sir Eph. and Col.

Sir Eph. Come, *Maria*, my Lord and I have settled Matters, and there is nothing wanting but drawing your Jointure, and your Consent.

Ma. Two very material things, I think; but I hope, Sir, my Lord is not in haste.

Col. By my troth but I am, and in very great haste too.

Sir Eph. Lookye, Girl, since you have promised to be disposed of as I please; go a little farther, and let it be when I please.

Ma. Well, Sir, if my Lord must have me, my Lord must take me, I think: But, Sir, I hope you will always remember it is your own intire Work; and if any thing should happen hereafter to make you uneasy, don't blame me for what is your own absolute Command.

Col. Cotso, my little Wag, do you think we shall ever have cause to repent? Come, come, Father-in-law Sir *Ephraim*, go and send for your Lawyer, and leave us young Folks together, we are best alone: By my troth I grow young again, I protest I am very young.

Sir Eph. I'll have the Jointure drawn to-night, and you shall be married to-morrow Morning.

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*

Col. Well, has that ungracious Traitor to his own Flesh and Blood, my Nephew, been to make his resignation yet? I little thought the Dog would have had the impudence to rival me: by my troth, I began to be afraid of him at last.

Ma. O Lud! how could you have any apprehensions of that Wretch! Sure your Lordship could not think me so lost to all Ambition as to marry a Soldier.

Col. I was in hopes you would not have him; for what can be more despicable than a Soldier's Wife?

Ma. To follow one's Husband from Town to Town on a Pacing-Horse and a red Side-Saddle, with one dirty Maid, and a couple of clumsy Granadiers, instead of two spruce Footmen.

Col.

The SELF-RIVAL. 53

Col. Aye, and if there should be another War, go with him beyond Sea, or stay at home, and live half the Year a married Widow.

Ma. O Lud! the very thoughts on't makes me sick; but then, my Lord, to marry an old Man, always coughing, spitting, and finding fault; beside, if one did not keep a Gallant, the World would say one did: so that, all things consider'd, I think it will be best to have neither you nor your Nephew. But if your Lordship be fully resolved to marry, if you please, I will try what I can do with Lady *Camphire*, she would make a very fuitable Wife for you.

Col. Damn her. [*Aside.*] No, no, my little Wag, I'll either have you or nobody: Come, let us cheat Sir *Ephraim*, and get married before he comes with the Lawyer. Cotso, it would be a pretty Frolick, and we may steal a Night's Lodging, and get an Heir.

Ma. Before you have an Estate for it. [*Aside.*] No, my Lord, I am resolved I will have no Children; for I am sure nobody will believe you get 'em.

Col. Cotso, what a sad thing it is to be turn'd of Forty; nay, come, my little Baggage, let us go and secure ourselves from Danger.

Ma. Methinks I almost hate him, because he would cheat me. [*Aside.*]

Col. Come, you are silent, Chicken.

Ma. A little thoughtful, my Lord, upon this weighty Affair; but now I have conquer'd it, and resolve to run my Fortune with yours.

Col. What can I expect from this dear Creature, but her eternal Hatred, when she comes to find herself deceived? I am resolv'd to discover the Cheat, tho' I lose her by it. [*Aside.*] Well, my little Wag, I have a very great Secret to communicate to you, before we proceed any farther.

Ma. My Lord, I will hear none of your Secrets, till I have a right to know as much as you do.

54 *The SELF-RIVAL.*

This minute is the Crisis of your Fate, that, once over, my Mind may change, and I may never see you more.

*From common Observation you may find,
The only way's to take us in the mind.*


[Exeunt Ambo.]



ACT V.

SCENE changes to the Colonel's Lodgings.

Enter Verjuice and Barnaby.

Ver.  Say, Sir, either comply, or this Minute is the last of your Master's Quality, for I will immediately to Sir Ephraim, and discover his whole Design.

Bar. Here's a treacherous Dog now, oh for t'other Bout at his Bones. [Aside.]

Ver. I expect your Resolution this Moment.

Bar. Nay, Sir, my Master must not suffer, whatever I do; so pray give me your Commands in full.

Ver. I have already told you how inhumanly I was used by a masculine Quean in the Garden.

Bar. Aye, Sir, a cruel Jade, I wish I had been there.

Ver. Now as I am thoroughly satisfied Mrs. Fal-
low set her on, I wou'd, nay will be reveng'd on her.

Bar. Bless me, Sir, if you wou'd give me a Thou-
sand Pounds! I cou'd not beat a fine Lady. Ver.

Ver. Beat her, you Fool, I don't design you shall ; a Woman's Tongue shou'd be used like a House on Fire, ply it with Water till the Flames are quenched ; ducking for scolding has been a Custom long in Use, and there's a convenient Horse-Pond at the Back of Sir *Ephraim's* Garden-Wall.

Bar. True, Sir, but if she shou'd tell my Master, I shall lose my Place, beside having my Bones broke ; I hope in such a Case you'll pay the Surgeon, and take me into present pay.

Ver. Thou art a very talkative impertinent Puppy, and all the Service I desire of you, is to procure me a Couple of sturdy Fellows without being seen in it yourself.

Bar. Oh, Sir ! If that be all, I'm your very humble Servant, and I'll about it forthwith. [*Going, but turns again.*] But, Sir, must they drown her, or only duck her ? for I fancy they will be better paid for Murder.

Ver. I wou'd not stand upon the Price, if I were sure you wou'd not discover me among you ; but you are all such Rogues and Villains, that there's no trusting any of you : No, no, let 'em only dounce her till the damn'd Sting in her Tongue drops out, and there's a Shilling for you to encourage Expedition.

Bar. Oh dear, Sir ! 'Tis too much in Reason, if you please I'll give you Change.

Ver. No, no, not a Farthing, in half an Hour I'll contrive to get her down : Ouns ! what noble Sport 'twill be to see her nice Ladyship, dabbling, and like a Statue on a Founttain, throwing the Water on all sides of her. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Ex. laughing.*]

Bar. Ha ! ha ! ha ! How pleas'd the Brute is ! Well, I have got a Shilling to encourage Expedition, sure he thinks as Money rises, Villany falls, and a Rascal may be had at any Price. By this time I hope my Master is out of his power, and now I'll go and tell the Lady what she has to trust to.

Enter Fallow.

Fal. You need not, *Barnaby*, for I have by chance heard all ; and tho' I escape his barbarous Usage, there is some Return due to his Design. I know, tho' the Villain wou'd part with his Money to purchase Murder, there is nothing but Wickedness he loves so well ; and for the Fellow of that Shilling he gave you, he'd renounce Religion, give up the Laws, betray his Country, hang all Mankind, and sell his own Soul to the ———

Bar. Lord bless us ! not the Devil I hope.

Fal. Yes, if the Devil were Fool enough to make such a needless Purchase ; but his Crime shall be his Punishment, and if I can but compass my Design, I'll put him in a fairer way of hanging himself, than he was of drowning me.

Bar. Ah ! Madam, you wou'd deserve the thanks of all Mankind, if you cou'd rid the World of such a Viper ; but can I do your Ladyship no Service ? methinks I long to be imploy'd again.

Fal. Aye, *Barnaby*, and I shall want your Assistance but 'twill require more than a common Application to bring our Matters to bear : you must know, he is going this Afternoon to put in Four Hundred Pounds to the Bank.

Bar. And your Ladyship wou'd have somebody pick his Pocket ?

Fal. No, my Design against him is not so bad as that neither ; but you know there is a gaming Ordinary hard by, and if we cou'd by any Stratagem get him into the House, a Friend of your Master's shou'd draw him in to play, by letting him win at first, so rook him of all his Money.

Bar. Oh, Madam, I know who you mean, he is a Man of too much Honour to keep his Money.

Fal. I know it, nor wou'd I have him ; all the Pleasure I propose in the Scheme, is to see him fret
and

and gaul himself for a suppos'd Loss, which you, for the Reward of Twenty Pieces and no Questions ask'd, shall restore to him again; but the cunning is to get him into the House.

Bar. Hum——Twenty Pieces; by *Jove* I'll crack my Brains but I'll gain my ends——let me see——I have it, I'll dress me again in the very Clothes I thrash'd him in, then stand in the Street till he is just upon me; then seem frighted and surpriz'd, and run in there to hide myself; I warrant he follows me, and then——

Fal. That will do, leave the rest to me, I'll send him one shall do his Business; but be sure you strip as soon as you get into the House, for fear he finds you out. [*Exit Fal.*]

Bar. solus. Sure when this Man was born the Stars and Planets were all together by the ears, for he loves nobody, nor nobody loves him. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to Sir Ephraim's.

Enter Colonel and Maria.

Col. Now, Madam, you will give me leave to discover that Secret, which you refus'd to hear before we were married; tho' I tremble at your approaching Frowns, and dread the Consequence of my Confession.

Ma. You are grown very courtly, my Lord, and methinks your Voice is alter'd too; but to be plain with you, I have a Confession to make as well as you, I hope you won't be angry with me, but I have made a Promise, and intend to be very just to it, that the first Night I lie with a different Sex from my own, it shall certainly be with Colonel *Bellamont*.

Col. How, *Maria*?

Ma. 'Tis very true, my Lord, he is the only Man upon Earth, I ever did or ever shall love.

Col. Do you know what you say, Madam?

Ma.

58 *The SELF-RIVAL.*

Ma. Yes, and what I have done too: Lard, Colonel that you shou'd think me so short-sighted, as not to see thro' your Disguise all this while!

Col. Am I then so happy? And are you mine by your own Consent?

Ma. You see, Colonel, I have acted like an imprudent Governour, who surrenders the Town before he considers of the Articles; but you had not only gotten Possession of the Out-works, but had corrupted the very Centinels that stood to guard my Heart; and you know when the Treason comes so near one, there is little Resistance to be made.

Col. Then, Madam, to let you see how generous I can be, you shall make your own Conditions after Surrender, shall march out with Drums beating, Colours flying; nay, shall command as before, so I may but have the Name of your superior Officer.

Ma. Well then, the Peace is concluded betwixt you and I, the next great Work will be to bring Sir Ephraim in for one of our Allies.

Col. Let him draw up the Articles, and I'll sign them whatever they be; he's a Man of Reason and Good-nature; one will tell him, 'tis very natural for a young Fellow to procure his own Satisfaction, tho' the Method may be a little indirect——

Ma. And t'other, you think, will make him forgive it, and so all the Trouble's over; well, e'en take it betwixt you, I am glad I have nothing to do with either.

Col. It is not the first time I have been set in the Front of a Battle, tho' I confess he is the most formidable Enemy I ever faced.

Ma. Here he comes, I will be very much out of humour.

Enter Sir Ephraim.

Sir Eph. Come, my Lord, I have got the Lawyer below.

Ma.

The SELF-RIVAL. 59

Ma. Sir, I believe we have no great Occasion for him.

Sir Eph. How! Gads-bud what's the matter now? What a pox wou'd this fullen Jade be at?

Ma. Oh, Sir! my Obedience has been my Ruin, and this Gentleman here, is no more a Lord than a Lobster.

Sir Eph. Why then he shall be no more thy Husband than thy Hangman, and so there's no harm done.

Ma. Ah, Sir! but you gave me up so entirely to him, that he took me away that Minute, and he is my Husband already.

Sir Eph. The Devil he is! hearkye, you old Son of a cheating Whore, who are you? What are you? Whence come you? Ouns and Confusion, the Devil and so forth, I have ruin'd my Child!

Col. Sir *Ephraim*, I am very sensible this Affair requires all the Philosophy you are Master of, to make you easy; I confess I have used a Stratagem to possess myself of your Daughter, which I wou'd not have done, had I seen any Prospect of gaining her without it: but when I found you were set upon Wealth, and she upon her Duty, and that I knew I cou'd not live without her, Self-Preservation put me upon what I have done, and on my Knees I beg your pardon. [*Kneels.*]

Sir Eph. A pox confound you, Sir; if that wou'd do, we shou'd have our Houses robb'd, our Wives ravish'd, and our own Throats cut with no other Redress than I beg your pardon, Sir: But once more, who the Devil are you? [*Goes to pull the Colonel by the Beard, and pulls it off.*]

Col. Sir, I am the unfeign'd Nephew of the Person I have represented, and my real Name is *Bellamont*.

Sir Eph. How! Nay then I doubt I am trick'd indeed; *Maria*, are you an Accomplice in this Matter or no?

Ma.

60 *The SELF-RIVAL.*

Ma. Sir, as I hope for your Blessing when you die, he never told me one Word of it, till after I was his Wife.

Enter Young Purchase.

Young Pur. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Eph. Nothing, Sir, but your Sister's undone, that's all: Lookye, *Maria*, if you are really cheated as well as I, you will never see him more; I presume you are not bedded, and without Consummation you lie under no Obligation.

Ma. Sir, I have already declared my Innocence, but must own, had I been left to the Dictates of my own Inclinations, I shou'd have preferr'd Colonel *Bellamont* to Lord *Pastall*; and since I was willing to sacrifice my Satisfaction to my Duty, and take the latter to oblige you, I hope, Sir, since Fortune has thrown me into the Arms of the other, you will give me leave to keep what I have got, and love *Bellamont* as a Husband.

Sir Eph. Oh! Mrs. Crocodile, then 'tis plain: and now, Hussy, I'll tell you what I'll do, as soon as I can find your Maid I'll marry her, get Sons and Daughters for my ready Money, give my real Estate to your Brother there; and you and your old Rogue of a Spouse may go and starve together.

Enter Kitty.

How now, Impudence! who sent for you? How dare you intrude into this House, you, lying cheating, good for nothing Whore?

Kitty. Sir, as civil Language wou'd better become a Gentleman of your Gravity, so it wou'd do you more good. I came to you on an Errand from *Kitty*, but you're in such a Passion there's no speaking to you; when you are better humour'd, I'll come again.

[*Going.*

Sir Eph. Stay, prithee stay, where is *Kitty*? Poor Girl, I long to see her.

Kitty.

The SELF-RIVAL. 61

Kitty. That you shall do, Sir, in three Minutes, provided you grant me one small Request; but that deny'd, you never see her more.

Sir Eph. Tho' I don't much care to deal with the Devil, I'll hear however what it is; for I am so impatient to be reveng'd on those two Lumps of Sugar-Candy yonder, that I will deny thee nothing, but taking a Journey with thee to the Devil when thou goest.

Kitty. Why then, Sir, in few Words, will you bestow your Son upon me?

Sir Eph. My Son! Prithee what wou'dst do with him? Carry him beyond Sea in an Egg-Shell, or hast thou rais'd a Devil that will be laid by nothing but some of the Blood of the *Purchases*?

Kitty. No, Sir, the worst Design I have upon him is to marry him.

Sir Eph. Marry him! to whom I beseech you?

Kitty. To myself, Sir, I never court for anybody else.

Sir Eph. Confound the Fury! to my selfquoth-a!

Kitty. Come, Sir, don't demur, for upon that Condition and no other shall you ever see *Kitty* again while you live.

Sir Eph. I believe the Jade has kid-nap'd the poor Girl; but harkye, Forsooth, you will not have my Son, whether he will or no, I hope?

Kitty. No, Sir, if he be not full as willing as I, the Bargain shall be void.

Sir Eph. And the Devil's in him if he be. Come then, here, *Frederick*, hast a mind to be married?

Young Pur. Married, Sir! to who? [*Kitty goes to him, Sir Ephraim interposes.*]

Sir Eph. Nay, hold, no Wages till your Work's done, where's *Kitty*?

[*Kitty pulling off her Disguise.*] Here she is, Sir, and claims your Promise which nothing but Death shall dissolve.

Sir

Sir Eph. What a pox ! is this *Kitty* ?

Young Pur. *Emilia* here ! Amazement strikes me dumb.

Ma. How, Brother, is this *Emilia* ?

Emil. Yes, Madam, and ask your Pardon for imposing on your easy Belief.

Ma. And I your's, Madam, for using you unlike yourself.

Sir Eph. Hey-day ! What the Devil have we got now ? What more Juggling ? Harkye, good Madam *Emilia*, if that be your Name, since you have trick'd me out of my Son, as my very good Lord *Pastall* there has of my Daughter, will you be pleas'd to let me know what you are ?

Emi. That is but reasonable, Sir, and you shall have a satisfactory account at a more convenient time ; till then, be pleas'd to know I am no way inferior to your Son, either in Quality or Fortune ; and therefore hope, tho' I have procured your Consent by a Wile, you will now confirm it with satisfaction.

Sir Eph. O yes, Madam ! the greatest satisfaction an old Fellow can possibly have, is to give away a young Girl he likes himself. [*Aside.*] But ads-bobs I see no help for't.

Col. [*to Maria.*] This falls out luckily enough ; the old Gentleman is so busy with them, he'll forget us, I hope, till his Fury is a little over.

Young Pur. [*to Emilia.*] Hopes and Fears, like Fire and Ice, are the two greatest Opposites ; one puts the Fancy into a fever, the t'other freezes it to death. May I believe, Madam, you are still unmarried ?

Emi. My being here is enough to convince you I am, or you must think very much to the prejudice of my Conduct, which at best may be a little blameable, because of the Dress and Employment I assum'd ; but I could only vouch for my own Heart, and knew not how yours might stand affected to-

, wards

wards me, I knew not but Absence might have remov'd your Love, and was resolv'd to be satisfy'd in Person, without being known: Had I found it so, I had gone off undiscover'd; but I find your generous honest Heart is still the same; and therefore, *Frederick*, I am yours.

Sir Eph. By my troth, the truest Fortune-teller I ever met with in my life!

Young Eph. Sir, this Lady was Daughter to Sir *John Heartfree* deceased, who left her a Fortune of Eighteen Thousand Pounds; which, I hope, you will think answerable to my Estate, and confirm the Promise you made by chance.

Sir Eph. [*pulling off his Hat.*] Your Estate, Sir! pray whereabouts does this Estate of yours lie? somewhere about *Terra Incognita*, I suppose. Lookye, Madam, this Fellow has not a Groat; but if you will have me, you shall eat Ambrosia, drink Nectar, wear Pearls and Diamonds, have a fine Coach and Equipage, go to Court, play at Cards, keep a Monkey; Gads-bud, you shall do every thing you have a mind to, but cuckold me, Child.]

Col. And if I were in his place, I should expect that would be her very first work. [*Aside.*]

Emi. Sir, your Offers are extremely kind, and what Good-Manners oblige me to thank you for; but I prefer your Son to all the Pleasures of Life, because I should relish none without him.

Young Pur. And how little I have relished even Life itself, since I thought you lost, my sleepless Nights, my restless Days, and despairing Resolutions can tell you.

Ma. [*to the Col.*] Pray, Colonel, what was the reason I could never bring you to this whining Condition? I protest my Brother's a perfect *Oroondates*.

Sir Eph. [*to his Son.*] Sir, I suppose your Journey to *Ferico* is at an end before 'tis begun, I should be glad to see you prepare for't.

Young

Young Pur. No, Sir, I have now too great an Attractive to keep me here ; and sure you will not blame me for having your own Taste, and liking a Lady you thought worthy of your own Affections.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud it would be a pity to part 'em, tho' 'twere in my power. [*Aside.*] [*To Emilia.*] Come, Madam, you have told me my Fortune ; let me, in my turn, tell you yours : In a very few days you will marry as honest a young Fellow as ever cheated old Father of a Mistress ; and the good-natur'd old Fool will give him Two Thousand Pounds a Year now, and Two more when he dies ; so get you together, and provide Heirs for it.

Ma. So, so, now the old Gentleman's got into the Road of Good-Nature, I hope he will call upon us as he goes by.

Sir Eph. Come, *Maria*, I promis'd to be very merry at thy Wedding ; and since I have had a hand in the matter, and that every Fool is Philosopher enough to know, that what is past, is out of our power to prevent, in pity to my own ease, I shall strive to forget all. Had you married a Man of a good Estate, I intended to have given you Twenty Thousand Pounds ; but since *Bellamont's* is less than I expected, I'll throw in two or three more, to help its Improvement.

Ma. Sir, I always had reason to think you the best of Fathers, but now you have outdone even yourself.

Sir Eph. [*to Col.*] For your part, Sir, you are a cheating young Dog, with your *Where is she ? where is she ?* and I am forc'd to summon up all my Good-nature to forgive you : but I consider 'tis the way of the World, and all young Fellows will make their Fortunes if they can. So, since you have contrived to rob me of my Girl by my own Consent, pray use her well, and make her as happy as you can.

Col.

The SELF-RIVAL 85

Col. I should be doubly a Brute, if I did not make it my chiefest Care to contribute to her greatest Happiness; and for Love, I will strive to outdo all Mankind; so that all who are remarkable for conjugal Affection, shall be said to take their Example from Colonel *Bellamont*.

Sir Eph. Be but half as good as your Promise, and the Girl may still be happy, tho' she wants the Estate and Honour you promis'd her.

Col. Part of which may one day fall to her share; the Uncle whom I represented is now very old, and has no Child; and nobody stands fairer for his Estate than I do: beside, Sir, the Good-Fortune which is now fallen to my share, will encourage him to do more than perhaps he design'd.

Ma. [*to Emilia.*] Madam, I remember when you were under the Circumstances of a Fortune-Teller, you spoke as if you were acquainted with the Colonel's Designs; will you do me the Favour to let me know how you came by your Information?

Emil. Madam, I met *Barnaby* by chance as he was going home with his Master's Disguise, and after some Questions ask'd, and many Promises of Secrecy, being a Favourite of *Barnaby's* I was let into the whole Affair.

Enter Lady Camphire.

Lady Cam. I hope, *Sir Ephraim*, this News is not true, I hear you have married your Daughter to a Soldier.

Ma. Madam, we are all reconcil'd to the News, and hope you will be so too.

Lady Cam. Oh base and degenerate Girl! Stain to our noble Family! I always saw with Grief your Cogitations were set upon filthy Man; but to marry without a Title—a Soldier too! Oh! I had rather have been defil'd and married him myself.

66 *The SELF-RIVAL.*

Ma. I am much oblig'd to you, Madam, 'tis better as it is ; but I wonder to hear you speak so contemptibly of one of the finest Callings upon Earth: Why, all Kings are Soldiers, or shou'd be so, and they are generally speaking Men of Bravery, Gallantry and Honour.

Lady Cam. This comes of your upstart Acquaintance, Sir *Ephraim*, your Bosom Friend *Mr. Verjuice*; I always told you how he wou'd serve you at last, but you were so civil as to tell me I talk'd like an old Lady, and now he has fitted you with an old Lord. Nephew, I wish you and this Lady Joy, and wish your Sister had acted with your Prudence; I am just going into the Country, where I shall be glad to hear from you. [Exit Lady Camphire.]

Sir Eph. And I shall send my Bosom Friend; as you call him, after you; the Rogue shall herd no longer here.

Enter Mrs. Fallow.

Ma. Bless me, Child, where have you been all this while?

Fal. Laughing at poor *Mr. Verjuice*, who in pursuit of a Woman that beat him soundly, charged headlong into a Gaming-House, and has lost Four Hundred Pounds he was going with to the Bank.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud I'm glad on't, by my Troth I'm glad on't.

Young Pur. [to *Fallow.*] There's some Revenge for you, Madam; I hear he was so very courtly, he intended to make you his Toast.

Fal. Yes, and I dare say, cou'd eat me too: But hark! I hear him raving; let us stand close, he'll certainly beat us all.

Ver. [within.] Stand out of my Way, you Dog, or I'll, throttle you. [Enters.] Damn the whole Sex and my own too; Murder, Treason, Ruin, Ruin, Ruin!

Sir Eph. What's the matter, poor *Mr. Verjuice*?

Ver. Ruin'd, my Money, my Money, ruin'd; Oh wou'd the World were all on fire! *Sir.*

The SELF-RIVAL. 67

Sir Eph. What have you lost any Money?

Ver. Zouns! I have not a Threepenny Piece to purchase a Halter.

Sir Eph. [*pulling out Sixpence.*] Here, here, I'll take care to supply your Wants so far, and there's Sixpence for you, that you may be sure of one strong enough; but I forget to introduce you to your very good Friend and old Acquaintance Lord *Pastall* here, he will make up your Losses, no doubt. Ha! ha! ha! by my Troth I'm glad on't, by the Lord *Harry* I'm glad on't.

Ma. Poor Mr. *Verjuice*, come here and I'll pity it.

Fal. Mr. *Verjuice*, I wou'd fain give you a little good Advice before we part, tho' you know you don't deserve it from me; wou'd you avoid all future Misfortunes, lay aside your Cynical Humour, use other People well, and it will be a certain means to make them use you so.

Col. Mr. *Verjuice*, the Lady advises you well, and I wou'd have you take it.

Ver. Damn her Advice, an infernal Fury; may Plague, Pox and Poverty light upon you all, and a double Portion upon her. [*Exit Verjuice stamping.*]

Sir Eph. The Devil go with thee, for an egregious Villain.

Fal. [*to Maria.*] Well but, Madam, am I to wish you Joy? I hear you're married.

Ma. Ask the poor Colonel there, don't you think he looks like a married Man?

Sir Eph. [*to Emilia.*] Come, Madam, now let me convey you to a better Apartment, and as a Lover's Warmth declines, a Father's Fondness shall increase:

I own 'tis time to lay by all Desire,

Col. And let your Children warm at Cupid's Fire:

Where Wit and Beauty calls, the Young may fly,

But Age, in the Pursuit, must faint and die.



PROLOGUE.

W
 HEN Women write, the Criticks, now-a-days,
 Are ready, e'er they see, to damn their Plays;
 Wit, as the Men's Prerogative, they claim,
 And with one Voice, the bold Invader blame.
 Tell me the Cause, ye Gallants of the Pit,
 Did Phœbus e'er the Salique Law admit?
 Look into ancient Authors, and you'll find
 The Muses all were of the Female Kind;
 They fix'd their Seats upon the Phocian Hill,
 And ever drank of Helicon their Fill.
 Nine merry Girls, which in the Laurel Shade
 Fiddl'd and rhim'd, and sung and danc'd, and play'd:
 In this I must confess that they miscarry'd,
 That not one Soul of all the Nine were marry'd;
 'Twas Want of Wealth—their Lovers quickly found
 Their whole Possessions lay in barren Ground;
 This Poverty with Wedlock ill agrees,
 Their Bays and Laurels were not fruitful Trees:
 But what of that! they liv'd the easier Life,
 Not clogg'd with the dull Duty of a Wife:
 They had more Time to sport, and so we find
 They wrote and did—whate'er they had a mind:
 Now as they're gone sans Issue, it appears
 That the whole Female Sex are left their Heirs.
 Ye Fair-ones then, this Comedy defend,
 And for the Sex's sake, the Bard befriend:
 These Lordly Sirs at your Approach will fly,
 Who at your Feet have been so us'd to die;
 To you our Author sues, if you'll but back her,
 She dares the boldest of them all t'attack her.

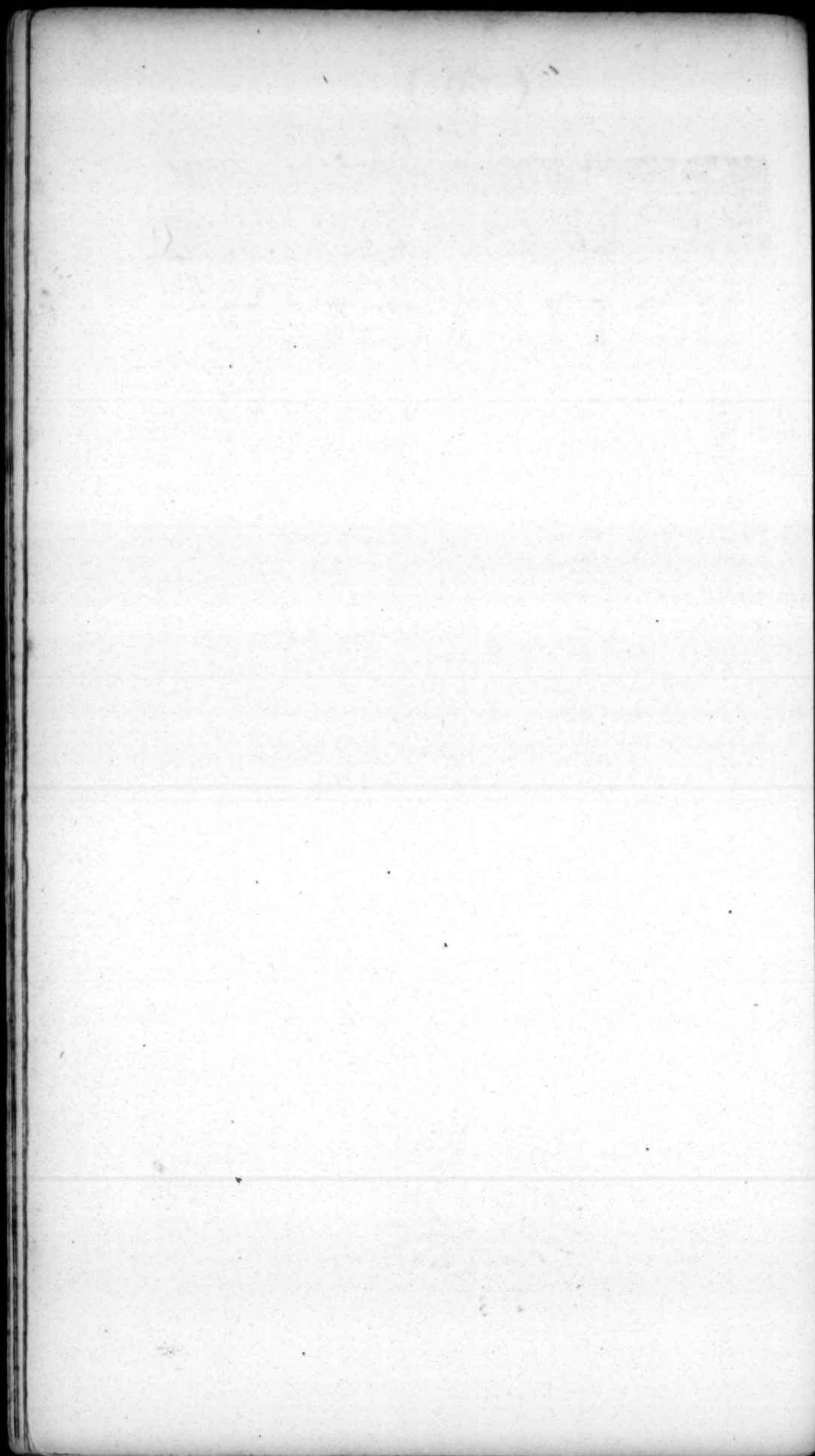
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EPILOGUE.

W
 HEN Rakes by Cards, or more destructive Dice,
 Have Patrimony spent, repent the Vice,
 Sadly reflect on every idle Hour,
 And wou'd be frugal, when they've lost the Power ;
 So fares it with our Scribe, who finds too late,
 Her own and her Production's dismal Fate ;
 In which sad Case the Trifler, Forsooth :
 Has drawn me in to set her Folly forth :
 So traitorous Authors of seditious Verse,
 Give it some paultry Villains to disperse ;
 Pleas'd with the Service, the officious Fools
 Father their Treason, and are made their Tools.
 Excuse I've none, for if you damn the Play,
 It nothing matters all that I can say ;
 She hopes to please, and so does every Wight,
 Or else what mortal Man wou'd ever write ?
 The Criticks Censure, Poets all have pass'd,
 And tho' some live, the greatest Part are cast.
 She asks but Neighbour's Fare, yet fain wou'd be
 Set on that Side, where there's least Company ;
 But use her as you will, she'll gain this End,
 That if it does not please, it can't offend.





End

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C



THE
NORTHERN HEIRESS,
OR THE
Humours of *YORK*:
A
COMEDY.
As it was Acted
AT THE
NEW-THEATRE
In *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.





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The PREFACE.

I Confess it is not without a good Share of Vanity, that I reflect how industrious some of the *Tork* Gentlemen were to damn this Play; and it is still an Addition to that Vanity, to think how superior a Number there was to defend one, and oppose t^o other. The first Night, in which lay all the Danger, was attended with only two single Hisses; which, like a Snake at a distance, shew'd a Resentment, but wanted Power to do hurt. One was a Boy, and not worth taking notice of; the other a Man who came prejudiced, because he expected to find some of his Relations expos'd. But both his Fears and his Ill-nature were groundless, his Family being such as deserve Respect from all, and from me in particular; and if any of the Characters were design'd for any of them, it was only one of the very best. But as some Tempers are not to be oblig'd, I shall take no farther pains in my own Vindication; only I think this angry Gentleman would have shewn a greater Contempt, had he said, this is a Woman's Play, and consequently below my Resentment.

But, it seems, even that is deny'd me by some; and as a Child born of a common Woman has many Fathers, so my poor Offspring has been laid at a great many doors, who, out of pity to their own Understandings, have sent the Brat back to its lawful Parent: I am proud they think it deserves a better Author. The Success it met with the third Night, was (considering the Time of Year, and my own Want of Acquaintance) infinitely above what I had Reason to expect; and as the Town, and the Ladies in particular, have been pleas'd to favour my first Attempt, it will make me more industrious to promote their Diversion at a more convenient Season.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Gamont.

{ A Gentleman makes love
to the Heirefs.

Welby.

{ A Gentleman just come
from Travel, in love
with *Louisa*.

Sir Jeffrey Hearty.

{ A good Sort of a Country
Knight.

Sir Loobily Foddrel.

A Fool.

Bareface.

A Fop.

Capt. Tinsel.

A Half-Pay Officer.

Ralph.

Gamont's Man.

Three Country Fellows,
Fiddlers.

Tenants to *Sir Loobily*.

W O M E N.

Isabella.

The Heirefs.

Lady Ample.

Her Aunt.

Louisa, Gamont's Sister.

A Lady of Merit.

Lady Greasy, a Chandler's
Widow.

{ Whose Husbands had
been Lord Mayors of
York.

Lady Swish, a Brewer's
Wife.

Lady Cordivant, a Glover's
Wife.

Miss Dolly.

Lady Greasy's Daughter.

Lyddy.

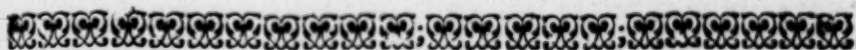
Isabella's Maid.

Susan.

Lady Ample's Maid.



A C T I.

SCENE, a Boarding-House in *York*.*Enter Gamont.*

Gam.



OR the few Hours of Life allotted me,
Give me, ye Gods, but Bread
and Liberty.

Humble *Cowley*! — How easy
would the bitter Cup of Life go

down, could we but bring our Desires to terminate
in this Poet's Wish? And how glorious would a
Life, given up to the Resolves of Content, shine in
this dissatisfy'd Age, where Mankind do not only
repine at their own narrow Circumstances, but at
the Affluence and Prosperity of their Neighbours
too? — But hold—how the Devil came I to stumble
upon so much Morality to-day! Gravity is not
my Talent, and I'm sure it is not my Inclination;
tho', Gad, to say the Truth, if the old Gentleman
does

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does not come to a better Resolution, I shall have nothing else to keep me from hanging myself, unless I turn Speaker to a Quakers-Meeting, and renounce the Flesh for the Spirit—Let me see! Faith, I believe it would be no hard Matter to spin out an Hour in incoherent Bombast, and by moving Nonsense set my Godly Crew a crying, tho' I could hardly forbear laughing myself.

Enter Isabella and Louisa laughing.

Isab. Nothing vexes me, but that I don't know to which of us the Gallantry was design'd.

Lou. Nay, I am sure it was to me; for he gave you only a careless sliding Bow, as he went by; but mine was attended with an obsequious low Reverence. Beside, when he look'd at you, he had an Air of good Sense; but when he turn'd to me, that of a very Sheep, as all Men have when they are going to make love.

Isab. Hold, *Louisa*; you'll bring the Satyr a little too near home: For if so reasonable a Creature as Man, always looks like a Fool when he makes Love, it must proceed from a Consciousness of doing a thing he has reason to be ashamed of; and if so, 'tis we are the worthless Animals.

Gam. You are so very intent upon your Spark, Ladies, that you won't see me, nor give me leave to bid you good-morrow. Pray, where have you been so early spreading your Nets, that you have met with Game already?

Isab. What, are you up too! Why this Sister of yours lay with me last Night; and her Prayers run so in her head, that she could not sleep this Morning, but got up to go to the Minster, and forc'd my Inclinations to go with her; and there it was we met with the Game you speak of.

Lou.

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Lou. Well, well, the Men say we go to Church for nothing but to pray for Husbands; and, for ought I know, this may have been my critical Minute.

Gam. [to *Isa.*] You see, Madam, you are like to resign; my Sister is resolv'd to have him.

Lou. Yes, for two Reasons; I shall provide for myself, and save you from Disappointment.

Gam. Aye, *Louisa*, if you could do so, my whole Life would be too little to thank you for't.

Isa. I'll swear I believe you Men think it impossible to please a Woman, unless you introduce some Fustian or other. Pray, Mr. *Gamont*, let us throw aside this old Tale, as some People do a Suit of Clothes, to brighten and look new again.

Gam. Aye, Madam, thus my Mouth is always stopp'd; and I am forc'd to sacrifice my Inclinations to my Obedience. But, *Louisa*, who is this unfortunate Hero that seems to be just entering into my State of Uncertainty and ill Usage?

Lou. All I know of him is, that he look'd like a Man of Merit, ogled, bow'd, and sent his Man to dog us.

Isab. And for fear he should lose the Chace, follow'd himself at a distance; tho' they both lost us at last.

Gam. O poor Gentleman! that was unlucky. Well, he'll find you again at the Races; for, by the Marks you have given of him, I fancy he is in a fair way of being used like his Fellow-Creatures.

Isa. Mr. *Gamont*, he that complains without a cause, should, by my consent, have cause enough. For my part, I am so weary of it, that if this Gentlemen's Designs happen to be upon me, (unless he be very unreasonable indeed) I shall rather chuse to use him as he expects, than as he deserves; for one had better have a Lover that makes himself too sure of our Favours, than one that can never be persuaded he receives any at all.

Lou.

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Lou. Nay, *Isabella*, there you and I differ; I should rather chuse a desponding Lover, than a presuming one; because it is an easier matter to cure one by good Usage, than t'other by ill; the one takes every civil Word and Action as an Effect of your Goodness, and thanks you for it; the other places your Contempt rather to your want of Taste, or Manners, than to his own want of Merit; so blames you for his Faults.

Isab. The best way to prevent a Misapplication of our Favours, is, to shew none at all.

Gam. Yes, Madam, that Method you are perfectly Mistress of; for tho' you seem to reproach me with your civil Usage, the only Mark of your Favour I ever receiv'd, was a Box on the Ear, and a Week's Banishment, for only offering to snatch a Kifs.

Isab. I declare, Mr. *Gamont*, you are one of the most unreasonable Men in the world, to complain of a Woman that comes to see you so soon in a morning.

Lou. Nay, nay, Brother, don't let that pass, she was forc'd to come in for Sanctuary from her Pursuer. Beside, I was fain to swear you were not up, which indeed I thought.

Isab. Come, *Louisa*, let us leave this repining Brother of yours, and go and draw cuts for the new Spark: Methinks I begin, with the Men, to think in favour of Variety. [Exeunt *Isab.* and *Lou.*

Gam. I hope I may wait upon you to the Door, however. [Exit after 'em.

Enter at the other Door Lady Greasy and Welby.

L. Gr. Truly, Sir, I like you the better for not beating me down of my Price; and I'll assure you you shall fare no worse for't—I hope you go to Church.

Wel. Yes, Madam, when I go any where.

L. Gr.

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L. Gr. Aye, you young Men don't matter many Prayers: I fancy you are not above Twenty-three.

Wel. Thereabouts.

L. Gr. And you have been beyond Sea ever since your Father dy'd, you say? It's chargeable travelling; you have a good Estate, I warrant.

Wel. Indifferent, Madam. Here's three Questions ask'd in a breath, that every body of good Manners would forbear: What Religion I am of? what Age I am of? and what Estate I have? Egad I believe the old Woman has a mind to me. [*Aside.*]

L. Gr. I hope, Sir, you keep good Hours?

Wel. Madam, I have the misfortune of being so much a Stranger in the Town, that I shall want Inducement to sit up: I'll go to Bed and rise when you please. But pray, Madam, what Company have you in the House? I shall be glad to be acquainted.

L. Gr. Why, here is very good Company, I'll assure you; here's me and my Daughter, and a Gentleman and his Sister; then here's a rich Knight came but last Night; and—[*Miss Dolly at the Door.* Mother, here's one wants you.] Coming, Barn. Pray, Sir, sit down, and I'll wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*]

Wel. *solus.* Well, I find I shall want neither Company nor Talk while this old Woman and I are Co-habitors together: but one Poison sometimes proves an Antidote for another; that of my own Love drives out that of her Impertinence.—But hold, here comes another of the Family, I suppose!

Enter Ralph, looking about him.

Ralph. I beg your pardon, Sir; I thought my Master had been here.

Wel. I should know that Fellow. [*Aside.*] Prithee, Friend, who is your Master?

Ralph. A very worthy honest Gentleman, I'll assure you, Sir.

Wel.

L. Gr.

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Wel. I believe as much.

Ralph. He's plaguy civil, to my opinion; for I am sure he does not know him. [*Afide.*]

Wel. Pray, Sir, may I beg the favour of your Master's Name?

Ralph. Sir, my Master's Name is *Gamont*, Sir, at your Service.

Wel. Aye, I thought so. Ads-death, where is he? Prithee fly, and tell him, one *Welby* waits with impatience to see him.

Ralph. Good lack, Sir, I had quite forgot you; but I'll run to my Master with the joyful News. I am sure he will be transported to hear you are here.

[*Exit.*]

Wel. solus. This is so much above my hopes, to meet with such a Friend at such a Juncture! I shall have some hopes too of seeing this dear lovely Woman again; for so much Beauty can no more be conceal'd, than the Love it must needs create in every Breast.—Aye, but what if she should prove his Mistress? That Thought distracts me.

Gamont entering. Sirrah, if you have told me a lye, I'll certainly break your Head. [*Gam. and Wel. run to each other, and embrace.*]

Gam. My dear *Welby*! is it possible? Can I believe my Eyes, or do I dream? The pleasure of seeing my Friend at *York*, after so long an Absence, is so great, and so unexpected, I can hardly credit my Senses.

Wel. Had I known where to have found my *Gamont*, he should certainly have been acquainted with my coming into the North; but my being so long abroad, and not residing any time in one Place, depriv'd me of the pleasure of corresponding with my Friends; which made me almost afraid, that every body in *England* had forgot me.

Gam. I am of opinion, we had more reason to fear your forgetting us, considering how fond the whole

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whole World is of Variety, and what Opportunities you have had of enjoying it.

Wel. Aye, Variety is a little pleasing at first; but too much on't cloy. Believe me, *Jack*, there's no Place like old *England*: 'Tis true, one would see other Countries; which only serves to make us relish our own better: as at an Entertainment, one would taste of several Dishes, but find none so fit to make a Meal of, as a plain Rump of Beef.

Gam. I find nobody can bring themselves to a thorough Contempt of the World, till they have run through all the Pleasures of it; and then submit to *Solomon's* Opinion, *That all is Vanity*.

Wel. Expectation is always greater than the Pleasure itself; which makes People eager in pursuit of what they can't purchase, and careless of what they can. For my part, I am heartily tired with rambling, and am resolved, after a Month or two spent with you at *York*, to bid adieu to Gallantry, retire to my Country-Seat in *Nottinghamshire*, do good to my Neighbours, marry, and get Heirs to inherit my Estate; then sleep in Peace, and be buried with my Fathers.

Gam. Thou art a happy Fellow, *Welby*; and if Fortune were not a Bitch, I should have been so too.

Wel. Come, the less Merit she has, the less she's worth our Notice; think of her no more: But tell me how you came to quarrel with your Father; for, by your living at such a distance, I fancy there's no good Agreement betwixt you.

Gam. You're in the right, *Ned*; we don't agree, and it is impossible we should; which you will own, when I have told you the old Gentleman doats, and is fall'n in love, as he calls it.

Wel. In love! Prithee with what?

Gam. His Chamber-maid! which my Sister and I could not bear; so he told us, if we did not approve

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of his Proceedings, we might change our Quarters; which accordingly we did.

Wel. This I own would vex one; but I see no Relief but Patience.

Gam. Patience! A very pretty Remedy truly; I wonder in my conscience that the Government does not erect a sort of *Bedlam*, where People, when they are so old as to be past doing good, might be confined, and hinder'd from doing their Posterity hurt.

Wel. Ha! ha! ha! a very good Scheme! But you don't consider those sort of People are so very numerous, that one half of the Nation would be fill'd with such Edifices. But how came you to chuse *York*, of all Places, to live in?

Gam. Why, you know I always lov'd Company; and the small Fortune my Uncle left me, would not hold out at dear *London*; so I struck in at *York*, next to *London* fam'd for Gallantry.

Wel. But where does this Sister of yours live? I remember I heard much of her Beauty and good Qualities before I left *England*.

Gam. As for her Beauty, I shall leave you to be the judge of it, when you see her; but for her good Humour, I can give no greater proof of it, than to tell you, she denies herself the Pleasure of the Town, to live with me here, that by Supplies from her Estate, I may be enabled to keep up that figure I have always made in the world.

Wel. What, then your Father has given her a Fortune?

Gam. Not a Soufe; an old Grandmother left her Eight Thousand Pounds.

Wel. Her Character is very engaging; methinks I long to see her. Well, but how do you spend your Time? what Company have you? and what Conversation among the Ladies?

Gam. Why, we have abundance of People, but little Company; much Ceremony, but little Manners;

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ners ; many Folks with Titles, but few of Quality, tho' the whole Town abounds with Ladies. Such Ladies ! But it's impossible you should have any notion of 'em ; for you never saw any thing like 'em, unless it were old *Bullock*, when he acts the Orange-Wench in *Sir Fopling Flutter*.

Wel. What the Devil ! all the Women are not such strange gigantick Creatures ?

Gam. Oh ! no ; but every thing in order : I speak now of some of the Aldermens Wives, who would be less ridiculous, were they less fond of being call'd Ladies ; without which, you must never speak to 'em, tho' you may often see 'em going to Market in a blue Apron and a Bonnet, with a Basket for Butter and Eggs. Nay, the very Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor himself, shall, with his Gold Chain about his Neck, sell you a Halfpenny-worth of Inkle, or a Penny-worth of Pins.

Wel. Methinks, since the Fools are so fond of their Titles, they should strive a little to keep up their Grandeur too. But no more of your Mechanicks. What sort of Mortals are your Gentlewomen ?

Gam. Oh ! some of them Women of Merit, beautiful and genteel. The chief Diversions are the Assemblies ; at which you may meet with very tolerable Amusements, kept twice a Week, for their own and Strangers Entertainment.

Wel. Lady *Greasy* told me of some Knight you had here. Prithee, what sort of a Fellow is he ?

Gam. A downright Country Booby, that was scarce ever out of the Smoke of his own Chimney, brought up under the Wings of his Lady Mother ; who, one would think, had him and her Calves fed out of the same Trough ; for I am sure he has not much less of the Brute in him than they have ; and yet this Beast sets up for my Rival, with a pox to him ?

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Wel. Rival ! Why you never told me you were in love.

Gam. Yes, *Welby*, I am in love with an Angelick Woman ; but there is 20000 *l.* to add to the Charm.

Wel. What, I warrant the rich Heirefs I have heard of ?

Gam. The same : But methinks you have had early Intelligence, to hear of her so soon.

Wel. Oh ! a great Fortune is like a great Bell ; the Sound goes far.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Mr. *Bareface* is below, and desires to know if a Visit will be acceptable this Morning ?

Gam. Bid him come up. This Fellow comes opportunely, to let you see we have Variety of Fools ; tho' he is one of the first magnitude, I assure you ; an extravagant Lover of himself, and fancies every body else is so. But here he comes, to give you the rest of his Character himself.

Enter Bareface.

Bare. Lard, Mr. *Gamont*, how are you able to stay at home this fine Morning ?—How ! a Stranger ! I beg ten thousand Pardons ; I fear I have disturb'd you.

Gam. Not at all, Sir ; this Gentleman is a Friend of mine, and would be glad of your Acquaintance.

Wel. If you will do me that honour, Sir.

Bare. O Lard, Sir ! I am your most obliged, most devoted, and most humble Servant, Sir : I am most superabundantly rejoic'd, that so compleat a Gentleman has determin'd with himself to make me so happy.

Wel. Civil Coxcomb ! [*Aside.*]

Gam. But, Mr. *Bareface*, I thought you nice Gentlemen had not usually made your appearance so soon in a morning ; why, I believe it is scarce nine a-clock yet.

Bare.

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Bare. Oh! Sir, Lovers can rest no where; besides, lying a-bed spoils the Complexion.

Gam. I suppose, Mr. *Bareface*, your Choice is so good, you're not ashamed on't: What happy Lady has the Honour of your Heart?

Bare. Why, I believe I may venture to tell you two, because I am sure you don't know her. It is one *Isabella*, lately come to Town, a fine Woman, and a tolerable Fortune.

Gam. Son of a Whore! [*Aside.*] We have heard of her, Mr. *Bareface*; I suppose you mean the Heirefs?

Bare. The very same. Egad she's a fine Creature, and I am resolv'd to have her.

Gam. Have you ever told her so?

Bare. Not yet; for I only saw her once at the Assembly.

Wel. No doubt, Sir, when once she knows your mind, the Symmetry of your Shape, and Delicacy of your Complexion, will rob her of all Power to resist.

Bare. Oh dear, Sir! I am your most superabundant humble Servant.

Wel. But, Mr. *Bareface*, since you are so early a Riser, how do you employ your Time till other People are up? I fancy you are a great Reader.

Bare. Ha, Sir, it is a sign you are a Stranger to me! Read! no, no, I never read a Book in my life, but what I was forc'd to at School; and then I forgot as soon as I left it. No, reading's too laborious for a Gentleman; I thank Heaven, I can be more pleasantly employ'd.

Wel. Sir, if the Question would not be thought impertinent, I should be glad to know how you do spend your Time?

Bare. Why, Sir, as soon as I slip out of Bed into my Night-Gown, I make myself nicely clean, by washing my Hands, Arms, Face, and Neck; then I

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clean my Teeth, comb my Eye-brows, fill my Snuff-Box, and perfume my Handkerchief.

Gam. I thought all your Perfumes had been out of Use.

Bare. O Lard! no, they are more in Use than ever among People that have any Taste in Dressing; and I would no more smell like the Vulgar, than I would look or talk like them. Then I can sing, dance, play upon the Spinet, write Billet-doux to gain the Ladies Hearts; and when I have play'd with them a while to divert myself, send 'em back again with Scorn.

Wel. You are cruel to the Ladies, Mr. Bareface.

Bare. Gad, Sir, I can't help it. But, *Gamont*, how comes it to pass we have not seen *Louisa* at the Assembly this Week? Faith, she's a fine Woman, and I am really in Love with her.

Gam. Did not you say you were dying for the Heiress?

Bare. Zounds! I forgot that. [*Aside.*

Gam. Beside, I doubt, if *Louisa* should give you her Heart, you would only divert yourself with it, and send it back with Scorn. But hark, I hear my Lady *Greasy* coming, what will you do with your fine Nose now? I fancy she's hardly perfum'd this Morning.

Bare. Oh, Sir, I carry an Antidote about me, for Fear of such Misfortunes. [*Pulls out his Handkerchief, and claps it to his Nose.*

Enter Lady Greasy.

L. Gr. [*to Welby.*] Oh, that's well; I see you have got Company. I would have come sooner, but was forced to stay to see some Tallow weigh'd; for there's no trusting Servants now-a-days. Mr *Gamont*, I think you know this Gentleman?

Gam. Yes, Madam, he and I are old Acquaintance.

L. Gr.

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L. Gr. Why, truly I thought he look'd like a good, civil, sober sort of a Man, or I would not have taken him. I might have had my House full of Dukes and Lords this Race-Time, if I would have taken 'em. But I don't like your rakish Quality, as they call them. I know nought they are good for, but to mak Wark, and get one's Maids with Barn.

Bare. Lard, how you and I differ: If I were in your Ladyship's place, I should not care to have any body else come into my House.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, Mr. Bareface, every body knows how fond you are of 'em, by your aping them so. It's well your poor Mother, my Lady Bareface, is dead, or you had broke her Heart with your Fopperies and your Fooleries. I am sure it brings Tears into my Eyes, to think an Alderman's Son of York should *disgenderate* so, as to be like neither Father nor Mother. Gentlemen, his Worship's Honour, Alderman Bareface, was a fine saving Man, got Money and a good Estate for this Jackanapes to squander away.

Bare. Pray, Madam, keep this Lecture till it is squander'd away; upon my Word it is entire yet.

L. Gr. That's more than I know, Tom Tawdrey; His Father put him a good Trade in his Belly, for he was a Soap-Boyle; but as soon as his Head was laid, he throws by his Business, rambles up to London, binds himself Prentice to a Fop, which they say is a great Trade there; then comes down here, and sets up for himself.

Bare. Don't mind her, Mr. Welby; I own indeed my Father was a Tradesman, and brought me up to his Business while he liv'd; but when he dy'd and left me a Gentleman's Estate, I was resolv'd to be a Mechanick no longer; for I could see no reason, that because I was born in an Hog-Stye, that therefore I must wallow in Dirt all my Life after.

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L. Gr. Wallow in Dirt, Sirrah—Now, Gentlemen as I hope to see the Rogue come to an ill End, his Mother kept as clean a House as any Lady in York. Ah, thou foul unthriven Guest, thou'lt never thrive, I warrant, for speaking so *misdainfully* of thy Parents.

Bare. Oh dear Madam, I have all the Respect in the World for their Memory, may I perish else; but the best thing they ever did in their Lives, was when they dy'd, and left me in Possession of their Estate.

L. Gr. Aye, that's all you care; but you wanted Money for your Extravagancies while they liv'd. Mercy, God, what a Periwig has he got on! Why, I'll warrant if the Truth were known, it did not cost less than Twenty Shillings. Sha, pha, how ill-favour'dly it looks! Why it covers all his Shoulders like a Nightrail. And what's the Matter, I marl, he holds that Clout to his Nose? Does it bleed? Let me see mun. [*Pulls away the Handkerchief.*]

[*Gamont and Welby laugh.*]

Bare. Oh Lard, she smells most furiously: Pray, Madam, give it me, for I have got the Tooth-ach so horridly I am not able to endure it.

L. Gr. Here, prithee take it, for it stinks like a Civet-Cat, as the saying is. But now I think on't, you may do me a Kindness, and that's more than ever you did in your Life; which is, to tell your Fellow-Fool, Captain *Tinsel*, to come no more *salivating* under our Windows; tell him, if he does, I shall have something ready to entertain him with.

Wel. Salivating! what the Devil does she mean now?

Bare. I fancy your Ladyship means serenading; for I know he has a Tender for Miss *Dolly*.

L. Gr. A Tender for Miss *Dolly*! I'll *Dolly* the Fool if he comes here. Ods my Life, I shall have her run mad for a Thread-bare red Coat with a Copper Lace upon it. Come, let me hear again what you know of the matter? **Bare.**

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Bare. Nothing, Madam, nothing. Lard, if I stay any longer, I shall lose my Sense of hearing, and be poison'd with the Stink of Kitchin-Stuff into the bargain. Well, Gentlemen, I wish you a good Morning. I have promis'd a certain Lady to wait upon her, and it is almost my Time : so once more I kiss your hands.

Wel. and Gam. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Bare. Lady *Greasy*, I am yours. [Exit.]

L. Gr. Well, it's an old Saying, *What's got over the Devil's Back, goes under his Belly* : For tho' this Fellow's Father and Mother were honest Folks, they were a little too covetous : I have known her wash her Hands in Butter-Milk, and then put it into her Servants Puddings : But what they sav'd at the Spiggot, this Rake lets out at the Bung-hole.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Come, Brother, don't you think it Breakfast-Time ? The Tea-Kettle has boil'd this Half-Hour. [Sees Welby.] As I live, the very Gentleman that follow'd us from Church to-day. [Aside.]

Gam. *Welby*, this is my Sister.

Wel. And my Angel. [Goes and salutes her.] I had the Happiness, Madam, of seeing something very like your Angelick Form at Church to-day, but dare not think myself so happy as to be sure you are the same.

Gam. What, was it you that follow'd them from Church ? I was half afraid I had got a Rival.

Wel. No, *Gamont*, if the other Lady was your Mistress, she's yours still ; here I seal my Vows. [Takes Louisa's Hand and kisses it.]

Gam. Come let us to breakfast. Lady *Greasy*, shall we have your Company ?

L. Gr. No, no, *Mr. Gamont*, I am for none of your slip-slap Tea : Beside, I am going to drink with a Lady newly come to Town.

Gam.

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Gam. Then good-morrow to your Ladyship.

Exeunt Gamont, Welby, Louisa.

L. Gr. sola. I can't forget what this Fellow said about my *Dolly*: If she should have any thing to do with this *Tinsel*, it would break my Heart: But I am resolv'd I will give her fair Warning, and that before I go out. One can't be in too much Haste upon such Occasions; for I know Love is like a Bug, the longer it sticks in the Skin, the harder it is to pluck out. [*Goes to the Door and calls.*] *Dolly, Dolly!*

Enter Miss Dolly.

M. Dolly. Did you call, Mother?

L. Gr. Aye, Barn, I am going to Lady *Ample's* this Morning, but have something to say to you before I go. How long has that Fellow, Capt. *Tinsel*, follow'd you up and down? I hope you don't encourage such Trash as he to come a-near you.

M. Dolly. O Mercy! What shall I say? I must tell a Lye. Follow me! no truly, I think not, I scorn the Thoughts of such an one.

L. Gr. Why, that's my Lafs; thou art Mother's nown Daughter. I remember, when I was young, I kept the Men at a distance, and I had always a power of them at my Heels: For to say the Truth, I was very handsome; oh, I had a Complexion like Strawberries and Cream.

M. Dolly. Well; but if I must not have the Captain, when will you bring me the other you promis'd me? For every body has a Sweetheart but I.

L. Gr. A forward Girl! Well, well, I shall take care to provide you a better Husband than he; one that has an Estate, and can make thee a good Festment, keep thee in fine Clothes, and a gold Chain; this Fellow has nought but Lice and the Pox to settle on thee.

M. Dolly. I am sure if he dares speak to me, I'll spit in his Face, so I will.

L. Gr.

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D.Gr. Thou art a good Lafs; keep Houfe till I come back, and bid *Joan* get the green Chamber ready for the new Lodger. I'll not ftay; fo fare thee well, my Lafs. [Exit.]

M. Dolly. Good by, Mother. I was forced to tell her a Lye. for fear ſhe ſhould lock me up this Race-time. But for all that, I am reſolv'd to have the Captain; for I am ſure he loves me, and he's handsomer than Mr. *Gamont* by half. She would fain have had me to have had him, when he came firſt, and I had a good mind myſelf; but he was ſuch a Fool, he never ask'd me: So I don't care, I'll have the Captain; he ſent me ſome pretty Verſes to-day; I'll go and read 'em. [Pulls out a Paper and reads.]

*Since all Hoſtilities abroad are done,
Let me not meet with open Wars at home.
Proclaim a Peace from thoſe refulgent Eyes;
Pity a Heart that melts away in Sighs.
You only have Poſſeſſion of my Breſt——*

O Good! I cannot ſtay to read the reſt.

[At the Door.] Miſs, Dolly, Miſs Dolly! [Puts up the Paper, and goes off.]



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, Lady *Ample's*.

Lady Ample, Lady Swish, Lady Cordivant, and Lady Greasy set at Breakfast, with hot Ale and Ginger, Butter, Rolls, a huge Cheshire Cheese, and a Plate of drunken Toast, before them.

L. Swish.



ND as I was telling your Ladyship, my Husband, Alderman *Swish*, lost three of his best Customers, for refusing his Vote to

Capt. Flip.

L. Cor. Aye, aye, it's an easier Matter to lose one's Customers by refusing a Vote, than get new ones by giving on't.

L. Am. But, Madam, if the Alderman lost his Customers, he gain'd his Cause; and that was worth something.

L. Cor. So it was, Madam; and he that has got it, is an honest Gentleman. I promis'd him my Husband's Vote, when he was not at home, and had much a-do to make him stand to it; but next Morning I had a Ham and a Hare sent me, and that brought him over to my side.

L. Gr. Marry, when my Husband's Worship was alive, I got nothing for his Vote, but a Kiss, and a couple

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couple of Congees, and thought myself hugely paid too; for he was a curious fine Gentleman, and smelt like any Perfumer's Shop: But I wish'd I had not seen him; for I could not abide my own Husband for above a Month after.

L. *Swift*. Well, my Lady *Greasy*, if you got nothing but a Kifs and a Compliment, your Neighbour, Mrs. *Double*, got something else, or she's foully bely'd.

L. *Am*. Nay, Ladies, if you introduce Scandal, you invade the Rights of the Tea-Table; and since you will have none of the Liquor, pray let's have none of the Talk. Lady *Greasy*, why don't you drink your Ale? You'll let it be cold. I wish I had known of your coming, I would have had something better for you.

L. *Gr*. Indeed, my Lady, every thing is very good; but I can drink no more, unless we had had a Bit of Flesh; a Collop of Bacon, or hung Beef, would have done well.

L. *Am*. I am sorry I am no better provided of suitable Meat for such Stomachs. [*Aside.*] But if you will please to stay the frying of an Egg and a Collop, my Maid shall do it in a Motion.

L. *Swift*. No, Madam, by no means; it's too late now: But where is the Young Gentlewoman that we came to drink with: Must we not have her good Company, to take a Cup of hotted Ale with us?

L. *Am*. Yes, yes, Madam, she will be here presently; she happens to be up this Morning, which is a Wonder; for she is one of those that loves no Companion in the Morning so well as her Bed. And I am sure such Company must needs confirm her in her Choice. [*Aside.*] But here she comes.

Enter Isabella, all rife but Lady Greasy.

L. *Gr*. Sweet Mrs. *Isbel*, pray excuse me; for I have got such a Pain in my Huck-Bone, that when I am once set, I can't get up again.

Isa.

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Isa. Pray, Ladies, be pleas'd to sit. I suppose, Madam, you have got a Cold in your Hip.

L. Gr. No, Mrs. *Isbel*, I have had it a great while, and they tell me 'tis a Certificate.

L. Am. I rather fancy, Madam, it is a Sciatica.

L. Gr. Nay, I know not, it's some hard Word; but whatever they call it, I am sure I feel it. [*Belches.*] Oh! wo worth this Wind, it just overcomes me.

Isa. Aye, and every body else, a nasty Pole-Cat. [*Aside.*] Madam, have you no Brandy for my Lady? [*To Lady Ample.*] For I fancy that's what she would be at. [*Aside.*]

L. Gr. Aye, Mrs. *Isbel*, you know what's good for an old Woman. Truly I never used to drink Brandy till now of late, that I have been troubled with an Expression at my Stomach.

Isa. So, this is like her Certificate. She has abundance of new Distempers. [*Aside.*] Ladies, will any of you drink a Dish of Tea this morning?

L. Gr. No, Mrs. *Isbel*, no; we are for none of your far-fetch'd Liquors. Tea! what is it good for, but to swill one's Guts, scald the Teeth out, and never warm the Heart. No, I thank you, we are for none of your Tea.

Isa. I doubt, Madam, you're not sociable, if you don't drink Tea. I am sure you are in a Neighbourhood where they drink a great deal.

L. Gr. Yes, yes, but I don't like 'em; they are too proud, and knows not how to behave themselves to their Betters. There's one of them but a Knight's Wife, and she, forsooth, must sit above me, tho' my Husband was a Lord; nay, one of the better sort of Lords, he was Lord-Mayor.

L. Swift. Aye, and another proud Flirt jostled me from the Head of the Table, tho' her Husband was but a poultry Officer, a Colonel, or some such thing.

Isa. I have not patience with those ignorant Brutes. [*Aside.*] Ladies, you speak with too much Con-

tempt.

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tempt. There are a great many fine Gentlemen in the Army, that behave themselves with as much Good-Manners and Gallantry at home, as Bravery and Honour abroad.

L. Swish. Aye, aye; I know you young Ladies like their fine Fringes and Feathers. But what do you think of Captain *Tinsel*, Madam?

Isa. I don't know much of him; but allowing him to be a Man of no Worth, would you condemn a whole Society, because they happen to have one Scoundrel among them?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir *Jeffrey Hearty* is just alighted, and desires to know if your Ladyship be at leisure.

L. Am. Wait on him up Stairs. [*Exit Serv.*] You'll pardon the Freedom I take, Ladies, in introducing a Stranger into your Company; but he is a Relation, and a Country Gentleman, one that won't overload you with Complements, I dare promise you.

Enter Sir Jeffrey.

L. Am. You're welcome to *York*, Sir *Jeffrey*.

Sir Jef. Cousin *Ample*, I am yours. Cousin *Bella*, I am glad to see you. Ladies, your humble Servant. [*Salutes them all.*] Aye, this is like the good old-fashion'd way of House-keeping. I expected to have found you all set round a Table no bigger than a Past-Board, and not much stronger, by my Troth, with a Parcel of little Crocks, that hold no more than a Girl would drink before her Sweet-Heart. Come, have you left any thing, that a Man may partake with you?

L. Gr. Aye, Sir, you brede of me; you and I shou'd do mains weell together. I am for something in my Stomach that will keep out the Wind, and not swill my Guts with hot Water, till one may hear it swash as I go.

Sir Jef.

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Sir *Jef.* Truly, Madam, you are in the right on't: The Women in this Age mind nothing but their Pleasure, and study nothing but how to consume their Husband's Money.

L. Gr. Rise at Noon.

Sir *Jef.* Dine at Night.

L. Gr. Go to Bed in the Morning.

Sir *Jef.* As soon as they're up, call *Jenny* to hang on the Tea-Kettle, and bring them a clear-starch'd Muslin Apron.

L. Gr. Aye, and for fear it should keep too long clean, the Dog with his mucky Paws must be laid upon it.

Sir *Jef.* When the Tea's ready, they sit down, and eat and drink till they are ready to burst; and then their Husbands or Fathers must pity them, because they can eat no Dinner.

Isa. I wonder, Sir *Jeffrey*, how you, that live in the Country, come to be so well acquainted with the Behaviour of the Ladies of *York*!

Sir *Jef.* Oh, Madam, 'tis not the first time I have been among the Ladies of *York*. As soon as the Cloth's taken away, they dispatch a Courier to three or four Idlers, like themselves, to make up a Set at Lue; at which, when they have lost all their Money, and fall'n out, they begin to dress for the Assembly.

L. Am. Where, as Mr. *Congreve* says, the Coroner's Inquest sits upon all the murder'd Reputations of the Town.

Sir *Jef.* True, Madam.

Isa. But pray, Sir *Jeffrey*, how must your Spouse behave herself when you get her? If she must rise at four to look after her Dairy, and keep undress'd herself to dress your Dinner, I think she might as well have taken one of your Tenants as yourself; for Nature has made no difference betwixt a Gentlewoman and a Kitchen-Wench; it is the Sweets of Life that has done it; and if we must not enjoy them, they are of no use.

Sir

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Sir *Jef.* Well said, my little *Bell*. Come, come, you and I must talk again about this Matter.

L. *Gr.* Pray, my Lady *Ample*, will you call your Maid, that we may know what Bread and Ale we have had; for I must needs be going.

L. *Am.* Ladies, I should take it as the greatest Mark of your Favour, if you would dispense with the Custom of the Town for once, and let this little Treat be mine.

L. *Swish.* By no means, Madam; I had as lieve break a Leg or an Arm, as an old Custom.

L. *Cor.* No, my Lady, no; this has been a Custom Time out of Mind. Our ancient and loyal City of *Tork*, has always been famous for keeping up an hearty and neighbourly Way among ourselves, which keeps us all Friends; for eating, as well as lying together, makes Folks love.

L. *Am.* Well, Ladies, if it must be so, I had better submit my single Opinion, than oppose so many superior ones. Here, *Susan*, bring a Plate, and let us know what Bread and Ale we have had.

Sir *Jef.* How much Bread and Ale! what a Plague do they mean? [*Aside.*]

Enter Susan with a Plate.

Su. There's four Quarts of Country Ale, one of strong Beer, and three Penny worth of Bread.

L. *Cor.* Prithee, Barn, tell us how much it comes to; for we are no great Reckoners.

Su. No, so it seems, by my Troth [*Aside.*] Madam, it comes to just Two and nine-pence

L. *Gr.* [*Takes the Plate.*] Come then, our twelve Pence a-piece does it, and there's something for the Maid.

Su. Take two and nine Pence out of three Shillings, and what remains? A Pox on their three Penny Present. [*Aside.*] [*The Ladies get up and take their Leaves.*]

[*Exit Susan.*]

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H

L. *Gr.*

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L. Gr. Good-morrow, my good Lady *Ample*, and thank you for me. Sweet Mrs. *Isbel*, your Servant; Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Isa. So, Thanks to my Stars, I am rid of my Plague. I had rather sit in the Stocks all day, and hear the Mob sing Ballads, than be confin'd to the Impertinence of those worshipful Ladies.

Sir *Jef.* Why what a Pox, Cousin *Ample*, do you invite Folks to your House, and then make them pay the Reckoning. Belike I shall have my Beer to pay for by and by.

L. *Am.* Ha! ha! No, Sir *Jeffrey*, you shall come off scot-free, I warrant you. I would not, you see, have taken their Money, but in compliance to a foolish Custom, of which they are very fond, tho' they pay for't. You might have minded my Opposition put 'em into a mighty stickle in Defence of their Privileges.

Sir *Jef.* A foolish Custom, quotha! Is it your Custom to go to one another's Houses, guzzle five or six Quarts of Ale, and then club round to pay for't?

L. *Am.* Nay, Sir *Jeffrey*, if you find Fault with our Proceedings, you must no more be admitted into our Society. I do assure you, this Humour prevails all the Town over, and every trivial Occasion brings them together.

Isa. Aye, aye, if a Friend comes to Town, they come to drink with you for Joy; if they go out of Town, they come to help you wash away Sorrow; so that the good People are resolv'd to share both your Pleasure and your Pain, provided they may have a little Victuals and Drink to keep up their Spirits.

Sir *Jef.* I have often heard of the Gossips of *York*, but never saw any of 'em before. Pray what extraordinary Occasion brought 'em here to-day?

Isa. They came, I thank 'em, to drink with me, as they call it. To-morrow, I suppose, Sir *Jeffrey*, they will come and drink you to Town.

Sir *Jef.*

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Sir *Jef.* Gads-bud, I would they would ; by the Lord *Harry*, I'd make 'em a Bowl of Punch should send 'em home so chirping merry, they should remember me till I came again; and then, if they would, I'd make 'em another.

L. *Am.* Truly, Sir *Jeffrey*, I believe if some of 'em knew your Mind, they would go near to take you at your Word ; for they don't love Tea.

Sir *Jef.* Well, my little *Bell*, how many Sweet-hearts hast got? Come, I doubt you're hard to please.

L. *Am.* Aye, Sir *Jeffrey*, so she is.

Sir *Jef.* Come, I believe I must bring her one from the Races, a brisk young Fellow that can leap over a five-barr'd Gate, either a-foot or a-horseback ; can hollow after a Pack of Dogs, without straining his Lungs ; and gallop after a Hare, without breaking his Neck. What say you to that, my Lads ?

Isa. I say, Sir *Jeffrey*, you have not describ'd the Man I like. I should be better pleas'd with one that lov'd less violent Exercises, and gave me less Fears in his Absence ; for whatever Pleasure he may take abroad, I am sure I should not have much at Home, when I came to consider his Danger.

Sir *Jef.* Well said, my little *Bell* ; by my Troth, that Answer is worth a Pint of Sack. Why thou hast too much Good-nature in thee for a Modern Wife, and I vow to Gad I believe will love thy Husband.

Isa. It is no Shame to love a good Man, Sir *Jeffrey* ; and if he that Heaven has allotted me, prove worthy of that Character, I should deserve a very ill one myself, if any thing were wanting on my Side, to contribute to his Happiness.

Sir *Jef.* Gad, I have a good mind to court thee myself. Come, come, what signifies twenty or thirty Years Difference ; say but the Word, and I'll go and take out a Licence before I go to the Races.

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Isa. No, Sir, I can't promise to be equally com-
plaisant to all Men alike neither ; for as I am re-
solv'd to love the Man I marry, so I am resolv'd
to marry the Man I love ; for Love, like Charity,
covers a Multitude of Faults.

L. Am. Sir *Jeffrey*, will you dine with me to-day,
and I'll order Dinner exactly half an Hour after
twelve, that we may all be ready for the Races ?

Sir *Jef.* With all my heart ; and if I can but
bring my little *Bell* to have a good Opinion of me, I
shall go near to make the Pudding a Pound lighter.
I am going now to *Ned Grey's*, to meet a Friend a-
bout some Business ; at Twelve you may expect me.

[*Exit.*

L. Am. So, my little *Bell*, you have got *Hansel*
however ; you can't say the Races have brought you
nothing.

Isa. No, Madam ; but I can say they have brought
me something worse than nothing. It will be very
hard if my Person and Fortune can command nothing
better than an old Country Knight.

L. Am. True, Child ; but that you need not fear:
For if your Person should want Attractives, your
Twenty Thousand Pounds will find a numerous Train
of Attendants ; *Mahomet's* Load-stone never drew
with a more magnetick Force. Besides, you forget
Sir *Loobily Foddrel*, a Man young and handsome, rich
and——

Isa. Hold, dear Madam, I am so afraid you should
out-run the Constable ; I suppose the next thing
would have been his Wit.

L. Am. Well, you jeering Baggage, if he be not
so very quick in his Understanding as your Favourite
Gamont, he has an Estate and Title to make amends
for't.

Isa. What an Unhappiness it is, that our Relations
never consult any thing but the Pleasure of Wealth ?
Methinks, Madam, you that have a Taste for Wit,
should

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should never prefer a Fool to a Man of Sense ; but you force me to say, Sir *Loobily* must never hope to succeed, where *Gamont* thinks fit to address.

L. Am. Well, *Isabella*, I can but advise ; and if you think fit to reject such an Estate, the Folly will be yours. But I'll leave you to consider of it, and go and order the old Knight's Dinner ; perhaps he may please you better. [Exit *L. Ample*.]

Isa. Truly, so he does of the two. Oh ! what a Morning have I had ! First deafen'd with an impertinent Crew of old Women, then teaz'd with Love from an old Man ; then lectur'd in behalf of a Fool ; and last of all, and worst of all, persecuted by my own Thoughts, in favour of one that does not deserve that Character. No, *Gamont*, thy Qualifications are without objection ; and could I but persuade myself thy Love was grounded on a generous Basis, not all the Titles in the World should ever have power to draw me from thee. [Exit *Isabella*.]

Enter Bareface and Liddy.

Bare. Mrs. *Liddy*, if your Affairs will permit, I would fain have a word or two with you in private.

Lid. Sir, my Affairs and Ears are both at your Service.

Bare. Oh Lard, Mrs. *Liddy*, you are very obliging ; but I suppose you are not ignorant of what all the Town knows, that I have a good Estate.

Lid. No, Sir ; I have often heard you have Four Hundred Pounds a Year.

Bare. And don't you think that very considerable ?

Lid. Um—Yes, Sir, the Estate's very well. What does the Fellow mean ? [Aside.]

Bare. Very well ! Egad, I think it's extraordinary, added to my Person.

Lid. I can't imagine what he means, unless he be going to make love to me ; I'll humour him a little. [Aside.] Indeed, Sir, as you say, such an Estate,

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with your Qualifications, is infinitely preferable to a much greater, where they are wanting.

Bare. I find, Mrs. *Liddy*, you are a Woman of a distinguishing Taste, and can set a true value upon Wit and Beauty. Egad, there are not many such Women to be met with.

Lid. Aye, it must be so; he has certainly a mind to me. [*Aside.*] Sir, I am very proud I have any thing in my power to engage your notice.

Bare. Indeed, Mrs. *Liddy*, I have a very great opinion of you; and to let you see I have, will entrust you with a Secret, in which I must beg your assistance.

Lid. Beg my assistance! it's well if I ben't mistaken. [*Aside.*]

Bare. In short, I am in love with your Lady, and know nobody has a greater influence over her than you have; so, dear Mrs. *Liddy*, if you will be my Friend now, I will be yours for ever after.

Lid. Pox take him, is that all? No matter, I'll humour him still? [*Aside.*] Sir, you can't think how pleas'd I am to hear you make such a Proposal; and I am sure it is what my Lady will be very proud of. As how should she chuse? [*Aside.*] And you may depend upon all the Service I can do you.

Bare. Nay, I believe it will be no hard matter to bring it about; only I would have you to break the Ice.

Lid. I may chance bring more Matters about than you are aware of, my Friend. [*Aside.*] Sir, I have already given you my word to be very much at your Service.

Bare. Egad, Mrs. *Liddy*, and I will be very much at yours. In the mean time, accept of this small Present, as an Earnest of something better. [*Gives a Purse.*]

Lid. Oh, dear, Sir, I am ashamed to give you so much trouble. Upon my word, I should have done the

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the very same thing, if I had not tasted so largely of your Bounty.

Bare. A Trifle! a Trifle! Well, I'll keep you no longer, because I would fain have you go about it. Mrs. Liddy, your humble Servant. [*Exit Bare.*]

Lid. sola. Well, here's a Purse of Broads, but there's but a few of 'em. Let me see how many. [*Opens the Purse.*] By all my Hopes to cheat the Fool, five Edward Shillings! A Trifle! a Trifle! quotha!—A Son of a—Soap-Boiler.—Well, faith it's e'en enough, considering what he's like to get in return; for my Wits shall fail me confoundedly, if they be not Part of his Wife's Portion.

Enter Ralph with a Letter in his Hand.

Ralph. Hark'ye, Mrs. Liddy, it has always been a Custom, ever since I have been a Serving-Man, that where the Master and Mistress are striking up Preliminaries of Peace, the Man and the Maid should have a little private Confabulation; then how comes it to pass that you and I are so strange?

Lid. Why, you Fool, would you have me begin first?

Ralph. No, Child, it shall be sufficient if you comply, when I begin. Come, I long to give you Earnest. [*Goes to kiss her.*]

Lid. Stand off, Saucebox, and keep your distance; I'd have you to know I have better Game in view, and scorn Rooks, while I can catch Woodcocks.

Ralph. O Pox! you Chamber-maids are so full of your Ladies Airs, that you don't know how to be civil to your Equals.

Lid. And you Valets are so full of your Masters Vanity, that you think every body is your Equal; but I shall put you in a way of knowing both yourself and me.

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Ralph. Egad, when I write a Play, you shall be the Queen in the Tragedy ; for I see you can take State upon you to a miracle.

Lid. Aye, pray when you write a Play, let it be a Tragedy ; for I dare say it will be a sad one. But who's that Letter for ?

Ralph. This Letter ! I receiv'd it just now as I came in at your Door : 'Tis for my young Lady, but I dare not give it to her ; I expected a Crown Postage, but came off with a crooked Sixpence.

Lid. Aye, I tell you your Expectations out-run your Fate : But pray who gave it you ?

Ralph. Mr. *Bareface* ; but I intend to burn it ; for I fancy 'tis a Love-Letter, and I may chance to have my Head broke about it.

Lid. No, prithee, *Ralph*, give it to me ; I fancy I may make some advantage on't.

Ralph. Yes, you're so civil, indeed ! Come, one Kiss, and 'tis yours.

Lid. No, Fool, I have a better way of returning your Kindness ; another time you shall know more.

Ralph. Well, take it ; for I find I can deny you nothing. [Gives the Letter.]

Lid. Have you any business with my Lady ?

Ralph. Yes, I want to disburden myself of my Master's Service to her, and to load myself back with the joyful News of her good Health : He will be here himself by-and-by, to wait upon her to the Races.

Lid. Well, go in, and I'll acquaint my Lady, and bring you her Answer. [Exit Ralph.]

I find Master *Bareface* takes hold of Time by a double Handle ; here's Five and Sixpence gone to-day in Bribes. Well, since he bids so fair for a Wife, I'll take care he shan't be disappointed : I have my double Design as well as he ; and if one fails, an Answer to this Letter shall make it up again ; I know the Fop's so conceited, he'll answer any Affignation.

[Exit Liddy.]

Enter

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Enter Isabella and Louisa.

Isa. And *Gamont* and he are old Acquaintance then?

Lou. Bred together at the University, where they contracted a lasting Friendship. For my part, I was so surprized and confounded, that I knew not what I did, but took up the Tea-Kettle instead of the Tea-Pot, and fill'd every body a Dish of hot Water.

Isa. Ha! ha! ha! what said *Gamont*?

Lou. Why he saw we were both in disorder, and laugh'd at us accordingly.

Isa. I almost fancy this *Mr. Welby* has done a Work in a few Hours, which a Parcel of baffled Bunglers have been forc'd to give over, after as many Years vain Attempts.

Lou. Nay, I know not what he has done; but if his Estate and Humour prove of a piece with his Wit and Person, Heaven of its Mercy defend my Heart; for I am sure I shall never be able to do it myself.

Isa. He had need to be a Man of more than common Merit, if he can command your Heart. Well, as you say, if his Estate does but answer the rest, I am in great hopes to have you for my Precedent, and be conducted into the Land of Matrimony by my dear *Louisa*.

Lou. Were I sure you would follow, as I would have you, I should not care how soon I led up the Dance; but you starve poor *Gamont's* generous Love, for want of hopes to keep it warm.

Isa. *Gamont's* particular, if he wants hopes. Most Men have so good an opinion of their own Worth, that they often hope, when they have very little reason for it?

Lou. Aye, but he is not one of them; but, on the contrary, has given himself so entirely away, that a Disappointment must of necessity be fatal.

Isa.

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Isa. Indeed, *Louisa*, I doubt you promise and vow more in his Name, than he will ever be able to make good. I know he is a Man of much Gallantry, and I should be a Woman of little Conduct, should I take notice of it.

Lou. Why so, my Dear?

Isa. Because it is a general thing; every Man makes love to every Woman he sees. For my part, I only expect it in my turn, and shall accordingly receive it.

Lou. Phu! phu! this must be Affectation in you; because you know your Merit commands Sincerity.

Isa. Indeed, *Louisa*, I never had vanity enough to think any thing, but by Money, could secure a Heart; but if *Gamont* be so much in love, as you would insinuate, he's in a dangerous Case; for he has a powerful Rival come to Town.

Lou. I hope you don't mean Sir *Loobily Foddrel*, that came to our House last Night?

Isa. No; he's my Aversion.

Lou. They say he's come on purpose to make love to you; but if he knows how, I'll be content never to be courted myself; nay, I dare swear, he would not understand you, if you should make love to him.

Isa. I believe I shan't try.

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Madam, my Lord *Splendid's* Footman comes with his Lord's Service, desires to know how your Ladyship does, and if you are not engaged to other Company, will come and wait upon you to the Races.

Isa. My Service to my Lord, and Thanks for the Honour he does me: Had I known of it sooner, I would not have engaged myself, which now I have done. [Ext.]

Lou. I doubt this is the powerful Rival. [Aside.] Well, my Dear, do you think of going to the Assembly, after the Races?

Isa.

The NORTHERN HEIRESS. 107

Isa. No; if your Inclination jumps with mine, we'll have the Fiddles, and dance in my Aunt's Dining Room.

Lou. With all my heart.

Isa. *Gamont* may bring his old Friend with him; and then I shall have an opportunity of giving my opinion of your new Spark.

Lou. Aye; but will it be safe to bring you together? I don't know but you may rob me of a Lover, and *Gamont* of a Mistress.

Isa. No, no, there can be no danger of that; *Louisa* does not use to make half Conquests.

Lou. Well, I must be in your Debt for that, till I come again. Adieu for half an Hour. I'll tell *Gamont* your Design; tho', I suppose, he will be here by-and-by. You'll honour me with a Place in your Coach?

Isa. Aye, aye; make haste again. [*Exit Louisa.*] Poor *Louisa's* gone with dubious Thoughts; she knows not what to make of my Behaviour: 'Tis true, I do love her Brother more than Life; but he shall never know his own Power, till I have made a tryal or two of his Love; and then I'll use him as he deserves.

*For if I find he values nought but Coin,
I'll tear him from my Breast, and he shall ne'er be mine.*




ACT



A C T III.

SCENE *continues.**Enter Isabella and Liddy.*

Isa.  IS pity Nature did not change thy Sex, and Fortune thy Vocation; thou would'st have made an admirable Lawyer; for I find, as it is, you can speak for your Fee.

Lid. If I have taken too great a freedom, Madam, I hope your Ladyship will pardon it; 'twas an Effect of my Zeal.

Isa. Yes, Zeal for *Gamont*; but if you had any for my Interest, you would rather persuade me from him, than take such pains in his behalf. You know as well as I, he has no Estate.

Lid. True, Madam; but your Ladyship knows, and so do I too, he must have one e'er long; his old Father must in a little time resign both it and Life, and then—

Isa. And then perhaps he will be as imperious as he is now submissive; therefore say no more, for I am resolv'd to be satisfy'd: My Person comes at least upon a level with my Money, or I must give up all Thoughts of him for ever.

Lid. Aye, but Heaven be prais'd, that's out of your Power; you love him too well for that. [*Aside.* Well,

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be so.
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Well, Madam, I shou'd be glad to have you satisfy'd, but don't know what Method you can take to be so.

Isa. I can do nothing without thy Help. I heard you say once, you could write a good Man's Hand.

Lid. Yes, Madam, if that will be of any service to you, so I can.

Isa. Of very considerable Service: This very Man's Hand of yours must be employ'd in writing a Letter from my Uncle *Richlove* in *London* to me here at *York*, to let me know that Alderman *Brittle*, in whose Hands my Money is, is broke, and gone off with all.

Lid. I understand your Ladyship: Then if Mr. *Gamont*—

Isa. Aye, then if *Gamont* proves the Man I wish him, and you believe him, to be, my Person and Fortune are his; but if I find any Alteration, I'll immediately give myself to another before his Face.

Lid. And so to revenge yourself on a Man you only fancy does not love you, you will give yourself away to one you are sure you hate.

Isa. Yes; and it would be less Mortification to lie in the Arms of one I don't love, who I am sure loves me, than be confin'd to one I do, and have no Return but Indifference.

Lid. Your Prudence, Madam, is not to be disputed by me; but if I were to be hang'd for it, I can't forbear thinking you try the poor Gentleman a little too far, because—

Isa. Liddy, no more; I'll go this Minute and write the Letter for you to copy; if *Gamont* comes before I return, tell him I am busy. [Exit.

Lid. sola. Well, I wou'd I were hang'd if I know what to do in this critical Case. To tell Mr. *Gamont*, would be to betray my Lady, and Treachery I scorn. Yet if I don't tell him, nothing but Mischief can be the Event. For to say the Truth, I don't think

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think his Love runs so high as she expects; and I know no Way to prevent his Disappointment, and her Discontent, but by making him privy to it. [*Pauses.*] No, hang it, I'll have no Hand in it; 'tis wholly her own Contrivance, and if she be uneasy, 'tis wholly her own Fault.

Enter Gamont.

Gam. Liddy, where's *Isabella*? Methinks 'tis an 'Age since I saw her; tho' I fear she has not Love enough to think the Time so long.

Lid. Sir, she has not Love enough to send for you, tho' perhaps she is not very well pleas'd with your Absence.

Gam. Oh, such another Word wou'd make me very vain, and very happy. Come, prithee tell me; do I stand fair in her Esteem, or must I give Place to my rich Rivals?

Lid. Does she stand fair in your Esteem, Sir?

Gam. In my Esteem! What the Devil do you mean by asking such a Question?

Lid. Nay, nothing, Sir; but as the World goes now, there is more Danger of your Sex's revolting, than ours; and this is a good Time for it, now the Town is so full of Beauties and Fortunes.

Gam. Liddy, if you have not some particular Meaning for what you have said, it is very trifling; if you have, you are not my Friend if you don't tell me. 'Sdeath! has some base Person been striving to blast my Credit with *Isabella*? Come, prithee tell me, let me know the worst.

Lid. Upon my Word, Sir, no body has said any thing to your disadvantage; your Fate lies wholly in your own Behaviour, which must be manag'd with Circumspection, or your Case may prove a little desperate.

Gam. Instead of clearing the Matter, you have made it more intricate; either speak to be understood,
or

The NORTHERN HEIRESS. III

or say nothing. What the Devil do you mean by all this? Where is your Lady?

Lid. Sir, she's now a little busy; in half an Hour she will be at leisure. In the mean time, let Love and Honour be your Guide: But ask me no more Questions; for I can only wish you knew what I dare not tell you.

Gam. Death, Hell and Furies! you distract me.

[*Exit.*

Lid. sola. Poor Gentleman, the Deaux take me, if I han't good-nature enough to pity him, and wish, with all my Soul, he had the Spirit of Divination; for I much fear this sham Loss will be of evil Consequence to 'em both. But here comes the Letter.

Enter Isabella with the Letter, Pen, Ink and Paper.

Isa. Come, *Liddy*, sit down and copy this, before any body comes; it is but short, I'll read it to you.

Dear Niece,

I Am sorry I must give you so much Uneasiness, by sending you the sad News of Alderman Brittle, who is gone off a Hundred Thousand Pounds in Debt. I know your All was in his hands; however, be as easy as you can, and take my Promise of being a Father to you, as well as a most affectionate Uncle.

Zachariah Richlove.

Here, take it, and write it over; I'll watch that no body comes.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Lid. [*Sitting down to write.*] Hang this Writing; I hate it at best; but it's the very Devil to write for nothing but Mischief. [*After some Time.*] Here, Madam, I have done, if you please to fold it up.

Isa. [*Folds up the Letter.*] Now, direct it for me, at my Lady Ample's in York; and when *Gamont* comes, bring it in. [*Exit Liddy.*] Oh, how my poor Heart is rack'd, for Fear this Tryal of *Gamont's* Love should not answer my Wishes! What a ridiculous thing is a Woman's Fantafque? Here have I been torment-

ing

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ing my own Invention, to find out what, when known, may possibly give me the greatest Uneasiness. Well, Curiosity was the first destructive Evil that interpos'd between Man and Happiness; and I, with too much of the Itch of Knowledge, must be tasting; tho', like my Grand-Mother *Eve*, I swallow my own Ruin.

Enter Louisa laughing.

Isa. You're very merry, my Dear, what has diverted you so?

Lou. That, which would have diverted you, had you been there. My Lady *Greasy* has found a Letter from Capt. *Tinsel* to Miss *Dolly*, which has rais'd her Spleen to such a degree, that I began to consider, whether she was not stark mad or no.

Isa. A sad Misfortune indeed! I promise you I would not be in the Girl's Place for the Husband.

Lou. No, I believe not. I never saw any body in such a Rage in my Life. She has pull'd the poor Toad about the House, and fous'd her with a Mug of small Beer that stood upon the Dresser, till she looks like a Water-Witch.

Isa. 'Tis pity the Captain does not know the Distress of his Damosel; he would certainly come with Fire and Sword to her Rescue.

Lou. Really I wish he would, for her Case at present is but indifferent; you never saw such a Figure in your Life, unless it were a baited Shop-Lifter, just out of the Hands of the Mob.

Isa. That Land-lady of your's, is a very Devil; I wonder how you are able to live with her. And what, I warrant, she has lock'd the poor Fool up.

Lou. No, I left my Brother and Mr. *Welby* interceding for her Liberty; which I suppose they will procure before they leave her.

Isa. Upon Condition she goes with some old Woman of her Mother's chusing to be her Guard.

Lou.

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Lou. Marry, if she ben't new-dress'd, she'll need no Guard ; for at present she's fitter to fright Folks, than invite them to steal her.

Isa. Well, what's become of *Gamont* ? I think we have lost him. This new old Friend of his engrosses him all to himself. I would fain see this Mr. *Welby* again ; I did not much mind him in the Morning.

Lou. They will both be here presently ; I heard my Brother say he would introduce him ; I wonder they don't come. Oh ! here they be !

Enter Gamont and Welby.

Gam. Madam, your humble Servant ; I have brought an old Friend here to kiss your Hand, and wait upon you to the Races.

Wel. Madam, if a Stranger may hope for such an Honour, it is what I shall be very proud of.

Isa. Sir, a Man of your Character need not fear being acceptable any where. Mr. *Gamont*, you're a great Stranger.

Gam. I am glad you think so, Madam, my Friend here has, I own, taken Possession of my Body ; but my Mind was, where it always is, with my dearest *Isabella*.

Isa. Oh, Mr. *Gamont*, you Gentlemen use yourselves so much to this Way of speaking, that I fancy you hardly know yourselves, when you are in jest, and when in earnest.

Gam. Madam, you never display the Cruelty of your Sex more, than when you seem to doubt my Sincerity : It's very hard that all my Oaths and Vows must stand for nothing. I wish I had an Opportunity to convince you of my Reality.

Isa. That you may have sooner than you are aware of. [*Aside.*] [*to Welby.*] Well, Sir, how do you like the North ? Are you not afraid the Coldness of the Climate should chill the Ladies Hearts ? Or has it

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had so great an Effect upon yourself already, as to make you careless whether it does or no?

Wel. Really, Madam, I must own I cannot boast a Complacency for the whole Sex; but I have some Ladies in view, that I could with the greatest difficulty in the World be indifferent to.

Isa. I find, Sir, you're for the present Tense. Mr. Gamont, I think you are dull to-day; I see Extremes never last: Your Joy at the sight of your Friend here has been so great, that it has spent its Force, and left you your own Reverse.

Enter Liddy with the Letter.

Lid. Madam, here's a Letter for you.

[*Isabella takes the Letter, reads it, and seems disorder'd.*]

Gam. This Letter is certainly from some Lover; and she's vex'd that I have seen it. [*Aside.*] A Billet-doux, Madam, from a happy Lover.

Isa. No, Mr. Gamont, it's of greater Concern; you wish'd for an Opportunity of shewing your Reality, and here is too fatal an one for you. [*Gives him the Letter, and pulling out her Handkerchief, drops that she had writ herself; then* [Exit.

Gam. [*reads.*] Hum—hum—gone off—and all lost—

Lou. I think *Isabella* is not well, I must after her.

Gam. Egad, I don't like this. Here, *Welby*, prithee read it. [Exit.

Wel. [*reads.*]—Faith, *Gamont*, this is ill News. I am sorry for't, for more Reasons than one. I suppose this will put a full stop to your Amour: What will you do?

Gam. Do? I know not what to do; to go abruptly off, will be base, because she made no scruple of my Circumstances before this happen'd; and to persist, will be Folly and Madness. Ods-death I was never so puzzel'd in my Life. Prithee advise me.

Wel.

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Wel. I know not how: You must e'en pretend your Father has sent for you home; I know no other Way, unless you are resolv'd to marry her right or wrong.

Gam. No; for her sake I'll not marry her now; but if she will be content to stay till my Father dies, she shall certainly be my Choice; for tho' her Fortune begat my first Liking, I have found something in her Person very worthy of my Love: Beside, it would be the highest Ingratitude to leave her, if for no other Reason, but because I believe she loves me.

Wel. I am glad to find you so generous a Lover; 'tis more than I expected. [*Stoops and takes up the Letter Isabella drop'd.*] What have we here? [*reads.*] *As well as an affectionate Uncle Zachariah Richlove.* Why, *Gamont*, this is the same again. [*Gamont takes it, and reads.*]

Gam. The very same *verbatim*. Egad this is the luckiest Discovery that ever was.

Wel. It is so very lucky, that I don't understand one word on't.

Gam. Why then I'll tell you; *Isabella*, I suppose, has taken it into her head to grow jealous of her own Fortune, and doubtless fancies I like it better than her; upon which she has contriv'd this Letter (for it is her own Hand-writing) as a Touch-stone for my Love.

Wel. If you are sure it is her Hand, it must be so; and then as you say, the Discovery is lucky enough. For, Faith, I believe you would have made but an awkward piece of Work on't, if you had not had the old Encouragement to have gone on with.

Gam. Nay, I know not what I should have done; but I am glad it's no worse. Yes, yes, her Hand, I am sure it is her hand. Beside, I remember now her Maid told me, my Fate depended upon my own Behaviour, bid me act with Circumspection, and let Love and Honour be my Guide.

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Enter Lady Ample.

L. Am. Pray, Mr. *Gamont*, let's see this Letter.

Gam. Here it is, Madam. [*Gives the Letter.* *Lady Ample reads.*]

L. Am. I can't imagine the Meaning of this. It is not my Brother *Richlove's* Hand, I am sure; but I won't say so to *Gamont*, because I hope it will be a Means to break the Match. [*Aside.*]

Enter Isabella and Louisa.

Isa. Well, Madam, what do you think of this melancholy News; are you convinc'd?

L. Am. Why, Child, I wou'd have you to make yourself as easy as you can; Misfortunes are very common to the Inhabiters of this World; and you have good Friends to depend upon: Beside, Sir *Loobily* will take you with all your Faults.

Gam. The Devil take him, with all his, first. [*Aside.*] [*to Isabella.*] I can't say, Madam, that I am glad at any thing that gives you the least Disquiet; but I shall never look upon that as a piece of ill Fortune, that gives me so fair an Occasion of discovering how far my Passion is from being mercenary. And, Madam, tho' while my Father lives, I have not an Estate that can deserve you, yet if you can confine yourself to my present Circumstances, I'll make you as happy as I can now, and be doubly joyful when I have a Power to add to it.

Isa. This is better than I expected. [*Aside.*] No, Mr. *Gamont*, it would be a pity to involve you in my Misfortunes. I'll e'en content myself with a private single Life, and you shall always have my best Wishes, to be as happy as your Generosity deserves.

Gam. Madam, Happiness and a Separation from you are inconsistent; surely now you'll give me leave to hope, and no longer doubt my Sincerity.

Isa.

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Isa. I own, Mr. Gamont, my Thoughts of you are a little amended. But I han't done with you yet.

[*Afide.*]

L. Am. Mr. Gamont, this Gentleman, I presume, is your Friend.

Gam. Yes, Madam.

L. Am. You're welcome to York, Sir.

Wel. Madam, I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

[*Salutes Lady Am.*]

L. Am. Come, *Isabella*, I happen to be a little gay to-day, which is not very common with me; and therefore I bar all Chagrin, and desire all this good Company to help out in a Country-Dance in my Dining-Room, after the Races. I wonder Sir *Loobily Foddrel* is not come yet; I expected he would have been here before now.

Isa. You need not fear he'll fail you, Madam; for here he is. Heavens defend me! what a figure he makes! [*Afide.*]

Enter Sir Loobily, in a Pifs-burnt Perriwig, a great Riding-Coat, and dirty Linen.

Wel. [to Gam.] Now, Gamont, look and tremble.

L. Am. I was afraid, Sir *Loobily*, we should not have had your Company; and that you were so taken up with your Horses, you could not find time to see your Mistress.

Wel. [to Gam.] Upon my Soul, I should sooner take him for a Hangman, than either a Lover or a Knight.

Sir *Loo*, Nay, nay, hau'd you there; I love my Horses, that's true; but I love Mrs. *Isbel* too: and after I had seen them rubb'd down, and taken care of, I came to look after her: And so, how do you do, Forsooth? [*All laugh.*] Why-a-, Why-a, I am mains glad to find you so merrily disposed. Thay told me those York Foke were so dull, they never laugh'd at al.

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Gam. But, Sir *Loobily*, methinks your Grooms should have taken care of your Horses; the Ladies always expect to be prefer'd first.

Sir Loo. Why, Friend, that's true; but my Horse is to run to-day, and I had no mind to trust him with any body but myself: it would vex me to my heart, to have him lose for want of looking after.

Isa. You are in the right, Sir *Loobily*; beside, you know I can take care of myself, and that's more than your Horse can do.

Sir Loo. Ads-bud, and so you can, or you have spent your Time ill; for I believe you're at Age.

Lou. Bless me! Sir *Loobily*, what do you mean to talk at this rate? Don't you know that nothing in the world can be a greater Affront, than to tell a Lady of her Age?

L. Am. No, no, not at all, Madam; my Niece has no reason to be ashamed of her Age: beside, I am sure Sir *Loobily* meant it well.

Sir Loo. Meant it well!—Why, I hope there was no harm in what I said, was there? I thought Age was honourable; I am sure it is reckon'd so in our Country; for the audest Man drinks first, and the audest Woman sits uppermost at Kirk; that's our Custom in *Craven*. I know not how things fadge here.

Gam. [to *Isa.*] Don't you wish to be an old Woman, Madam, to enjoy that valuable Privilege?

Isa. Every thing in good time, Mr. *Gamont*; I am willing to keep the Pleasures of Youth as long as I can.

Wel. You are certainly in the right of it, Madam; a cold Respect would be but a small Recompence for the loss of all the fine things that are said to you now.

Isa. There's no great loss in what we know to be Flattery, and Words of course.

Gam.

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Gam. Now I am of opinion, (tho' you have so much Humility) that most of your Sex think they deserve 'em.

Isa. That's as much as to say, we let our Vanity get the better of our Reason.

Lou. Why, without lying now, I believe the most of us do think so.

Isa. I pity them that do; and, to prevent my being one of 'em, will never believe what the best of 'em says.

Lou. Phu, that's running into the other Extreme. 'Tis like a Man growing a Sloven, for fear of being thought a Fop; or turning Quaker, lest he should pass for a Papist. But pray, Madam, what's Sir *Loobily* doing, that he does not bear his part in the Company?

L. Am. Doing! he's asleep, I think.

Isa. And I am sure 'tis pity to wake him. [*Aside.*]

L. Am. Why, Sir *Loobily*, what are you thinking of?

Sir Loo. Od-so, I cry your Mercy, my Lady; I was reckoning how many Bets I had laid, and casting up how much I shall get into my Pocket, if my Nag wins.

L. Am. You might have done that another time; you should endeavour to entertain your Mistress now. There's one very busy doing it for you, I see, which I don't much approve of. [*Aside.*] Come, Niece, pray let Sir *Loobily* have a little of your Company.

Isa. I must own my Aunt has an admirable Fancy. [*Aside.*]

Sir Loo. Come, Forsooth, ad we shall live mains happily. I can't but think how lovingly we shall smoke our Pipes together, drink a Pot of Ale, and play at Put in a Winter-Evening.

Isa. Indeed, Sir *Loobily*, I don't know what you'll do; for I am a perfect Stranger to all those things.

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Sir *Loo*. That's much ; all Women in our Country smoke Tobacco : you must learn, by all means, Not smoke, quotha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Madam, Mr. *Bareface* and Capt. *Tinsel* are below to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Am. Desire 'em to walk up. [*Exit Footman.*]

Lou. So, here come a couple of Fools of a different Stamp.

Enter Bareface and Tinsel.

Bare. My Lady *Ample*, the lowest of your Slaves ; beautiful Nymphs, your Adorer ; Gentlemen, yours. There's so strong an Attraction in your Ladyship's House, that we found it impossible to go by, without offering our Service to wait on you to the Races.

Gam. The Ladies are obliged to you, Sir, but have promis'd to do us that favour.

Capt. Oh ! we are for invading nobody's Property ; 'tis not like a Man of Honour.

Bare. By no means. Tho' I believe the Ladies would be glad of the exchange. [*Aside.*]

Lou. Captain, there's a great Misfortune happen'd to you ; tho' I fancy you don't know it.

Capt. I am above Misfortunes, Madam ; I was always, I thank my Stars, of an undaunted Courage, But pray do me the favour to let me know what 'tis.

Lou. I suppose you make no Secret of your Passion for my Lady *Greasy*'s Daughter.

Capt. There's no resisting Destiny, or I should be ashamed that a Person of my Birth and Quality could ever be enslav'd by the Daughter of a Mechanick.

Gam. Oh ! Captain, you're not the first great Man that has been in love ; and that you know makes all People equal.

Wel.

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Wel. Aye, aye, you know *Alexander the Great* was subject to a *Persian* Captive; and *Omphale* brought the mighty *Hercules* to change his Club for a Distaff.

Bare. Pray, Mr. *Gamont*, was not that *Hercules* a Marshal of France?

Gam. No, Sir, he was one of the King of *Morocco's* chief Elephant-Riders. [*All laugh.*]

Capt. Well, Gentlemen, I have better Blood in my Veins, than either of them. My Ancestors came originally out of *Ethiopia*; one of my Grand-mothers was Maid of Honour to the Queen of *Sheba*, when she made a Visit to King *Solomon*; there she marry'd to a *Jewish* Lord, who derived his Pedigree in a distinct Line from *Noah*.

Lou. Well said. [*Aside.*]

Sir Loo. I don't understand one word they say; I'll e'en go to my Horses. My Lady, good-by; good-by, Gentlefolks.

L. Am. Will you leave us, Sir *Loobily*?

Sir Loo. Aye, aye, I'll go to my Horses. [*Exit.*]

Bare. Lard! what a rough-hewn Brute it is? He stinks so of the Stable, the Stench has almost overcome me.

Capt. [*to Lou.*] But pray, Madam, let me know what cross Accident has done an injury to the Affair that relates to my Passion?

Lou. Why, Sir, in short my Lady *Greasy* has found your Letter, and beat your Mistress; and, to compleat the Misfortune, has lock'd her up.

Capt. Nothing more unlucky could have happen'd; for this day, I was in hopes, would have given her up to my Arms.

Wel. Come, come, Captain, don't despair; Mr. *Gamont* and I have been your Friends, tho' we did not know your Design.

Gam. Aye, we have prevail'd with my Lady to let Miss go to the Race with Lady *Swift* and Lady *Cordivant*; so, if you can overcome those Dragons, the Golden Fleece will be your Reward. *Capt.*

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Capt. Aye, but how? for I know they will watch her as a Fox would a Poultry-Yard. Prithee, *Bare-face*, can't you help me to a soporiferous Sop?

Bare. A soporiferous Sop! what the Devil's that? a Bottle of Brandy? Well, come, now I think on't, I believe I can do you some service?

Capt. Dear Rogue, what is't? prithee be quick; Delay will rack me like a Fit of the Stone.

Bare. Delay may be dangerous; come away, and I'll tell you as I go. Ladies, you'll please to pardon our abrupt Departure; the Emergency of the Occasion excuses the Fault.

Capt. Ladies and Gentlemen, yours. [*Exit Bare. and Tin.*]

Isa. Go your ways, for a couple of Coxcombs.

Enter Sir Jeffrey.

Sir Jef. You see, Madam, I use no Ceremony, I come in without knocking.

L. Am. Nothing pleases me better, *Sir Jeffrey*, than an innocent Freedom.

Sir Jef. Come, I just call'd to see if you were for the Field; I believe 'tis time.

L. Am. [*looking on her Watch.*] Aye, 'tis almost two a-clock, and the Coach is at the door. Are you for walking, Ladies?

Lou. We attend your Ladyship.

Sir Jef. If you'll give me your Hand, Cousin *Ample*, I'll see you to your Coach.

L. Am. I see, *Sir Jeffrey*, you han't forgot Ceremony.

Sir Jef. No, no; what a-pize, I am not so old neither.

Gam. [*to Isa.*] I hope, Madam, I may expect the same Favour from you.

Wel. [*to Lou.*] I wish you would give me your Heart with your Hand.

Lou.

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Lou. Should I give it away so soon, you would hardly think it worth acceptance.

*A Conquest easy gain'd, you all despise ;
We please you best, when most we tyrannize.*

[*Ex. omnes.*]



A C T IV.



SCENE, a Tavern.

Enter Bareface.

Bare.



ERE, you Drawer, is Captain *Tinsel* here?

Draw. Captain *Tinsel*, Sir? Yes, Sir—No, Sir—I don't know, Sir. I'll go and see. [*Exit Dr.*]

Bare. What's the Fellow mad! Oh! now I have it. I suppose the Work is hardly done, and he's not to be here till it is. Well, this Contrivance of mine was a Master-piece, and I shall value myself accordingly.

Enter Captain and Miss.

Capt. Dear *Bareface*, let me embrace thee; thou'st done more for me than ever my own Father did: for he gave me only Life; but thou, dear Rogue, Life, Love, and Liberty. For, egad, if I had not got her as I did, my next Lodging had been in a Jail. [*Aside.*]

Bare.

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Bare. Well, my Bully, by all this Transport, I suppose my next Work is to wish you Joy, which I, do from all the Inwards I have. And for your part, Madam, 'tis impossible you should miss on't in such Hands.

Miss. I know not what I shall have from his Hands, but I am sure I shall have nothing but blows from my Mother's: I dare as well be hang'd as go home.

Bare. Oh Madam, now you are a Soldier's Lady, you must despise Fear.

Capt. My Dear, if she says one angry word to thee, I'll set her Kennel on fire, and roast her by her own Candles. But I am still in the dark how you procured my Happiness. I saw you carry the Ladies into the Booth, to drink a Glass of Wine, but know no more.

Bare. Did not your Lady tell you?

Capt. No; I had no time to ask her.

Bare. Why, as soon as I had them there, I ply'd 'em well with Bumpers, 'till they began to grow careless; then tipt the wink upon *Miss* to follow me, which she did to the other end of the Booth: and while they were toasting one another's Healths, I demolish'd their Canvas Walls, and thrust her through.

Capt. By my Courage, a noble Contrivance; but what said they when they miss'd her?

Bare. Said! The Liquor and their Passion met upon their Tongues, that they could not say at all; So I e'en paid the Reckoning, told 'em I would go in quest of her, and left 'em—But, Madam, I would have you make haste home, before your Mother loses her Senses.

Miss. Captain, won't you go with me?

Capt. No, my Dear; I would not have your Mother know we are marry'd yet, for a Reason I have to myself; but do you make haste, that you may be at home before the Ladies.

Bare.

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Bare. Favour me with your Hand, Madam, and I'll convey you out the back Way. [*Exit Bareface and M. Dolly.*]

Capt. solus. Thus far all's well. My next Work must be to secure her Money before the thing takes wind ; for if the *Succubus*, her Mother, comes to hear on't, she'll put a stop to the Payment ; and then I had better she had kept her Daughter.

*For tho' we talk of Love and Women's Charms,
'Tis Money only draws us to their Arms.* [*Exit Capt.*]

SCENE changes to Lady Greasy's.

Enter Welby and Louisa.

Wel. I hope, Madam, my Eyes have been such good Orators, as to save my Tongue the Labour of telling you any more how dear you are to me.

Lou. Mr. *Welby*, I don't understand the Language of the Eyes ; nor can I think you a Man of so little Gallantry, as to have been in all the polite Parts of the World, and bring a Heart back with you at last.

Wel. Those polite Parts you speak of, have nothing in 'em dress'd in your Charms. I surely brought a Heart back with me, and might have kept it had I never seen you.

Lou. Few Women of Discretion take notice of such early Addresses ; but if it be true, that I may boast a Conquest, I am really sorry for it, because I am not in a Condition to make the least Return.

Wel. Then I am miserable indeed.

Lou. I can't help it ; for till my Father dies, or Brother marries, I am resolv'd to continue as I am ; and I doubt not but the Freedom that is betwixt you and *Gamont*, has made you a Sharer in the Cause.

Wel.

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Wel. He has been so much my Friend, as to acquaint me with his present Circumstances ; and I am sure I am so much his, as to share my Fortune with him, would you but comply.

Lou. No, Mr. *Welby*, when I marry, I am resolv'd to bring a Wife free from Incumbrances to my Husband's Arms ; and till then, if you please, we will be very good Friends. But I bar Love and Marriage, as Enemies to my good Resolutions.

Wel. I own, *Louisa*, Friendship is a good standing Dish ; but it is withal a cold one, which does not suit with the Desires and Wishes of a Lover like me.

Lou. Those that pretend to give a Definition of Love and Friendship, have been at a Loss to find a Distinction ; and if they be almost the same thing, (as some allow) one may sit as warm on your Stomach as t'other.

Wel. Aye, do but allow Love and Friendship to be the same thing, and I am satisfy'd, because you have promis'd we should be Friends ; and then, according to your own Hypothesis, we must be Lovers too.

Enter Miss Dolly running, Lady Greasy after her.

M. Dolly. Oh dear, Madam, Madam, pray save me !

L. Gr. I'll race you, Hussy ; I'll teach you to run after your own Inventions no body knows where.

Lou. Bless me, Madam, what's the Matter ?

L. Gr. The Matter ! a carrionly Quean, I sent her to the Race with two as good Ladies as ever wore a Gold Chain, and the provoking Jade watches an Opportunity, and gives 'em the slip, without saying one word.

Lou. But what need you be so angry, as long as you have her safe again ?

L. Gr. Safe ! I know not whether I have her safe or no : She may be neither safe nor sound by this time, for ought I know.

Wel.

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Wel. Indeed, Madam, you're too severe upon poor Miss.

L. Gr. Aye, Hussy, for all you skulk behind them, I shall meet with you. I suppose that Rogue *Bareface* help'd you to get away, a brazen-faced Cormorant; but I'll give the Hedge-hog a rowling-pin for his Oliver, if ever I catch hold of him again, a great foul Dromedary.

M. Dolly. But I am sure he did not; and you need not be so angry with a Body, I did no hurt.

D. Gr. Yes, Quean, it was Hurt to leave your Company; what had you to do to stir out of their fights, I sent you with?

M. Dolly. I only went with Miss *Giddy* to buy a Penny-worth of Apples, and when I came back they were gone.

L. Gr. Then where have you been ever since, Hussy?

M. Dolly. Ever since!

L. Gr. Yes, ever since; you had best tell Truth, for I am resolv'd to know.

M. Dolly. You'll know too soon. [*Aside.*] Why, I went into Mr. *Haughton's* Dancing-School, but durst not stay for fear you should be angry.

Lou. Lookye there, Madam, you see poor Miss is very innocent, and thought of her Duty in the midst of her Pleasure.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, but I'll send to know. [*Exit L. Gr.*]

M. Dolly. So you may if you will. [*Aside.*] I wish the Captain would come and take me away. I am sure I had rather be dead, than live such a Life, to be always a beating like her Maids, or lock'd up like her Brandy-bottle. [*Exit M. Dolly.*]

Enter Gamont.

Gam. What, are you two acting the fullen Lovers, that you are so silent?

Wel.

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Wel. No; it seems we must act no Lovers at all; cruel *Louisa* has commanded an Impossibility, and expects I should confine a boundless Passion to a cold Respect, and a dull insipid Friendship.

Gam. Nay, come, *Louisa*, I am sure what I am fond of cannot be indifferent to you; I must oblige you to give my Friend Hope, he stands fairest for your Love.

Lou. Brother, you know I have never made any Scruple of complying with your Inclinations, and when I see it suits with your Conveniency, perhaps may not be refractory to this; but Time must give the finishing Stroke.

Gam. You hear your Doom, *Welby*, you are destin'd to Patience, as we are all when we have any thing to do with the contrary Sex: However, I'll promise no body shall circumvent you; I wish any body could do as much for me.

Wel. *Gamont*, you seem disturb'd at something.

Gam. I am so; I have been twice to see *Isabella*, but can't be admitted.

Wel. What's the meaning of that?

Gam. I suppose she's taken up with Lord *Splendid*, who has been there ever since he came off the Field.

Wel. I saw him at the Race. Egad, *Gamont*, if he proves a Rival, he will, I fear, be a damn'd powerful one.

Gam. He's the only Man upon Earth I fear; and if I meet with any more Repulses from *Isabella*, I shall conclude her Counterfeit Letter was design'd rather to remove than try my Love.

Wel. 'Tis well if it does not prove so at last; for I can't think *Isabella*, who follows the Modern Dress, Talk and Manners, should expect to be address'd after the old romantick Way, where——

Gam. A Man often got his Bones broke in the Service of his Mistress, but the Devil a Penny of Money with her.

Lou.

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Lou. In those Days they wanted none ; for their Love took away their Stomachs ; and they wore no Clothes but Helmets and Breast-plates ; then they liv'd in the Fields and Woods, where they paid no Rent, unless a small Tribute of Sighs, to sweeten the Air for the Beasts, their Bedfellows.

Wel. You speak very unfeelingly Madam, of those suffering Heroes : I wonder how you would reward a Man that spends his Time in Sighs and Solitude for you ?

Lou. Truly, I would reward him with my Thanks, for ridding me of his troublesome Company ; for I hate melancholy Folks.

Gam. Aye, *Welby*, this is all a whining Lover gets.

Lou. I'll go and see if *Isabella* will admit me. [*Exit.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, there's a Man below has a Letter for you, but must give it into your own hand.

Wel. No more Counterfeits, I hope.

Gam. Bid him come up. [*Exit Ralph.*] I'm almost afraid to receive it, for fear it should be a Discharge from *Isabella*.

Wel. It would mortify her sadly, if she knew you had her Sham-Letter.

Gam. Aye, for then she loses the Pleasure of seeing herself a Conqueror.

Wel. And the Mortification of knowing you an Hypocrite.

Enter Ralph and a Country Fellow.

C. Fel. [*to Welby.*] Is your Name Mr. *Gamont*, Master ?

Gam. No, Friend, I am he.

C. Fel. Why-a, why-a, then I have a Letter for you. By'r Lady, I have gone many a weary Gate and dirty Step with it. [*Fumbles in his Pocket and pulls*

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out

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out a dirty Letter-Case.] Marry, Master, I thought I should ne'er have found you: I am sure you had need to pay me well.

Gam. That's as I like the Contents. [*gives the Let.*

C. Fel. Contents! By the Mefs I don't know what you mean by Contents; but an I had fike a one, I should be content, and mains weel content too.

Gam. [*reads.*] Well, Friend, as you say, the Letter's worth the Carriage. [*gives Money.*] Here, will this content you?

C. Fel. Nay, I know not, till I see what Colour it carries: Oh, it's right. Well, God be with you, Master. [*Exit.*

Wel. Gamont, your Looks have a Mixture of Satisfaction and Concern in them. Who is that Letter from?

Gam. 'Tis from my Steward; he was forced to send a special Messenger, because he knew not how to direct.

Wel. Your Steward! Why, is your Father dead?

Gam. Aye, *Welby*, the old Gentleman is gone at last; a violent Cold attended with a Fever has carry'd him off.

Wel. Why then, Sir *John Gamont*, I wish you Joy of your Estate and Honour.

Gam. Nay, no Ceremony, prithee.

Wel. Faith, I am very well pleas'd. I hope this News will make up all betwixt you and *Isabella*.

Gam. No, it's my Turn now to try. She shall know nothing of it, till I see how Matters go betwixt her and Lord *Splendid*.

Wel. And pray make *Louisa* a Stranger to the News, at least till to-morrow; it will spoil our Mirth else.

Gam. I think mine was spoil'd before it came.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, there's something below would speak with you. *Gam.*

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Gam. Something! pray, Sir, explain yourself.

Ralph. I can't, Sir, she's past finding out.

Wel. Oh, it seems 'tis a Woman then; I fancy there can be no great danger in admitting her.

Gam. No. Pray desire your something to walk up.
[Exit Ralph.]

Wel. Your Man is dispos'd to be merry to-day.

Gam. Aye, so it seems; but here she comes.

Enter Liddy disguis'd and mask'd.

Lid. Pray, Gentlemen, which of you two is Mr. Gamont?

Wel. I am.

Gam. No, I am he. Who the Devil can this be?

[Aside.]

Lid. As soon as you have determin'd which is the Man, I have a Message to him.

Gam. I should have taken thee for some Fortune-Teller, but that I find you don't know your Game. My Name is Gamont. Now out with your Business.

Lid. A Body would think a Message brought you by a Stranger, and a Woman, might deserve a private Audience.

Gam. I hope no Attempt upon my Chastity. I know not whether I may trust myself with you alone, or no.

Lid. Are you used to the Misfortune of Ravishment, Sir, that you are so mightily afraid of yourself?

Gam. No, Forsooth, not much used to it neither; but it's no Rule, because a thing never has happen'd, that therefore it never must.

Lid. I would fain drive out the Passion of Fear, to introduce that of Love. Suppose I come from a Lady of Beauty, Youth, Wit and Fortune, who has, with all the rest, Love enough to make the first Advance; can you shew yourself worthy of such a Favour, by making an honourable Return?

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Gam.

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Gam. Hum—Faith, Child, that Question requires a little Time to answer.

Lid. Does it so?

[*Aside.*

Gam. Well, but where, my Dear, where is this fine Lady to be found? For, egad, I'll make no Bargain till I see her.

Lid. No, Sir, do but promise to comply with the Lady's Wishes, if you like her when you do see her, and I'll this Minute convey you to her.

Gam. No, I thank you; so I may be drawn into one of *Don Quixot's* enchanted Castles. But to tell you the truth, Child, I have more of the Sex already upon my Hands than I know how to manage, and don't care to engage myself any farther. But there's an idle Fellow has nothing else to do, may be he may go with you.

Wel. Not I, Faith; I love smuggled Ware as little as you do.

Lid. 'Tis a churlish Part indeed, to deny before you're ask'd; but I fancy your Companion's Behaviour has baulk'd my Lady so, that she will give over intriguing as long as she lives again. Now I know they'll dog me; but I have a Trick for them still. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, since my Rhetorick fails me, be pleas'd to try what that will do. [*Gives a Letter. They turn to read it, and the mean Time Liddy slips away.*] [*Gamont reads.*—“ By this Time I fancy I have
“ rais'd your Curiosity high enough to send your
“ Man to dog me; and you are as much resolv'd to
“ find me out, as I am resolv'd you shan't; for while
“ you amuse yourself with this Paper, I am got
“ home.

Your humble Servant,

Bess Go-between.

Wel. The Jade has out-witted us.

Gam. Pox take her, so she has. Here, *Ralph*, [*Enter Ralph.*] do you know which way you Woman went?

Ralph.

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Ralph. Not I, Sir; I thought she had been here still.

Gam. Run to the Door, and find her out if possible.

Ralph. Aye, Sir, I'll run as fast as you please; tho' I'm sure nothing but the Devil can overtake her; for I'll warrant her a Witch. *[Exit.]*

Wel. This must be some Trick. I fancy this Town's as bad as *London*.

Gam. No; perfectly barren of all Invention, which makes me more eager to find it out.

Wel. Aye, but the cunning Gypsy has manag'd it so, that I fear it is impossible. *[Enter Ralph, wiping his Eyes.]* How now, *Ralph*? What crying!

Ralph. Not Tears of Sorrow, Sir; but that Devil, my Master sent me after, saw me coming, and turn'd about with one of her damn'd Airs, and blew a great Pinch of Snuff in my Eyes. *[Gam. and Wel. laugh.]*

Gam. Well, and where is she.

Ralph. Nay, really, Sir, that I can't tell; for I never could see with my Eyes shut in my Life.

Wel. Poor *Ralph*, 'twas an ill-natur'd Jade indeed to blind thee. But hark, what Noise is that?

Gam. Sir *Loobily* reeling drunk, with the Black-Guard about him.

Enter Sir Loobily with three Country-Fellows and Fiddlers.

Sir Loo. Huzza, my Lads—huzza—for the Honour of *Craven*—and Buff-Coat has no Fellow—play up, you Dogs, and give me the Tankard. *[Drinks.]*

Gam. You're very merry, Sir *Loobily*; but why do you drink without a Toast? You should toast some body.

Sir Loo. Friend I don't love Toast, it drinks up all the Liquor, and takes away all the Strength.

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Gam. Nay, Sir *Loobily*, I don't mean that Sort of Toast; you should toast your Mistress.

Sir Loo. Toast my Mistress—what a Pox, toast her brown on both Sides—and rub her with Nutmeg?—then fouse her in a Hoghead of Ale till she's drunk—and so my Mistress must be a drunken Toast. Hark ye Friend, [*Pulling Welby by the Sleeve*] is not this Fellow a little Foolish?

Wel. No, Sir *Loobily*, that's only a new Expression for drinking your Mistress's Health.

Sir Loo. For drinking my Mistress's Health—oh, oh,—then instead of saying—here's—your Health, Forsooth, I must say, here's your Toast, Forsooth—here, *Hodge*, be sure you remember—this till we get to *Craven*—again. Nouns, we'll toast the—Lasses till thay're as brown as a Berry. [*To Gamont.*] But here, you Friend—I have forgot your Name.

Gam. Aye, and your own too by this Time, I suppose.

Sir Loo. Do you know these—three jolly Lads?

Gam. No, really, Sir, I have not that Honour.

Sir Loo. Why then—I'll traduce you—into their Acquaintance. This Fellow here—is *Nic Pricklouse*—my Taylor—he mends all my old—Clothes, and spoils all—my new ones. Then this is—an honest Farmer, but sometimes a Rogue in Grain—for he cheats the Parson—of his Tythe-Corn. Then here's honest *Hodge*, my Blacksmith and Farrier—and there is not an honefter—Fellow within the four Seas—of Christendom. Nouns, you shall drink his Health—

Wel. I wish you would excuse us, Sir *Loobily*; for we have been drinking already.

Sir Loo. No, no, no excusing; *Hodge* shall be roasted—toasted, what a Pox do you call it—Here, give me thy Hand, honest *Hodge*—[*Takes his Hand, and dips one of his Fingers in the Tankard.*] a Bit of the Toast will relish the—Liquor—[*Drinks to Gam. then offers the Tankard.*]

Gam.

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Gam. No, I thank you, Sir *Loobily*, both the Liquor and the Toast are your own.

Sir *Loo*. Why you—pitiful Dog, do you—refuse to drink—my *Hodge's* Health—I tell you, Sirrah—if I had a Sister—he should have her. I wish I could persuade—my Mother to have him—rot me if I don't.

Wel. This *Hodge* is a mighty Favorite, I perceive.

Sir *Loo*. Nouns, Sir—you don't know what I've won—by his Management—first ten Guineas of my Lord *Spendthrift*—then seven of Colonel *Thoughtless*—that's nineteen—ten and seven—aye, that's nineteen—then twelve of Sir *Noisy Cinq-Ace*—nineteen and twelve—is eight and twenty—beside five or nine of forty—more—which I have forgot.

Gam. The Knight reckons well—Why, Sir *Loobily*, your Pockets are as heavy—

Wel. As his Head.

Gam. And your Heart as light—

Wel. As his Heels; for I see he has not Lead enough in them to keep the Hulk steady. Sure Four Thousand Pounds a Year was never worse bestow'd.

Sir *Loo*. Hark ye—you Fellows—here's honest *Symkin*—shall dance a Horn-pipe; come, *Symkin*. [*Symkin dances, and Sir Loobily shouts and claps his Hands; the Dance ended, Enter Lady Greasy.*]

L. *Gr.* What, in the Name of *Belzebub*, is the matter here? Is Hell broke loose, you Crew of rude roaring Raggles.

Gam. [*to Wel.*] So now we shall have Sport; for my Lady has been mad all day, and I fancy she will employ her Fingers as well as her Tongue by and by.

Sir *Loo*. Oh, oh, my Lanlady, is it you—Why, what a Pox do you—make all this—Din for?

L. *Gr.* Lanlady, you unmannerly Tyke, do you think I keep an Ale-House, Sirrah?

Sir *Loo*. And do you think, Hussy—'tis fit for you to call a Justice of the Peace, and a Knight—Sirrah.

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Nouns, I could find in my Heart to demolish your dirty Top-Knot—pull off your false Friz—and shew all the Company your bald Pate.

L. Gr. Thou foul-fisted Fool, touch a Hair of my Head, and I'll have thee sent to the House of Correction.

Sir Loo. Prithee, good Wrinkles get out; for I've some Business with those Gentlemen, not fit for you to hear.

L. Gr. Aye, you foul-mouth'd Fop, and here's a House fit for no body to see but your nasty self.

Sir Loo. Nouns, say another—Word—and I'll swear the Peace against you—and bind you over myself—Why, what a pox is the Woman bewitch'd——Husly, either come and dance Roger—with me—or get you gone about your Business. [*Gives her a Slap on the Back.*]

L. Gr. Oh my Back! I shall be murder'd here. A cowardly Scrub, to strike a Woman.

Wel. You see, Madam, Sir Loobily is in Drink, you can do no good with him to-night; and in the Morning I'll assure you we will espouse your Quarrel.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, I see how much I am obliged to you.

Sir Loo. Come, will you—dance with me? Shake Hands—and be Friends.

L. Gr. I'll have none of your nasty Paw.

Sir Loo. Not give me your Hand—Nouns, but you shall give it me, and I'll make you dance—with me an you go to—that. [*Pulls Lady Greasy about.*]

L. Gr. Stand off, Sirrah, I shall be murder'd. O Lord! Help, Gentlemen, I shall be ravish'd. Help, Joan! Help, Maudlin! Help, help.

Enter two Wenches with a Mop and Broom, and beat Sir Loobily's Companions off the Stage; then enter Bare.

Bare. What the Devil's the Matter here? Is my Lady Greasy run distracted? [*Lady Greasy sees Bare-face, leaves Sir Loobily, and falls upon him.*]

L. Gr.

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L. Gr. Out, you kidnapping Dog: Are you come to steal my Daughter, as you would have done at the Races, Sirrah?

Bare. Damn you and your Daughter. I came to see Mr. Welby.

L. Gr. You lie, Dog-bolt; you lie, Caterpillar.

[Pulls off his Wig, and spits in his Face.

Bare. For Heaven's sake, dear Gentlemen, take me out of the Paw of this She-Bear, she has spoil'd my best Periwig, a Pox take her.

Sir Loo. Aye, Friend—and—my best Periwig too, Pox take her twice.

L. Gr. I am glad on't Rogue; get out of my House, Hell-Hound, get out of my House.

Bare. Damn, you, confound your Daughter, burn your House, and may you all rot together. [Exit

Bareface, Lady Greasy pushing him.

Wel. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Bareface was frightened out of his Wits.

Gam. Aye, and look'd like a hunted Devil.

Sir Loo. But what a Pox has—yon Succubus—done with my Blacksmith? Egad, if she has—hurt Hodge—I'll cut her Throat—and have her burnt for a Witch—Hodge, Hodge. [Exit Sir Loobily calling Hodge.

Wel. Gamont, you're all-a-mort, and don't seem to relish the Diversion we have had.

Gam. To say the truth, *Isabella* runs a great deal more in my Head, than I thought she would have done; and this Lord makes me extremely uneasy; then she seems to delight in giving me new Torments.

Wel. Truly I own that is not like so much as common Friendship.

Gam. No, her whole Behaviour runs counter to my Expectations, and her Love is spun to the last Thread, or I was in the Wrong to think she ever had any.

Wel. If I were you, I would to her once more, and either bring her to a Resolution, or quit my Pretensions for ever.

Gam.

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Gam. 'Tis what I design ; for I know (true Woman-like) the more I submit, the more she'll insult.

*Fond of their Power, and pleas'd to give us Pain,
If with Respect we woo, then they disdain.
Seem but indifferent, she strait complies,
Afraid to lose the Conquest of her Eyes.
Thus Women, by Contraries always tost,
Are most complying, when you slight 'em most.*



ACT V.



SCENE, *Lady Ample's.*

Enter Isabella, Gamont following.

Gam. **M** Adam, I fear you will think me rude, to press into your Company without Permission ; but this is the third time I have been repuls'd, and I was so desirous to know if it were by your Order, that I forc'd my way through, to ask the question.

Isa. Indeed, Mr *Gamont*, I cannot charge my Servants with what perhaps you may call a Fault ; I own what they have done, was in Obedience to my Commands.

Gam. And shall I not be too troublesome, Madam, if I desire to know the Cause ?

Isa.

The NORTHERN HEIRESS. 139

Isa. The Cause, Mr. *Gamont* ! certainly you cannot be at a loss for the Cause, if you consider mine and your own Circumstances ; nor can you blame me now, if I give myself up to Wealth and Honour, Merit and Love.

Gam. This is what I fear'd. [*Aside.*] Estates and Titles admit of no Objection ; Merit and Love are only shining Bubbles that are placed in the Rear, to add to the gaudy Grandeur of the Pageant ; where, as soon as the Show is over, they are laid by with the rest of the Equipage, to keep clean till the next State-Day. I once heard you prefer one to t'other ; but that time is elapsed, I find.

Isa. No, Mr. *Gamont*, I have the same Deference now for Love and Merit, that I always had ; but it would be very weak Logick to say they are less preferable, when join'd with Wealth and Honour, than when alone.

Gam. True, Madam ; but giving a Man Hopes, which you yourself must own you have done, and then spurning him from you without a Cause, is inconsistent with that Goodness which I always thought you Mistress of.

Isa. How can you reproach me with what I have done, as much for your good as my own ? Can any thing be kinder than to prevent your Fate, and make you happy even in spite of yourself ?

Gam. Do but convince me I am happy, and I submit. No, Madam, you had none of those kind Considerations, till the fine Lord *Splendid* came, who shall either resign his Pretensions, or drench his Sword in that Heart which you have stabb'd already, and sent bleeding back. [*Going.*]

Isa. Stay, *Gamont*, and let me conjure you, by all the Love you ever had for me, to forbear your Resentments, at least for this Night.

Gam. Your Commands have hitherto been sacred ; but should I now stand tamely by, and see myself robb'd

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robb'd of all that's dear to me, you might with justice brand me for a Coward, and hate me for the Fault even you yourself command. No, curse me Heaven, if ever I resign you but with my Life.

Isa. I own you are generous; and had I a Fortune, or you an Estate—Well, *Gamont*, this Night is dedicated to Mirth; and since I must no longer command, I desire, nay beg of you not to spoil it, by a too precipitate Folly, which you may first repent. This you must grant, or never see me more.

[Exit *Isabella*.]

Gam. solus. And better had I never see you more, than never see you mine. Death and Destruction! is all her Love and my Hopes come to this! to be deny'd Access, and put off with a sham Pretence of losing her Fortune, only to make way for another? Oh Woman! Woman! Damnation, Ruin, Despair, and Death were thy Attendants at thy first Creation; and Disdain, Hypocrisy, and Deceit, are the Reward of all that fall into thy cursed Snare.

[Exit *Gamont*.]

Enter Liddy.

Lid. I can't imagine what my Lady means by using poor Mr. *Gamont* thus. First she makes him believe she has lost all her Fortune; then she sends me disguis'd like the Devil's Ambassadors, to try if I could draw him from his Allegiance to her, the Sovereign of his Heart. Then she noses him with a fine singing dancing Lord, that she cares not a fig for; and all to find a Flaw in his Title, which must needs make her the greatest Loser.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Mrs. *Liddy*, where's *Isabella*?

Lid. She's above in the Dining-Room, Madam.

Lou. Has she any Company?

Lid.

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Lid. No, Madam, unless it be an evil Conscience.
[*Aside.*] Will you please to walk up, or shall I tell her you are here?

Lou. No, I'll wait her coming. [Exit Liddy.
Poor *Gamont* is sadly chagrin'd, but won't tell me the Cause: I'll try if I can get it out of *Isabella*; for I fancy she's in the bottom of it.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isa. Bless me, Child! where have you been all this while?

Lou. I have been suffering Persecution under your Sir *Loobily*: 'Tis a pity, my Dear, you did not see the Knight in all his *Airs*; for he was very drunk, and very witty.

Isa. Very witty! that Part of his Character surprises me; sure he got drunk at the foot of *Parnassus*.

Lou. Aye, perhaps the *Muses* were a little frolicksome, so made him their *Merry Andrew*. But what have you done to poor *Gamont*? I think you have laid an Embargo on his Tongue; for I can't get him to speak a word.

Isa. Indeed not I; I fancy it has only run down its Alarum, and wants winding up again; for our Tongues, like our Watches, are sometimes at a stand.

Lou. I left him with *Seneca's* *Morals* in his Hand, I suppose reading himself a Lecture upon Patience; for really the Men are in the right; they had need of a good Stock, when they have us to deal with.

Isa. Ha! ha! ha! the *Deaux* take me if I ben't very well pleas'd I have no Brothers.

Lou. And the *Deaux* take me if I don't believe you.

Isa. Nay, not so much for being possess'd of their part of the Estate, as that I am not put upon the ungrateful Work of running down my own Sex, in vindication of theirs.

Lou.

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Lou. Neither am I, Child ; but I would do every body Justice,

Isa. Come, *Louisa*, let *Gamont* be his own Champion, and you and I Friends ; the gay Part of the World reckon it the dullest thing in it, to talk of an Amour of two Months standing ; it should be no more remember'd, than the last Sunday's Sermon, or the Act against cursing and swearing.

Lou. I am afraid, my Dear, the same modish Air that makes you forget your Love, will obliterate your Friendship too ; I am sure one is of as long a standing as t'other.

Isa. No, *Louisa*, my Friendship's inviolate, and will last me my Life.

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Madam, your Brother's Man desires to speak with you.

Lou. Pray, Mrs. *Liddy*, bid him come in. [*Exit Lid.*]

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Madam, my Master's going out of Town, and desires to see you before he goes.

Lou. Out of Town ! tell him I come. [*Exit Ralph.*]
I can't imagine the meaning of this, nor where he is going ; but I really think you are the Cause, *Isabella*.

Isa. Phu ! phu ! pray however try to divert his Journey to-night ; for I know if he goes, it will put *Welby* and you out of humour, and spoil our Dancing.

Lou. I'll try what I can do.

Isa. But let me know if you can't prevail, because I must provide another in his place.

Lou. I doubt, my Dear, you have done that already. [*Exit Louisa.*] [*Isabella sees Bareface coming.*]

Isa. Bless me ! what does this Blockhead want ? I am resolv'd he shan't see me ; I am not in a Humour for Impertinence. [*She absconds, and enter Bareface.*]

Bare.

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Bare. I have made a pretence to come and stay for *Gamont*, but my chief Business is to see *Isabella*. I consider she is much the best Fortune; then I know she loves me; for I never come where she is, but she looks with such a languishing Air—as if she said—Dear, Mr. *Bareface*, have you no pity for a poor young Lady that dies for you?

Isa. Say you so, Goodman Fool? but if I don't use thee like what thou art, may I never taste the Pleasure of Revenge. [*Aside.*]

Bare. Well, it is an unspeakable Pleasure to see so many of the Fair so ready to comply. Egad, I shall fancy myself the Grand Seignior, and the whole City of *York* my Seraglio. I wish *Isabella* would come, while I am in the humour.

Isa. Well, *Tom Coxcomb*, I am a coming. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit at one Door, and enter at t'other.*]

Isa. Mr. *Bareface*! and alone; what a pity it is you should rob the whole World at once of such agreeable Company?

Bare. Indeed, Madam, I have deny'd myself the Pleasure of all the fine Women in the Town, to come and seek a greater in your Ladyship's charming Conversation.

Isa. Sir, you do me a great Honour; I wish I knew how to make the most acceptable Return.

Bare. Oh! Madam, you transport me: I never had an opportunity of telling you so before; but I love you to Distraction, consume me if I don't.

Isa. My Vanity never got to such a height, as to hope for a Conquest over the accomplish'd Mr. *Bareface*. I was never in a fair way of being the Envy of all my own Sex before.

Bare. Faith, Madam, and so you have their Envy; but let 'em burst with Spite, and languish, pine, and die; they must excuse me, if I consult my own Inclinations before theirs, and make myself happy, whate'er becomes of them.

Isa.

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Isa. I han't patience with this Puppy ; he makes my Blood rise at him. [*Aside.*]

Bare. Madam, what has forc'd that beautiful Blush into your Face ?

Isa. A conscious Guilt of a too ready Compliance, Sir. I must be forward, or the Fool will keep me here all day. [*Aside.*]

Bare. Then come, my Charmer, when will you make me happy ?

Isa. Where both Parties are agreed, there needs no long Courtship ; yet, for Decency's sake, you should have come once more : but my Aunt is resolv'd to sacrifice me this Night to that Fool Sir *Loobily Joddrel*, and I cannot love him ; so am forc'd to dispense with Decorum, rather than run the hazard of being his.

Bare. Madam, none but the Vulgar stand upon Ceremony ; the Quality have quite left it off. Come, let us consult where to join our Hands as well as Hearts.

Isa. When I am your Wife, Mr. *Bareface*, I shall be accountable for my Conduct to none but you ; and since you will be so expeditious, come with a Coach and a Parson into my Lord-Mayor's-Walk, and I'll be ready at the Upper-Door of Mrs. *Allen's* Garden, whip with you into the Coach, and the Work will be done in a twinkling.

Bare. Egad, Madam, I like you better now for your Wit, than I did before for your Beauty or incomparable Humour. Why, I am perfectly transported with my approaching Blifs. Must I not seal this happy Contract with a Kiss ?

Isa. No, Mr. *Bareface* ; you know you don't love to act like the Vulgar : and it will give a new turn to your Character, to say you have marry'd a Woman you never kiss'd till she was your Wife.

Bare.

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Bare. Well, my Dear, I submit to every thing you say; and will go and prepare for the happy Minute. [Exit,

Isa. And I for the Sport that's to attend it.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Was not that *Bareface* went out just now?

Isa. Yes.

Lou. For Heaven's sake! what brought him here?

Isa. I believe he will be ready to say his evil Genius did, before he is much older.

Lou. Why so? What have you done to him?

Isa. Nothing yet, the Sport's to come. He came to do me a very particular Favour, by offering me a Coxcomb's Heart, which I have most kindly accepted of.

Lou. And pray what do you intend to do with it?

Isa. Dispose on't as I do my old Clothes; either change it away for China, or give it my Maid.

Lou. Aye, the China-Women indeed do take any Rubbish; but I think 'tis hardly worth your Maid's Acceptance. Pray how long have you been honour'd with Mr. *Bareface* for a lover?

Isa. Why I heard him just now in one of his private Soliloquies, where the Blockhead very frankly told himself I was in Love with him.

Lou. Well, my Dear, *Gamont* gives his Service to you, but dares not stay in Town to-night, for fear he should be provok'd to disobey your strict Injunctions; however, he will wait upon you before he goes.

Isa. I shall be glad to see him, and wish him a good Journey.

Lou. So cold. [Aside.] Well, *Isabella*, had you half that Friendship for me you pretend, I am satisfy'd you would use my Brother better for my sake.

Isa. Child, I always allow'd *Gamont* had Merit enough to deserve good Usage for his own sake; but

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we can't withstand our Fate, and my Mind at present is wholly taken up with my Design against *Bareface*, with which I am mightily pleas'd.

Lou. Well, but what is your Design?

Isa. That you shall presently hear. [*Rings a Bell.*]

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Did your Ladyship call?

Isa. Aye, *Liddy*, you and I have liv'd a considerable Time together, but now I am willing to part with you.

Lid. Madam, I am so surpriz'd, I can hardly ask you the Reason.

Isa. If it were not very much to your Advantage, I should not think of it: In short, I am going to present you with a Husband, and Four Hundred Pounds a-Year.

Lid. If this should prove *Bareface*, my Work's done to my hand. [*Aside.*] A very valuable Present indeed! but how shall I catch him?

Isa. That I'll shew you; the Gentleman is Mr. *Bareface*. Go you to Mrs. *Allen's* Garden, where he is waiting at the upper Door; he will suppose it is I; so put on one of my Night-Gowns and Scarfs, and say as little as you can. The Ceremony is to be perform'd in a Coach; and as soon as it is over, come directly hither.

Lid. I won't slight your Ladyship's Kindness so much, as to make any Objections, and will defer my Thanks till I come back.

Isa. Aye, aye, away. [*Exit Liddy running.*] So much for this; now for my own Affairs: But see, here comes my Aunt and Sir *Jeffrey*.

Enter Sir Jeffrey and Lady Ample.

L. Am. Is not the Company come yet, Niece?

Isa. No, Madam, here's no body come but *Louisa*; we have been diverting ourselves with a very good

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good Jest, which as soon as it is ripe for Discovery, you shall partake of.

L. Am. Aye, aye, may be I have as good a Jest, and as ripe for Discovery, as you have; Sir *Jeffrey* and I—

Sir Jef. Aye, my Lady and I are—

Isa. Not marry'd sure.

Sir Jef. Yes, but we are sure.

Isa. So, so, Sir *Jeffrey*, then I have lost my Lover. Well, this would have been very surprizing News, if I had not once by chance met with two or three of Sir *Jeffrey's* Letters; which, Madam, I should not have had Curiosity enough to have pry'd into, but that I suspected there was Love in the Case.

Sir Jef. Aye, my little *Bell*, it was my whole Business to Town; and had I been a young Fellow, perhaps I should have trifled away a Year in Courtship: but we had no Time to lose, so made all the Haste we could.

L. Am. And if I had been a young Girl, Sir *Jeffrey*, I should have expected a longer Address; but as it is—

Isa. Aye, as it is, I think no body can mend it; and I wish you both Joy with all my heart.

Lou. So do I; and may you live a great many Years, and be as well pleas'd with one another as you are now.

Isa. I wonder, Sir *Jeffrey*, you never thought of marrying before.

Sir Jeffrey. Why I'll tell you, while my elder Brother liv'd, I had not enough to maintain a Wife; but when he dy'd, and left no Child, I thought it was a pity Twelve Hundred Pounds a-year should be lost for want of Heirs.

Lou. Sir *Jeffrey's* in the right, as indeed he is in most Things.

Sir Jef. I am glad, Madam, you have so good an Opinion of me.

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Isa. Indeed, Sir *Jeffrey*, I have often wonder'd how a Man, brought up in so remote a Corner of the Earth, as you have been, should be master of so much Discretion and good Sense.

Sir Jef. Indeed, Cousin *Bell*, I have not a little lamented my Want of a more polite Education; but it was as my Father order'd it.

L. Am. It is a strange Humour that possesses most great Families, that tho' their Fortunes are not sufficient to maintain their younger Sons according to their Birth, will yet notwithstanding bring them up without any manner of Business.

Isa. And at their Deaths leave them wholly dependant on their elder Brother, who seldom troubles his head with improving their natural Parts——

Sir Jef. But thinks it Favour enough, if he admits 'em to sit at the lower End of his own Table. This has been too much my Case, and hinders me from making such a Figure in the World, as otherwise I might have done.

L. Am. O, here's the Gentlemen come!

Enter Gamont and Welby.

Gam. [*to Isa.*] Madam, tho I lie under some Apprehensions of breaking your last Command, I could not leave the Town till I came to receive new ones.

Isa. Mr. *Gamont*, if my Commands are of any force with you, I shall exert 'em for your own advantage.

L. Am. Pray, Gentlemen, what's become of Sir *Loobily*?

Wel. Madam, he is most abominably drunk, with all the Mob in the Town at his heels. He says his belov'd *Hodge* has pick'd his pocket; and Lady *Grensy* and he have been fighting, till all the Street was in an uproar.

Isa. Madam, the Comedy begins to draw towards an End, and it is almost Time for me to declare myself.

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self. In the first place, Sir *Loobily* is my Aversion, and I beg you will urge it no more.

L. Am. I must own, Niece, I can't disapprove of your Resolution; and had I known him to have been such a Brute, would never have nam'd him to you.

Isa. Mr. *Gamont*, you have no doubt wonder'd at my late Behaviour to you, and not without cause; but I was resolv'd to be satisfy'd of your Sincerity, which now I am; and if you have any Inclinations or Wishes left for me, I am here both willing and ready to crown them.

Gam. Madam, you have surpriz'd me into a Happiness so remote to my Expectations, that it is not without some difficulty I give credit to my Senses. But as one awaken'd from a dreadful Dream of inevitable Ruin to a full and perfect Bliss; so I, with the humblest Thanks, receive the Blessing.

L. Am. Truly, Sir, I don't know whether you are surpriz'd or no, but I assure you I am.

Isa. Madam, I desire you will please to pardon me, for disposing of myself without your Consent; it was what I knew you would never give, so would not make you uneasy by asking it; yet I doubt not but Mr. *Gamont*'s Goodness will make you his Friend at last.

Wel. That I rejoice at this happy Turn of your Fortune, you have many Reasons to believe; and particularly because I have now Leave to hope this Lady will not be averse to my Addresses.

Gam. That I dare say she won't; my Sister, for my sake, will have pity on my Friend.

Lou. Mr. *Welby* has too much Merit of his own, to need an Advocate; but our Acquaintance is so short, it is not likely I should determine already.

Gam. Come *Louisa*, tho' you don't know him, I do; and I hope you dare take my Word.

Lou. Well, Brother, a Month hence there may be some hopes of my Compliance.

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Isa. I find every thing is now like to go well, and I am resolv'd, *Louisa*, we will be Brides in one Day, to keep one another in countenance.

Gam. [to *Wel.*] *Prithee, Welby*, entertain *Louisa*, while I tell Lady *Ample* and *Isabella* of my Father's Death. [*Welby and Louisa talk a-part.*]

Gam. I have one thing here to reconcile Lady *Ample* to my Happiness, which is this Letter, with an account of my Father's Death, and that I am in possession of 3000 *l.* a Year, and can give you a Title as well as Sir *Loobily*, Madam.

L. Am. Your generous Carriage is more than the Discovery of your Estate, and has made me entirely satisfy'd; and I now with pleasure wish you Joy.

Lou. What's that you're talking of? I heard Joy mention'd, and am resolv'd to have my share.

Enter Capt. Tinsel and Miss.

Capt. Gentlemen and Ladies, your Assistance and Protection, or I am undone.

Gam. Bless us! Captain, what's the matter?

Capt. The matter! why all Hell's broke loose, and the Devil, in the shape of my Mother *Greasy*, is at my heels.

Wel. I thought you could have faced the Devil himself, Captain; sure you're a better Soldier than to fly from an Enemy: why don't you stand her, Man?

Capt. No Man could ever say he made me afraid; but I own this infernal She-Fury does a little startle me.

L. Am. Well, Captain, as soon as my Lady comes, I'll try my Interest with her to make up the matter.

Isa. Aye, that we'll all do; and here she comes.

Miss. Oh dear! hide me then, pray hide me.

Capt. No, no, stay; you can never see her better than before all this Company.

Enter

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Enter Lady Greasy.

L. Gr. Oh! are you there? Oh! that ever I was born to see this Day! Oh! *Dolly! Dolly!* thou hast undone thyself, and broke thy poor Mother's Heart into the bargain. Oh! oh! [*Cries.*]

L. Am. Come, Madam, this signifies nothing; pray try to recover yourself out of this Passion, and consider what's done is past recalling.

L. Gr. Oh! my Lady *Ample*, my poor Barn is ruin'd; she has marry'd a Fellow not worth a Groat.

Capt. I think, Madam, you should be pleased that your Daughter has married into a Family that can mend her Breed, and make her a Gentlewoman.

L. Gr. A Gentlewoman! thou beggarly Dog! can any thing be a Gentlewoman that's tied to such a pitiful Scab as thou art?

Capt. You are mistaken, Madam; I am a Man of as great a Family as any in the Company.

L. Gr. Sirrah, don't tell me your Stuffation and Nonsensation; what signifies your Family, unless you had something to uphold it with? But I am resolv'd I'll have some Revenge of the Rogue, I'll pull his Throat out. [*Flies at his Throat.*]

Miss Dolly. O my Husband! Oh! my Mother!

Sir Jesh. Nay, hold, Madam; you must not choak him neither. [*Sir Jesh. takes her off.*]

L. Am. Pray, Madam, command yourself; this is not the way to do any good: beside, you'll make your Daughter a Jest to all the World.

L. Gr. I care not; she's undone already, and what worse can happen?

L. Am. Yes, yes, it may be worse, if you don't still take care of her; come, consider she's young, and he had a seducing Tongue.

L. Gr. Why, that's true. Well, since it is gone so far, I have one Disposal to make, and upon no other Terms will I be reconciled. Let him throw off that

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tawdry red Coat, put on an Apron, and I'll take him into the Business with myself.

Capt. Oh! the Devil! now shall I be set to cut Candle-Wicks. [*Aside.*]

L. Am. Nay, Captain, if you don't agree to this, you don't deserve my Lady's Favour.

Capt. What, is it fit that one that has had a Commission in the Army, should submit to so servile an Employment? Intolerable!

Wel. Why not? Don't we read of several of the Roman Generals, who, after they had beat their Enemies, betook themselves to the Plow? Now, in my opinion, a Chandler is as genteel a Calling as a Plowman.

L. Gr. Well, Mr. *Busy*, what's that to you? if he can make her a Gentlewoman, he shall make her a Gentlewoman; I don't want your Device.

Wel. Egad, this 'tis to side with a Woman!

L. Gr. Come, *Dolly*, my Lads, don't cry any more; since thou art so fond of a red Coat and a Sword, prithee take 'em: for my part, I'll e'en throw by the Trade, and try if I can turn Gentlewoman too. But what's become of that Rascal *Bareface*, who, I hear, was the Contriver of this Match?

Isa. Oh! he's married himself by this time.

Gam. How! married! to whom?

Isa. To me, as he supposes; but, in reality, to my Maid.

L. Gr. Now, as I hope to see *Dolly* Lady Mayorefs of York, I am glad on't.

Gam. But how came it to pass? I am surprized.

Isa. You'll hear all by-and-by.

Sir Jef. Upon my word, Cousin *Bell*, you're a Wag.

L. Am. Aye, so she is; yet I can't say but he deserves it too.

L. Gr. Hang him, hang him; she's too good for him by far.

Wel.

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Wel. You're very private, Madam, in your Contrivance, that we never heard one word on't.

Isa. *Louisa* and I were resolv'd you should all be in a humour to laugh, before we discover'd the Jest.

Lou. I hear a Coach stop ; 'tis certainly they.

L. Am. Pray, Niece, step into that Closet ; we will have a little more Sport, before we tell the Fool his Fate.

Isa. With all my heart. [*Goes in.*]

Gam. They're here.

Enter Bareface, and Liddy with her Hood over her Face.

L. Am. Mr. *Bareface*, where, in the Name of Wonder, have you and my Niece been ? and what have you been doing ?

Bare. That, Madam, which nobody can undo ; in short, we are married.

Lou. Mr. *Bareface* and *Isabella* married ! impossible !

Bare. Impossible ! why so, Madam ? She looks concern'd ; I believe the poor Creature had a mind to me herself. [*Aside.*] [*To Lou.*] Had you answer'd my Letter in time, you might have secured the Happiness to yourself ; but you know 'tis too late now.

Lou. What does the Fellow mean ?

L. Am. Methinks my Niece would have done well, to have made me acquainted with this Business.

Bare. Why really, Aunt, it was something amiss ; but you'll pardon it, I hope : she was too much in love, to mind any thing but me.

L. Am. Impudent Coxcomb ! [*Aside.*]

Gam. Harkye, *Bareface*, if you be certainly married to *Isabella*, I expect you to meet me to-morrow Morning, with Sword and Pistol, in *Fooforth-Fields*.

Bare. The Devil shall meet you there for me. No, no, Friend, I have a Trick worth two of that ; an Oath and a Piece of Paper shall do as well as your Powder

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der and Ball: for I'll swear the Peace against you, and have my Lord Mayor's Warrant to secure you. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Isabella out of the Closet.

Isa. Stay, Mr. *Bareface*, I'll save you that trouble.

Bare. *Isabella* there! Why then who the Devil have I got here?

Lid. [turning up her Hood.] You're true and lawful Wife, *Liddia Bareface*. [All laugh.]

Wel. Mrs. *Liddy*, I wish you Joy. Why, how came this about, *Bareface*?

Bare. Nay, may I perish if I know! My true and lawful Wife, with a Pox! my Hell and Damnation! Why, as I hope to be sav'd, Gentlemen, I thought it had been *Isabella*.

Gam. Yes, that we believe, Mr. *Bareface*; however, you and I have one Comfort left; it will save your Oath, and my Powder and Ball.

L. Gr. Out, you Sot! How could you think that Mrs. *Isbel* wou'd ever have such a Hatchet-Face'd Cur as you are?

Lid. Come, Mr. *Bareface*, you can't blame me for making my Fortune; I confess I have had a design upon you, ever since you gave me the Five Shillings Bribe, to speak to my Lady for you; which, since I never did, it is but reason I should return them. [Gives the Purse.] I always thought they would be Part of your Wife's Portion.

Isa. This cunning Gipsy never told me one word of this.

Lid. Then, Mr. *Bareface*, here's your Letter you sent to Madam *Louisa*; I knew she wou'd but laugh at you, so wou'd not let *Ralph* deliver it: I intended to have made another use of it, but my Lady, I thank her, prevented me.

Bare. Pox take you and the Letter too. [Aside.]

Lon.

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Lou. I suppose, Mr. *Bareface*, that's the Letter I should have answer'd.

Bare. I vow to Gad, Madam, so it is. Well, Ladies, I can't help it; you see it was none of my fault.

Isa. No, Mr. *Bareface*, we can't blame you; it was our own cross Fortune that hinder'd our Happiness; but I beg you will make a kind Husband to my Maid; for I assure you she is a Gentlewoman born, and (tho' perhaps you may never find it out) a Woman of very good Sense too.

Bare. Madam, the more good Qualities she has, the more I have to thank you for. Pox take you for your Present. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeff. So, so, all's well. Come, now let's have a Dance.

L. Gr. Aye, do, do; but prithee, Friend, fetch me a Tankard of Country-Ale, I'll drink their Healths the while.

The Dance ended.

Sir Jeff. Well, Cousin *Bell*, the more I see of this Fellow, the more I think you have done well in chastising him; and from henceforth I shall have a better opinion of your whole Sex's Judgment, for your sake.

*I'll now no more those idle Tales believe,
That tell how gaudy Outsides Maids deceive :
The Coxcomb's by your Conduct mortify'd,
The Man of Sense rewarded with a Bride.*





PROLOGUE.

A Female Muse, from Northern Clime, this Day
 Presents upon the Stage her first-born Play.
 What she expects, to all but her's unknown;
 She sure can never hope to please this Town.
 Learning she's as none, so can have no Supplies
 From antient Books, but on herself relies.
 How weak Support, you Poets know, whose Brains
 Having at last produc'd, with mighty Pains,
 Pieces in which not one Rule was forgot
 Of all that mighty Aristotle wrote;
 Nature in all the Characters observ'd,
 And Time and Place to Nicety preserv'd.
 Yet for all this, ill-natur'd Criticks Spite
 Have scarcely let them live till their third Night.
 Beside, she wants those Helps that some have got,
 Who take from French or Spanish Plays their Plot;
 From others Works judiciously can glean
 The choicest Flow'rs t' adorn their barren Scene:
 Could she do this, she then perhaps might please
 An Audience, and do it too with ease.
 Alas! she knows no Languages but one,
 And what she gives you here, is all her own.
 From her own Sex something she may expect;
 'Tis Womens Duty, Women to protect.
 For Pity, Ladies, let her not despair,
 But kindly take the Suppliant to your Care;
 Let her from you but some small Favours find.
 The Men will be out of Good-manners kind.



EPILOGUE.

I *T* is a Custom very much in Vogue,
 When the Play's done, to speak the Epilogue,
 In Style that may the Ladies Humours hit,
 And, tho' the Play has none, to have some Wit:
 But if the Poet's Brains so empty are,
 As to have none, or none at least to spare;
 It then has been his Care, that every Line
 Should with some roguish double Meaning shine.
 In serious Plays, this mostly has prevail'd,
 And of Applause seldom or never fail'd;
 When a Nymph comes in stately Tragick Dress,
 With smutty Jest in jingling Doggrel Verse,
 The Beaux all clap, as pleas'd to see her Pain
 Is at an end, and she is theirs again.
 Our Author I advis'd to take this Way,
 And told her it perhaps might save her Play:
 From Lady Greasy's Mouth it would not look
 Amiss, if she had down-right Bawdy spoke;
 Whose Character, I own, I can't but fear
 Will seem too strain'd to some nice Criticks here;
 Because, perhaps, it mayn't be very easy
 In this fine Town to match my Lady Greasy:
 But she, I'll warrant, thought herself too wise
 To hearken to, or follow my Advice;
 Has, as most Poets have, Conceit enough,
 Talk'd of her Modesty, and such strange Stuff.
 Lord help her Head! who e'er in any Age
 Knew Modesty successful on the Stage?
 I told her this; but she wou'd not submit,
 Would still be obstinate; 'tis therefore fit
 The Play was damn'd, to teach the Author Wit.

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T H E

Merry Wanderer.

AS Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion, and Necessity of Invention; so may Travelling be properly enough call'd the Mother of Observation: And tho' the petty Journeys I have taken, will hardly intitle me to the Name of a Traveller, because I have never been in *France* for new Fashions, nor at *Rome* for Religion, or a Song; yet I hope *England* is not so barren of Diversion, but one may pick up some things in it worthy of Note. To tell the Reader I was born in *Ireland* is to bespeak a general Dislike to all I write, and he will, likely, be surprized, if every Paragraph does not end with a Bull: but a Potato's a fine light Root, and makes the Eater brisk and alert; while Beef and Pudding, that gross heavy Food, dulls a Man's Brain as bad as too much Sleep. And I am going to say a bold Word in defence of my own Country; The very brightest Genius in the King's Dominion drew his first Breath in

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that Nation: and so much for the Honour of *Ireland*, of which I am just going to take a final Leave. When I had made a Stride from *Ringsend* to *Hollyhead* in *Wales*, a Gentleman in the Ship advised every body to take the Provisions they had aboard with them ashore; for he told us a smoaky House and no Food would be our best Entertainment, and so we found it. But a few Hours remov'd us from thence, and after sixty very bad Miles riding, we got into *England*; and while we were at Supper in a very good Inn, we heard a great Noise, and the People very merry: at last one of the Maids came grinning in, and told us there was a Man without, who heard there was some of the wild *Irish* there, and offer'd her a Shilling to help him to the fight, for he had never seen any of them in his Life. She happening to have a little more Wit than he, came in with the Jest, to see how far we would encourage it; for my part, I was mightily pleas'd with the fancy, and bid the Wench earn the Shilling, and bring him in. Now, *said I to my Company*, does this Fellow fancy we have Horns and Hoofs, and imagine Humanity alters as oft as his own dull Fancy? Pray let us humour his opinion, and see how far it will go. The rest consented, and the Man (half afraid to come near the Monsters) enter'd with Eyes staring, and Ears and Mouth wide open, big with Expectation of seeing and hearing something very extraordinary. Come Friend, *said I*, you have, I hear, a mind to see some of the wild *Irish*. Yes, Forsooth, *said he*, an yo please, but pray yo where are they? Why, *said I*, I am one of them. Noa, noa, *said he*, yo looken laik one of us; but those Foke, that I mean, are Foke wi' long 'Tails, that have no Clothes on, but are cover'd laik my brown Caw a whom with their own Hair. Come, *said I*, sit you down, and I'll tell you all; when I was three Years old I was just such a thing as you speak of, and going one day a little farther than I should have

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have done, I was catch'd in a Net with some other Vermin, which the *English* had spread on purpose for us ; and when they had me, they cut off my Tail, and scalded me like a Pig, till all my Hair came off ; and ever since I have been such another as you. Well, Forsooth, *said he*, yo tellen me Wonders, but pray yo, cou'd yo speak ? Speak, *said I*, no I could only make a gaping inarticulate Noise, as the rest of my Fellow-Beasts did, and went upon my Hands as well as Feet, in imitation of them ; but for any other Knowledge, I had it not till I got into *English* hands. Well, *said poor Hodge*, yo may blest the Day that ever yo met with that same Net : By'r Lady, I have often heard of the waild *Irish*, but never saw any of 'em before. One Word more, Forsooth, and I have done : Could you not let a Body see the Mark of that same Tail of yours, where it was cutten off ? No, Friend, *said I*, that may not be so very decent ; I find you are a Man of much Curiosity, but must beg you would take my Word for once without ocular Demonstration. Mercy on me, *said the Fellow*, what's that ? Why that, *return'd I*, is, without staying any longer, to make haste home, and tell your Wife and Neighbours what you have heard and seen. By my Troth and so I will, *said he*, but first methinks I have a good mind to give you a Share of a Mug of Beer. No thank you, *said I*, we never drink in *Ireland*, but on *Easter* Sunday Morning, and then we all get drunk and dance with the Sun. By the *Makins*, *said he*, you're merry Foke, and so good by to ye. Thus we got rid of our inquisitive Companion, who left us as full of Mirth, as he was of Wonder and Folly. The next Morning I took Horse again, and set forward towards a Friend's House, where I had often been invited, and in three Days I arriv'd there, but found my Friend from home ; however I met his Wife, who made as plain a Figure for one of her Station as one would wish to see, and it was

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not long before she gave me good reason to believe her Manners of a piece with her Dress; the Corners of her Mouth look'd as if the last thing she had eaten was a spoonful of Treacle, or that she had the tooth-ach, and had been applying Pilgrim's Salve for a Remedy: but I afterwards found it to be no more than the Effects of Tobacco Smoke, which always had a vent at the aforesaid Corners, and had I had no other Sense than that of Smelling, it would have been sufficient for my Information, and I might have easily guess'd at the Exercise she best lov'd. Her Looks and Dress had something so very odd in them, that I began of all things to admire my Friend's fancy. Whether I was welcome or no, I knew not, but she took the greatest care by her Words and Actions to keep me from believing I was: she brought me however into the House, which I took as a particular Favour, for I now began to suspect the Truth, and fancy'd she was one of those that love to live alone in order to save Charges, tho' she had no Child, and well knew I had the best Title to a hearty Welcome.

After I had sate a while, I was dry, and desired some Beer; which, when brought, was just one remove from Water. This, thought I, does she keep for an Antidote against the ill Effects of travelling in a dark night, it will certainly keep Folks in the right way; however things will mend I hope, and she will put on her best Looks by and by. She often took occasion to leave me alone, upon which I put a very favourable Construction, and did not at all doubt but that all the Errands she made out, would at last turn to my advantage, and the Product of her pains would have been a good Supper; besides, the Multiplicity of Poultry, which I saw about the Yard, added to my Expectations, and I waited with a very keen Appetite for the approach of a smoaking Pullet. At last, according to my Wish, the Cloth was laid, which might have served for a Supper itself, had all
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been fairly out, that was foully in ; and had I been less sharp set, perhaps the sight of it might have done the business of what follow'd : but as the case stood with me, I was resolv'd that nothing should turn my Stomach, and I did not wish half so often for a clean Cloth, as I did for something to make that worse, tho' it was almost impossible ; the Side-board however was set out with Plate and Glasses to a nicety, which piece of Civility I placed to the Man's account, who seem'd to wait with a deal of Diligence. At last in came the Lady, and in the rear of her the following Dishes, in the placing of which I shall observe order, because both the Quantity and Quality deserve it : first came in the stately Remains of a half-boil'd Leg of Beef ; next, with a Grace, enter'd two Ribs of a Breast of Mutton, with the Head and Neck of a cold Rabbit ; and to compleat the Feast, we had in its turn a Plate of hard-boil'd Eggs, attended with a Modicum of Whey Butter. The Bread too very well deserves my Observation, and I would willingly describe it, but I want a Simile ; so that unless the Reader has the Idea of a Turf in his fancy, I must own I can think of nothing else which is at all *a propo*. This Supper, together with the order of it, did me more good than if I had had a nice one to fill my Belly : but tho' it gave me some days diversion afterwards, yet for the present I had a double Uneasiness ; first, for the Disappointment I had met with, in having nothing to eat ; and next, to see myself used with so much Contempt, by one who had a great many good reasons to have done otherwise. Madam, *said I*, you have I suppose had a Feast lately, and I am happily come to take share of the Scraps ; pray will you do me the favour to help me to some of the Brains, for if I had not stood in the greatest need of some, I should never have made a Journey hither to make a Supper of them. To this she made no Answer, but with a Smile, as if she were pleas'd at her

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Performance, she presented me after her awkward manner with the Head of the Rabbit : for her part, she fell to, with the hasty Appetite of a half-starv'd Plowman, and, like a greedy Jack-Daw, she devoured almost all that was brought.

When I saw her make such a nimble Dispatch of the Food, I began of all things to admire her Management for making such suitable provision ; and I was heartily pleas'd for the Opportunity that presented itself, for the improvement of my good Housewifery. I soon found her out to be one of those who boil their Turnips without paring, and eat them without Butter ; and therefore was resolv'd to make myself easy for a few days, both with her Company and Entertainment : and, in order to it, I put on a very pleasant Look, and she, when her own Belly was full, and she found I could be content with having mine empty, grew as good-condition'd as one would wish. As soon as the Cloth was taken from Table, by way of Concoction, she call'd for her Pipe, and, betwixt every Whiff, entertain'd me with a thousand Impertinencies of her own Life ; in which there was not one Fault, if you would have given a Million for it ; but every Circumstance was managed with the greatest Prudence, Wit, and Good-humour imaginable : For my part, I was as faithless as an Infidel to all she said, and was almost surfeited with the fulsome Praises she gave herself ; which provok'd me so, I could not forbear making her this Answer : Madam, you have done me a singular Favour in making me acquainted with your Worth ; but in those Parts of the World where I have spent my time, most People, whose Lives are attended with so many Advantages, leave the recital of them for other Folks. Madam, *said she*, those People you speak of, are perhaps attended with no Advantages at all ; so that both themselves and others are forc'd to be silent. This Answer I found she made in the Gall of
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Bitterness, and, instead of returning it, I burst out a laughing ; at which she grew pale with Anger, but said no more on that Subject.

When she had tired herself, for she had no great regard to me, she proposed going to bed, which was the only Favour she had yet obliged me with ; tho', had I been as well acquainted with my Lodging as I was with my Supper, I should have had as little stomach to one as I had to the other : but, without more Ceremony, she conducted me into her own Chamber, which made a very tolerable Appearance, and I hoped for a Pair of clean Sheets and no Bedfellow ; tho' it was decreed my Expectations should in every thing be frustrated : for, instead of what I wish'd, I was laid in Linen of at least a Month's standing, with the Lady herself on one side of me, and a Niece she had on t'other, to keep me, I suppose, from falling out of bed. I cannot say, when I waked in the Morning, because I had not been asleep all night ; but as soon as I could see to dress me, I left my Brace of Bedfellows to snore by themselves, and went to walk in the Gardens, which were indeed very fine, and where I had much the pleasanter Confort : the Trees were dress'd in all their Gaiety, and the little Birds were in the height of all their Mirth ; the beautiful Flowers gave the greatest Content to the Eye and Smell, and the little Fishes in the Ponds peep'd out to see the Rising-Sun. This Place, I own, delighted me very much, and made me some amends for my bad Night's Lodging. But while I was amusing myself in the midst of so much Pleasure, an Object presented itself to my Eye, which I cannot but think worth inserting : When I had view'd the Garden round, I turn'd down a Walk, where there were some Hives of Bees ; and as I stood admiring that little industrious Animal, I saw a whole Lump of them come out together ; and, being a little curious, I inspected into their Affair, and

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found they had got a dead Bee on their Backs, which they carried and laid decently under a Leaf: this I thought worth my Observation, and I could hardly forbear dropping a Tear at the Solemnity of the Funeral. After I had spent an hour or two in admiring the Variety of Objects, which this pleasant Spot of Ground afforded, I turn'd me towards the House, and saw the fordid Owner, whose narrow Soul deserved not the least Corner of so much Glory. She came up to me, and ask'd me if I would go and see the Management of her Dairy: I told her, I did not doubt but all I saw in her House would be for my advantage; and therefore I was both ready and willing to wait upon her. When we came in, the Cows were just milked; and now, *said she*, I'll tell you how I order it: First I make a Cheese, then I set the Whey for Cream to make Butter; then I make them set it on for Curds for their own Dinners, and the rest goes to fatten the Hogs. Really, Madam, *said I*, if this Meal of Milk be not stretched upon the Tenter-hooks of Good-Housewifery, I may boldly say, I never saw any thing that was. But, *said I*, can this Whey you speak of, be of any use to the Swine, after you have made Butter, Cheese, and Curds out of it? I cannot conceive it to be any better than Water. Oh! yes, *said she*, if it be rightly managed, it will make them fat, I am for losing nothing.

By this time I had enough of her Dairy, and desired to go in, where I saw a much larger Fire than the Season required. Madam, *said I*, methinks your Fires are bigger than one could expect from a Lady of your frugal Temper; and tho' I do not suppose you want a hint upon any Occasions of this nature, yet I will tell you one Story, and then I will rid you of a troublesome Guest. I had once an Acquaintance, who was, for the Improvement of his Time and Talent, sent to the University, where his Allowance

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lowance was not great, and Firing extravagantly dear: he therefore began to set his Wits to work for a Remedy, and at last thought of a Stratagem which he hoped might be of a double use to him; first to find him Exercise, and next to save his Money: and, in order to his Trial of Skill, he provided himself a large Block, the which he laid in his Chimney, and when he was cold, he put just as much Fire to it as he was sure would not kindle it, and then blow'd till it was quite out; by which time, he was as warm as if he had play'd the Ill-Husband, and burnt that Block at once, which he design'd should serve him all the Winter. Now I think this Gentleman managed his Fire as well as you do your Milk; and if you were not provided for already, you should have my Consent to go together, since you are both so good at saving Inventions, with only this difference, that what you do is Choice, and what he did was Necessity.

Whether she made a right use of this Doctrine or no, I know not, for I staid not long there, we happening to be upon pretty even Terms, she weary of me, and I tired of her; and therefore I was resolved to change my Quarters, and go in quest of better Company, and better Entertainment. I had a great many Relations in the Kingdom, and I consider'd none of 'em could use me worse than she had done, and therefore I intended to go and try. The next Morning I was early up, and got me ready to be gone, when, to my very great surprize, I found the Lady grown generous, and she would not let me go till after Dinner; but as soon as it was over, I pack'd up my Auls, and away I went to another Relation's, where I met with such Treatment as made me amends for the Indifference of the last; it was towards Night before I got there, and I could see, at some distance, Lights in many of the Rooms. He was a Gentleman, and had always been brought up
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as such, but his Estate was not great. When I came in, I found a deal of good Company, and met with a hearty Welcome from the Top of the Family: I soon saw every body was set upon the merry Pin; and tho' the last Place I was in had given me a larger share of Spleen than was agreeable either to myself, or other Folks; yet I was resolved that nothing should hinder me from being as pleasant as the rest; every body did what they could to divert each other, and all sort of innocent Freedom was taken without exception. For my part, I thought I could not divert my Company more, than by giving them a true relation of what had so lately fallen within the Verge of my own Observation; and tho' I conceal'd her Name, because I was not willing to expose her Husband; yet I very frankly told them how nobly I had been entertain'd for the last two Days, by a Person of very considerable Circumstances.

When I had done, a Gentleman in the Company, who had listen'd with a great deal of attention to what I said, told me with a very serious face, he hoped I did not think myself the only Person there, that had met with short Commons; for, *said he*, not long since, being at *London*, I met by chance a Female Acquaintance in the Street; she told me where she lodg'd, and, after I had made her three or four Visits, she invited me to dine with her, where the chief of my Fare was to be Pork and Potatoes. The next day I went and found the Cloth laid in very good order, and in good time our Dinner came. I look'd in the Dish, and saw whole Mountains of Potatoes, but a Man might have put all the Pork into a good hollow Tooth. Pray, Madam, *said I*, how many Ounces may this Piece of Meat weigh? Ounces, *said she*, in a great deal of dudgeon! pray don't tell me of Ounces; I am sure there was two good Pounds on't at first, and this is but the second boiling.

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While we were thus diverting ourselves, we were summon'd to Supper, where we met with Plenty enough to make us both amends for the late Penance we had done: and indeed it was not without some moral Reflections that I beheld the Superfluity of Provision which was made for us. The next Day, the Number of our Dishes was doubled, and nothing but Mirth and Plenty fill'd the House: I own I found such an Alteration for the better, that I was like one remov'd into another World.

The Gentleman of the House had one Daughter, who was a very pretty clever sort of a Woman, not so much for Beauty, as good Sense and Good-nature: In the Afternoon, she and I took a walk into the Fields; and I, being a Stranger to all the Company, ask'd her an account of them, and whether it were customary with her Father to have so many Visitors. She said, no; but there was something a little extraordinary in those I had seen now. Pray, said I, who is that cooing Couple that are always billing? it seems methinks to be Honey-Moon with 'em, they are so wonderfully fond. Why, said she, if you can have patience with my dull way of talking, I'll tell you a very comical Story of them: The Gentleman's Name is *Hughs*, and when he was about three Years old, his Grandmother died, and left him an Estate of four hundred Pounds a-year, beside several other considerable Legacies; and his own Father was left his Guardian. When he was about nineteen Years of age, he went to keep his *Christmas* at a Relation's House, about thirty or forty Miles from home. The Gentleman, to whose House he went, had a Daughter not quite Fifteen, a very pretty Girl, but her Father could not make her a great Fortune; with this young Creature he falls most desperately in love, and, in opposition to all the world, resolved to marry her. Her Parents, you may be sure, who knew both his Circumstances and their own,

own, did not scruple to encourage his Designs, but gave him all Opportunities of making himself acceptable to the Girl. This came at last to his Father's ear, who was very greatly alarm'd, having nothing of his own, save a precarious Employment, to trust to, and consequently was not willing to part with what he had in his hands of his Son's: he therefore sends Post for him home, and orders the Messenger, upon pain of his highest Displeasure, not to return without him. This Message, when receiv'd by our young Lover, gave him a love-sick Qualm, but he durst not disobey the Summons; so that, with much unwillingness, he is forc'd home again to his Father, who was not a little pleas'd he had got once more his lost Sheep into his possession; tho' he took wrong Measures with him, when he had him, and, for that cause, kept him not long. As soon as he had him in his power, he used him with the greatest rigor, lock'd him up, took away his Allowance, kept him from all Company, and half starv'd him to boot. This cruel Usage fix'd him in his Resolutions, and he swore to himself, the first Moment of Liberty he became Master of, should carry him to the Place from whence he came, there to continue his own Lord for ever. And it was not long before he found a way for his escape. His Father was a very great Sportsman, and one day was going a Hunting, which Opportunity he catch'd hold of, to compass his Enlargement; and, getting the Lock off his Door, he ran to the Stable, took out one of his own Horses, and rid full speed to the young Girl, whom he married that very Night; and one would have thought her very well disposed of, falling into the hands of one whose Estate promised so much Plenty, one who married her purely for Love, she young and handsome enough to keep that Love: and yet, in the midst of all those promising Prospects of Happiness, she was the very reverse on't, because
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she had made choice of a Coxcomb. He staid with her about three Weeks, at which time he let the world see it was in the power of his Father's Emis-saries, to make him hate, loath, and detest her, too often the Effect of Boyish Love; tho' one may believe what he did, was to insinuate himself into his Fa-ther's Favour again; of which he was so very desi-rous, that, to please him, and by the instigation of the Devil, he swore in open Court he was never married to her: which, when he had done, his Fa-ther sent him out of the Kingdom, and he was away five whole Years; during which time, she proves her Marriage by nine Witnesses, and goes to law for a separate Maintenance: But his Father having a bet-ter Purse than her's, and the young Fellow gone quite off, they could make nothing of it; only she clear'd herself of being his Whore.

Thus she liv'd for five Years without the Value of one Shilling from any of them; but at last she heard where her Husband was, and all that wish'd her well advis'd her to go to him, most People believing, that now he was free from his Father, he might be per-suaded to hear Reason, and take her again; to this she consents, and her Father gave her what Money he could spare to bear her Charges, and then sent her and a Servant to find out the wicked ungracious Run-away. But as she was going, she consider'd with herself, that she was grown extremely fat and red-faced, so that it would be next to impossible for him to know her, and he perhaps might still dislike her the more for being so disadvantageously alter'd: She therefore resolves to pass upon him for some bo-dy else; believing, as she had good Cause, that after he had forsworn her, he would not much dispute the marrying of another.

He had a Servant with him, who always liked her, and greatly disapprov'd of his Master's Proceedings, as all well-meaning People did. This Man she in-
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tends to let into the secret of her Design; and when she came to the Town where they were, she sent for him to the Inn: when he came, she told him she had lately been with some of his Friends in *England*; but did not discover herself, till she found he was utterly ignorant who she was, and then she told him. The poor Man was much rejoiced to see her, but told her he could not give her much Encouragement to hope for a kind Reception from his Master, who was grown from bad to worse, and liv'd a sad lewd profligate Life. I am sorry to hear it, *said she*, but with all his Faults he is still my Husband, and tho' I have no reason to hope for, or expect any Kindness from one who has so long used me ill; yet if you will become my Accomplice, perhaps we may bring him to some Good, unknown to himself. My Design is not to tell him who I really am, but to pass upon him for one I really am not; and if you will countenance my Undertaking, you will do your Master a Kindness, and oblige a Mistress, who knows how to be grateful. The Man promis'd his best Endeavours, and thus they managed the Affair; she resolves to become a Boarder in the same House where her Husband was, and where the Man told her she might be accommodated, and there to pass for a great Fortune just come from *England*, to avoid being forced to marry a Man she could not love, and the Servant's part in the Scheme was to persuade his Master to make love to her.

The Plot thus laid, it was immediately begun; she went and took Lodgings forthwith, and dined and supp'd every day with her goodly Spouse, who knew her no more than he should have done the Queen of *Sheba*; and as her Behaviour and Conversation is very agreeable, and believing all she said, he begins to like her very much, and nibbled at the Bait, till at last he was catch'd. One Morning as his Man was dressing him, he began to talk of this fine Lady, and

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said, I wonder, Sir, you have no Thoughts of courting her, she's a swinging Fortune, I'll warrant her; for I saw her pull out a deal of fine Jewels one day, and for your Wife in *England*, you have got quite rid of her, and I dare say by this time she's in the Arms of some body else: What then should hinder you from making yourself as happy as you can? Your Father, no doubt, makes himself merry on what is yours, and I do not see why you should not enjoy it yourself. *John, said Mr. Hughs*, I could both like and follow your Advice, if I were sure of two things, that my Wife in *England* is married again, and that this Lady has the Fortune she pretends to. Well, Sir, *said John*, her Man has told me where she came from, and if you will let me, I will go and enquire by the by, and for your t'other Objection, if she be not married, a handsome Provision, which you certainly ought to give her, will stop her Mouth, and I dare to swear she will never molest you.

Why then, *said the Master*, take a Horse, and find this Lady what she says she is, and I'll run all hazards. This was to the Wish of both Mistress and Man, the latter of which absconded some days, and then return'd with an Account of the Lady, who was certainly a much greater Fortune than she pretended to be, and her Father offers any Money for Tidings of her. This News stirr'd up the poor Man to venture his Neck, and resolv'd he is to marry again if the Lady can be won: at night therefore he goes to her, and lays all his Love at her Feet, who, after a few Repulses and faint Denials, at last consents, on condition that he makes her a good Jointure, which he promis'd, and when he had settled two hundred Pounds a-year on her, she fairly married him over-again; but still kept her own counsel, and began to press him to go to *England*, where he said (and she knew) his Estate was: But he was still afraid of his other Wife, and durst not venture, putting her off
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from day to day with blind Excuses, till at last she grew very weary of the disagreeable Place she was in, which was a dirty Town in *Scotland*, and be-
thought her of a Stratagem to make him move. She knew full well what made him so unwilling to go back; and therefore, the next day, she writes him a Letter as from his Wife in *England*, to let him know she designs to come to him; that, since he will allow her nothing, she may be at least a Plague to him; and he should see, that as nobody had a better right to share his Fortunes, nobody should express a just Resentment in bitterer terms than she would do. This Letter his Man brings him from a Fellow he met in the Street enquiring for him; which strikes such a damp upon his Spirits, that his Wife takes notice of it, and enquires the Cause of his Disorder, which she knew as well as he: but after a great many haws and hums, he at last tells her his Father is not well, and since she had such a mind to go to *England*, he would in a few days go with her, which she seem'd, and in reality was, greatly pleas'd at. However he still hung an A——— and had no mind to stir for fear of meeting with his first Bargain; till one Night, when it was almost dark, his Man (who had his Cue) came in half frightened out of his Wits, and beckoning his Master out, told him if ever he saw his first Wife in his Life, he saw her ride into Town just now.

This made him resolve in good earnest to be gone, and all things were order'd to be got ready by break of Day. In the mean time, the Lady sends her Father word how all things went, and desires him to come and meet them, and to bring a Writ and a Bailiff to arrest him, and carry him away Prisoner to his own House. When bed-time came, he was not willing to go to bed, for fear of sleeping too long in the Morning, tho' he well knew he should not sleep at all; little dreaming the Cause of his Fears

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was in his Arms, or that he was about to run from one who he willingly took along with him.

Before it was day, he was up, making such nimble Preparations as gave her the greatest Diversion in Life; while she lay and look'd at him, and considering the Comforts of an innocent Mind, she saw the Disorder of his in every Look, and his faltering Tongue discover'd his confused Thoughts: at last she got up, to put him out of his pain, and got ready. When they were within thirty Miles of her Father's, just as they should have turn'd off to go to his, they saw four Men coming a full Gallop towards them, whom she knew to be her Father and his Company, but took no notice of them; he knew her Father too, and growing pale, he trembled so, that he could hardly sit his Horse. When they came up to them, the Bailiff arrested him, and carried them where he would not have gone had he had a power to prevent it; she pretended such a Surprise, that he thought she would have swoon'd; and tho' by this time, he began to wish he had never seen her, he bid her have a good Heart, and in the Morning he would send for his own Father to be his Bail.

The next day they came to their Journey's end; and he sent his Man to his Father, to let him know all his Misfortunes, who came to him, and heard him tell the melancholy Tale of his second Wedding: but he knowing his Daughter-in-law had proved her Marriage, began now to comfort himself for the Loss of his Son, with the Hopes of his Estate; for he thought the first Purchase that would be made for him, would be a Halter. However, he desired to see his second Bargain; upon which the Son went out, and brought her in his Hand, presenting her to his Father, which put the old Man in such a Rage, that he could hardly forbear beating him: Why you impudent Rogue, *said he*, do you banter me? Do you

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think to make me your Sport, you Dog? Have you the Impudence to bring me a Wife of five Years standing for a Bride? Did you fend for me to save you from the Gallows, and then laugh at me, Sirrah? But I'll hamper you, I'll make you spend your Estate to get Possession on't, you Scoundrel; and away he went in such a Fury, that nothing but his Son's Surprize could equal it: he look'd at one, and stared at another, and found every body full of Laughter; tho' he himself wanted the Jest, and when the Mystery was unfolded, he wanted Faith to believe it. At last, when he saw her Father and Mother own her, and all the rest of the Family vouch her the same, he went to her and told her she had deliver'd him out of so much Trouble, Fear and Confusion, that nothing but the greatest Love could be a return suitable, nor shall the World have it to say, *continu'd he*, that I could love a Woman of Fortune, and despise her for having none. He is now, by a continu'd Fondness, deservedly call'd the most uxorious Husband in this part of the Country; for my own part, I love to see them, tho' there are, who envy them, and say, so much Love before Folks is a certain Sign of none, when they are alone: but there is no general Rule without an Exception, and I do really believe them a very happy Couple, tho' he is a little whimsical still, but she has found out the true Receipt for his Cure. Poor Lady, *said I*, she well deserves his Love, that took so much pains for it; and when he ceases to love her, may he meet with that Fate, which will be more justly his due for such a Fault, than if he had really had two Wives: But, pray, *said I*, what have they done with the old Father, have they undeceiv'd him yet? Yes, *said she*, and he made his Son go to Law for his Estate, tho' his Title was so good, that it was presently concluded; and he has now settled his All upon her Son, for they have no more Children. I'll swear, *said I*, I

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am mightily pleas'd with their Story; come let us go in, that I may view them again: but how long do you think they will stay? Not much longer, *said she*, their Stint is a Night, and they live but eight Miles off, so that I suppose they will go by and by. When we came in, we found them just ready to take horse, and it did me good at my Heart to see with what care he set her up. When they were gone, and two or three more, our Company was reduced to a very small Number, yet was our Provision the same, and few Gentlemen in the Country kept a better Table either for Meat or Drink; no body came there, tho' on the most trifling Errand, that went away without a Belly full, and the worst Servant in the House had leave to entertain all that came to see them, the Cellar Door stood open always with Ale and small Beer in common, and I'll give my Reader leave to guess which lasted longest. The Lady of the House was one of those, who think nothing makes Servants steal, sooner than locking from them; so that to keep hers from being Thieves, she laid the greatest Temptation in their way to make them so. This Hospitality, or rather Extravagancy, and ill Management, I knew could not hold out long; I was very sensible my Friend's Estate could not afford it, and tho' I was too much a Stranger to advise, yet I could not forbear grumbling a little to myself now and then, and it vex'd me to my very Soul to see People of Sense live without Consideration. The last Place I was at, tormented me with an ill-timed Frugality, and here I was loaded and overpress'd with too much Plenty, and I grew as sick of one, as I was weary of t'other.

I had a Bill for some Money on a Farmer not far off, and as I was going to receive it, some body twitch'd me by the Sleeve, (I believe it was one of the Muses) and whisper'd the following Lines in my Ear. But as they are People I have very little to do with, because I have heard they are but troublesome Acquaintance, I

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had once a good mind to have seal'd them up, and sent them back by the Post ; but they happen'd to suit a little with my late Observations, and for that reason the Reader shall have them.

*I can't forgive those Hide-bound Men, who lay
Their Riches up, to eat themselves away :
Nor do they less deserve Contempt, whose Use
Of worldly Blessings, is to be profuse.
Too much of both Extremes, I've often met ;
But ne'er could find out happy Medium yet.*

After two Hours riding, I came to the Farmer's House, who was to pay me the Money ; he was a very good-temper'd quiet Man, as one would desire to converse with ; but he had a Wife—Aye, poor Man, he had a Wife, that would have found exercise for a double portion of *Job's* Patience ; she was a most perverse, bauling, scolding, ill-natured Woman, and led the poor Man such a miserable Life, that a Place in the Gallies would have been a Paradise to his own House. Just as I alighted he had, by some Misfortune, lost a Lamb, for which she did treat him with so much ill Language, that I was afraid I should have been a Witness to Murder ; for I expected every Word she spoke would have been return'd with a cleft Skull, and I knew not whether I should call his passive Behaviour Good-nature, or Cowardice. Bless me, thought I, if thou wert mine, I would send thee for a Venture to the Great Mogul.

In short, I saw the poor Man in such Concern, and under so much Correction, that I thought my Message would be but an indifferent Cordial to him ; but as I had no other Pretence for being there, I was forced to give him my Bill, which I desired him to answer as soon as he could, that I might be gone again. Truly, Madam, *said he*, I do not wonder you are in haste ; but as the Sum is no Trifle,

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I must beg you to have a day's patience, for at present I have not so much Money in the House ; but if you will accept of a Bed here for this Night, to-morrow your Bill shall be answer'd, without the trouble of coming again. I stood some time before I could determine what to do ; the dreadful Apprehensions I was under of a fresh Alarm from that shrill ungrateful Pipe, made me very unwilling to stay ; and yet I had no mind for another Journey neither. At last, I consider'd her Husband was not talk'd to death, who had so great a share of her ; and I was in hopes there might be no great danger of me, and then concluded to stay. This Woman, tho' she was as fiery and ill-natur'd as a Fury, was well born, and had a good Education ; she had likewise more good Sense than she made good use of ; and as soon as she grew a little calm, she begg'd my pardon, and pray'd me to be easy, for she would go that minute, and take care that my Money should be ready against morning.

As soon as she was gone, I asked the poor Man, who had not yet recover'd himself, whether those noisy Fits were customary with his Wife : he told me, yes, of late days she had taken up a trade of making both herself and him uneasy, which was now, by continual Use, become part of her Nature. I confess, *said I*, it would be impertinent enough in me to ask the cause of her Behaviour, since Strangers are no way interested in the private Affairs of a Family ; but by your saying, it is of late she is grown thus, methinks, for the Credit of my own Sex, I would fain fancy you have given her some grand provocation ; sure no Woman that has not first been used ill, would play the Devil's part so much, as to make her own House a Hell. No, *said he*, were I conscious of any base Behaviour towards her, could I tell myself I deserv'd my Fate, by the least Unkindness or Indifference, I could bear my severe

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Affliction with more Patience: But tho', in spight of her Ill-treatment of me, I do not love to expose her; yet you shall hear how much I have provoked her, and then be you judge who is most in fault. About a Year since, she happen'd to have a very inconsiderable Quarrel with a Neighbour hard by; but she aggravated every Trifle, and gave the Man so much provoking Language, that at last he told her she was a Limb of the Devil, that she had serv'd out her time at *Billingsgate*, where she learn'd nothing but to scold, and drink Brandy. This made her so mad, that, tho' she knew she deserv'd all she got, because she began the Quarrel; she came home, and cry'd all day, saying she should never rest, till she was fully reveng'd of the Man, who had not the least suspicion of her wicked Intentions. He had a Field of very fine Corn, which was just ready for the Sickle, and to such a height was her Malice grown, that nothing would satisfy her, unless I would go in the night, and set this Corn on fire. I was extremely concern'd and surpriz'd to hear her make such a wicked Proposal; and it shock'd me much, to think I had one in my Bosom, who could act so contrary to all the Laws of Good-Nature and good Morals. I said a thousand things to her, in order to divert such hellish Thoughts, and begg'd she would lay aside Revenge, which might prove both her own Ruin and mine. But her implacable Temper had got the mastery of her Reason so far, that, notwithstanding all I could urge against her abominable Designs, she lay at me day and night to do this horrid Fact, till the Corn was cut down; and when she found I would by no means comply, and that it was out of her power to bring me to her Will, she turn'd all her Malice and Revenge against me; and my Denial has rais'd a Devil, which nothing but the Power of a God can lay. I wish, *said I*, my Pity could relieve you; I cannot say I ever met with any body that deserved

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it more: I pity your Wife too, because her Passions are too strong for her Reason, as indeed they are in most of our weak Sex. But pray, *said I*, how long have you liv'd a Country-Life? for, by your Discourse, I should guess you to have been bred where People are Masters of more refin'd Language than is generally to be found in the Country, especially among Men of your Rank.

Madam, *said he*, you have guess'd right; I had, in my younger Years, the Advantage of a polite Education, was the Son of a Gentleman, and bred a Merchant; but being a little wild, I spent my Patrimony, and then betook myself to a Country-Life, which I always lov'd, and which would answer my Wishes, wou'd but my Wife be easy. You have, *said I*, the Fate of mortal Man, who must never know true Felicity in every thing, till he arrives at a Place he knows not here.

By this time the Wife came back, and brought Night and the Money with her; it was too late for me to stir, and therefore I was forc'd to content myself with a Lodging where I was, and, by good Fortune, had a very pleasant Evening; for she had not been long at home, e'er a *London* Relation of her's alighted, and that put her into an extraordinary Good-Humour, and was himself a very entertaining Companion. The Good-Woman (Heaven pardon me for miscalling her!) brought out all her Treasure, and the Brandy and *Aqua Mirabilis*, was dish'd about in great plenty. While Supper was getting ready, our *London* Spark endeavour'd to divert us with two or three odd Accidents which happen'd to him while he was there. One Night, *said he*, I was at the Tavern with a few Friends, where I design'd to have finish'd the Evening; but a couple of Intruders thrust themselves in, who were not so agreeable to me as the rest, and for that reason I disengaged myself, and resolved to go to my Lodging; no Com-

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pany being much better than that we don't like : but as I was jogging on, just at one of the *Temple-Gates*, I saw a Creature of the Feminine Gender, going a very slow pace before me, as if she had a mind to be overtaken ; and tho' I had at that time no great stomach to a W——, yet the halt she made, when I came near her, made me a little curious ; and, to try the Nature of the Beast, I offer'd my Service to wait on her home : the good-condition'd Woman, *sans* farther Ceremony, took me at my word, and got hold of my Arm as lovingly as if I had been her own proper Goods. I thought I could do no less than ask her to drink a Glass of Wine, tho' I hoped she would not accept of my Kindness ; but still I found her very complying, and I was now resolved to go with her, if for no reason but to see her Face. The first Tavern we came to, I went in, with my Lady in my hand, and thought, if she did but prove handsome, I had got a Bedfellow for that Night : But I was soon let into my own mistake ; for as soon as I came to the Light, I found I had, instead of a young Girl to keep me warm, pick'd up a Big-belly'd Woman, who, for ought I knew, might have father'd the Kid upon me. This, I own, made me look very like a Sheep-Biter, and I would have been at any reasonable Charges to have gotten fairly rid of her ; which she took notice of, and said, Sir, you look like a Gentleman, I am a poor Woman, have a great way home, and am very ill, I therefore beg of you to give me a little help. Faith, Good-Woman, said I, I am a very indifferent Midwife ; but if Half a Crown for a Coach to carry you home, is the Help you want, there it is ; and fare ye well with all my heart : And thus I got rid of the first Woman I ever attempted in the Street ; and my Luck was so bad then, that I almost forswore that sort of Cattel for ever after ; at least I promised myself to be very cautious of all great Bellies which were not of my own raising ;

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raising; and made, and kept a Resolution of seeing, before I offer'd my Service to any of the Sex again. As soon as we had shown our pretty white Teeth with laughing at his Disappointment, he took t'other Dram, and then began his second Adventure.

About a Month or six Weeks after my first Baulk, I went to see a Play, where I was very well diverted, and had the happiness to sit by a Lady in the Pit, who seem'd to take a great deal of pleasure in every thing I said to her. She was well dress'd and well shaped, so that I thought myself in no danger of another great Belly; but her confounded Mask robb'd me of the Pleasure of seeing her Face; tho' I was resolv'd to believe she was handsome, and would have given something more than a few Apples and Oranges, which I presented her with, to have been sure she was so. At last the Play was over, tho' mine was but beginning; and as soon as she could make herself room, she press'd forward to be gone, tho' she seem'd unwilling to leave me behind her, and often turn'd, to see whether I had wit enough to take the hint. Aye, thought I, you need not fear, I'll be with you as soon as I can. Upon which, I jostled one, elbow'd another, squeez'd and thrust a thousand, till I disengaged myself from the Croud, and then I presented her with my hand, and begg'd the favour of her's, which she gave me with a shyness that only serv'd to tell me how willing she was. I ask'd her, where she was most inclined to blest me with her Company, at the Tavern, or my own Lodgings? She told me, tho' I could hardly hear her for a great Cold she had got, she would go to my Lodgings. With all my heart, *said I*, and three Doors farther compleats your Journey. As soon as I had her in my Bed-Chamber, the first Favour I desired of her, was to pull off her Mask, that I might see the Face which belong'd to so fine a Shape. No, Sir, *said she*, I fancy your Opinion of my Face
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is at present very good ; and why should I lose it, by convincing you 'tis one you will not like ? Nay, Madam, *said I*, you rob me of a considerable part of the Pleasure of your Company, if you conceal your Face ; and I hope you are not come here with a design to deny me any thing. No, Sir, *said she*, you will find me very ready to comply with all your Wishes ; but I can assure you, my Face will not please you : However, to let you see how willing I am to oblige you, if you will promise me not to be frightened, I'll unmask. I told her, she had a very mean Opinion of my Courage, to think a Woman's Face, tho' never so bad, could shock it ; but I know your Tricks, *continu'd I*, you only decry your own Phiz, that I may be the more surprized at your Beauty. Come, come, off with that Screen, and let me gaze with pleasure. But, *said she*, are you not afraid of going to Hell when you die ? Upon my Soul, Madam, *said I*, that's a very surprizing Question, I find you are a very holy Whore, but hope you did not come here to preach. Ah ! Miscreant, *said she*, 'twill be to little purpose ;—and at these words she pull'd off her Mask, and show'd me the Face of my own Mother. I was so confounded at the sight, not suspecting she had been in Town, that I had not one word to say in my own justification ; and I knew she would be very severe upon me, if I stay'd to give her the hearing. I therefore thought it my best way to scour off, which, as soon as I had snatch'd up my Hat and Sword, I did, and came no more near my Lodgings, till by my Scouts I had information she was gone home again. This made us very merry again ; but he bid us attend to his third Adventure, which we were ready to do ; and thus he went on. About three Days before I left London, I went with two or three Friends to the Tavern to pay my Foy, where we spent the Evening till after twelve, and then we parted ; but as I was making

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home to my Lodgings, I saw a small Company of the Mob gotten together, and, in the midst of 'em, a good pretty young Woman in a most miserable Condition, with her Clothes torn almost off her Back, and cover'd all over with Dirt. I ask'd one of her Tormentors who she was, and what she had done to deserve such cruel Usage from them; he said, they believed she was a Whore. Why, you Dog, *said I*, if she be a Whore, is she to be murder'd for it? Huzza! *said he*, here's one of her Bullies; upon which they all turn'd with open mouth on me. I saw the Woman had a very good Face, and found myself inclining to be her Champion; but the Rout coming towards me, I thought it was time to stand in my own defence: upon which I drew my Sword, and ran among 'em, as if I intended to cut in pieces all before me; and the most of 'em being Boys, they dispersed like a Thunder-Cloud, with a great deal of Noise. I then fancy'd myself like *Don Quixote* charging the Enemies of a distress'd Damsel, whom I carried off in triumph, and went directly home with my Prize, and had very great hopes she would make me some amends for the two last Disappointments I met with, being very sure I had neither a great Belly nor a Mother to encounter. I gave her a great many Marks of my Charity, first by ordering a good Fire to dry her Clothes, and then, late as it was, by sending my Man to the Tavern for Wine and a Supper to fill her Belly. And when she had eaten and drank plentifully, so far did my Goodness extend itself, that, rather than trust her to the Night, I offer'd her Part of my Bed, tho' it was not always I lov'd a Bedfellow. This, Sir, *said she*, is what I have all along fear'd; I doubted your Kindness to me had a view to your own Satisfaction: 'tis true, you have done me a very singular Favour, and I am entirely obliged to you for it, and am as thankful as possibly I can be; but if you expect to be paid
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for your Kindness at the expence of my Honour, you over-rate your Favours, and I must die in your debt for them. I own her Speech was a very merry one, and I could not forbear laughing at it. Madam, *said I*, 'tis now a common Saying, that Honour is grown very cheap; and to hear it in your mouth, makes it so indeed: I cannot possibly see how a Woman, taken out of the hands of the Mob at Midnight, can have any pretence to Virtue. Come, say no more, but off with your dirty Rags, and to bed; I dare say I shall leave you no worse than I find you, and should be glad to be sure you could with a safe Conscience promise me as much. No, Sir, *said she*, I cannot promise you as much, because I have put you to the expence of a Supper, which I am not able to pay for; but if you will excuse that, I am sure I shall do you no other harm. Well, *said I*, then let us to-bed, for it grows very late, and let me hear no more of your Sham-Modesty; for I will not be put to so much hazard, trouble, and expence, for nothing. When she saw there was no hopes of her escaping out of my hands, she fell on her Knees, and begg'd me, as I look'd like a Gentleman, and had acted like one, for Humanity's sake to let her go; for, *continued she*, tho' my Chin be smooth, and my Voice and Looks effeminate, I am a Man, a miserable Man, forc'd to fly in disguise from my cruel Creditors, who are, for ought I know, this minute watching for me, to lay me in a Jail to rot; and farther said, if I kept him any longer, he fear'd he should be found out, and then he was undone for ever. Tho' I could freely have kick'd him down stairs for raising my Expectations, and then baffling me; yet I pity'd him so much, that I gave him a couple of Guineas, and dismissed him. When he was gone, I sat down to laugh at myself, for my famous Exploit and Knight-Errantry; and only vex'd I should be such a Fool to leave it in Fortune's

power

power to bubble me three times upon one Occasion.

I fancy, Sir, *said I*, these repeated Disappointments will have a better effect on you than your poor Mother's Sermon had ; but I wonder you should be angry with Fortune, who was so very kind to you, as to keep you honest against your Will. For that very reason, Madam, *said he*, it was no Kindness, because our Intentions and Desires to Sin, are the very same thing with Fact.

By this time Supper was ready, which was a good Piece of boil'd Beef and Cabbage, with a sturdy Bag-Pudding and Lumps of Fat in it as big as my Thumb ; but tho' this was brought to our Table first, it was design'd for the Men-Servants ; and we had after a couple of fat Ducks. But when the Pudding was brought to the Table, our *London Spark* call'd for the Bag it was boil'd in, and said his Stomach would not serve him, till he saw it ; the Maid, who thought him a little crazed, brought it to him, and when he had examined it inside and out, he fell to, and eat very heartily. I was very curious to know what he peep'd in the Pudding-Bag for ; and when I thought he had almost tired his Jaws, Sir, *said I*, when you have a little time to answer, I would fain ask you a Question : You must know, your looking in the Pudding-Bag runs strangely in my head, and I would fain know what you expected to find there. Why Faith, Madam, *said he*, I guess from our Food, that our Stomachs are none of the nicest ; and if you will promise me, you will not call me an unmannerly Fellow, I'll tell you. It is now about two Years since I was at a Friend's House for some time, where the chief of our Diversion was Hunting ; and one day we met with a confounded tough Bitch-Fox, which led us all a smoking Dance after her, and kept us in play so long, that my Guts began to cry Cupboard : at last I lost both the Fox and

and my Company; and my Time of Dining being come, my Stomach cry'd out, Hang Diversion, give me some Victuals; and the truth on't is, I was a little afraid of a Mutiny, and durst not disobey my inward Call: whereupon I turn'd my Horse's Head, and went to seek out new Game. Before I had rid half a Mile, I espied a House, to which I went directly; and, having knock'd at the door, the good Wife of the Family came out: Pray, Mistress, *said I*, have you got any Food to give a poor Wanderer, either for Love or Money, for I am almost starved? Why yes sure, *said she*, that I have; and if you please to alight, you may stuff your Guts with Beef and Pudding, till they will hold no more. I was transported to hear of such Provision, and got from my Horse with the agility of a Rope-Dancer, and a design to give the Pudding no quarter. I waited not above two Minutes, before the lovely Sight appear'd; and did lay about me to some tune. When I had stuff'd till the Hoops were ready to burst, I pull'd out some Money to pay for my Meal, but my good kind-hearted Landlady would not accept of my Gratitude, telling me I was very welcome; and so we parted.

About twenty Paces from the House, I met a good big Boy with an abominable Scald-Head, so very loathsome, that it is not possible to describe it. Sirrah, *said I*, you nasty Son of a Whore, why do you not put something on that odious Head of yours? Indeed, Sir, *said the Boy*, I have a Cap; but my Mother took it off to-day to boil a Pudding in. Where, *said I*, lives your Mother? At that House behind you, *said the Boy*. No more, for Heaven's sake, *said I*; you have serv'd me right for my impertinent Curiosity; I think the duce is in your Luck for an unfortunate Hero as you are. However, *said he*, you now guess why I look'd at the Pudding-Bag, before I venture at the stuffing on't; if you do

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do not, I'll tell you the rest of the Story. No, *return'd I*, pray keep the rest for a Reserve, I dare say every body here has enough on't already; but you have done your Cousin here a Kindness, you have saved her Meat for another Meal; for as you have already observ'd, their Stomachs must be none of the nicest, that can digest your Sauce, let the Meat be what it will. When Supper and Chat had done their best, we began to think of Bed, to which we all repair'd; but before I could close my Eyes, I heard the Noise again of that infectious Tongue, which was never quiet, but while it was (with the help of a pregnant Brain) contriving new Broils. How often did I thank Providence, that I was not a Man, and her Husband! And how often did I blame him that was, for his foolish passive Behaviour! Had he but call'd up Courage enough to resent his Wrongs, they might have been redress'd; but he— Well my Time was short, and I was glad on't; for as soon as I heard any body stirring, I got up, call'd for my Man and Horses, and away I went to visit a very good Woman, with whom I had been long acquainted, and one who had met with a general Remove as well as I; there I intended to spend a Week, and then take a Lodging, and live quiet as long as I could: but when I came there, I found the whole Family in the utmost Confusion; the Gentleman of the House was grown melancholy, and his Wife was almost mad about it. The Children look'd as if they were all scared out of their Wits, and the Servants were all hair-brain'd, and did not know what they were about, nor the Beginning or End of their Business.

Bless me, *said I*, after I had sat a while, what is the Meaning of this strange Face in your Family, to me the House looks like a little *Bedlam*, and all the people in it like so many different-minded mad Folks; I know not but I may be infected among you, and begin

begin to wish I had not come at you. No, *said my poor Friend*, I hope you are safe from the dreadful Causes of our Affliction and Misfortunes; but when you are once acquainted with this House, you will no longer be surpriz'd at our Disorder. Pray then, *said I*, will you give me a little Information, for I am impatient to know the Reason of such a general Calamity? Aye, *said she*, you are my Friend, and therefore I will tell you all.

The Beginning of our Trouble was my Husband's Distemper, which has seiz'd him so violently, that he will not see the best Friend he has; nor will he suffer even me to come near him; but lives mew'd up in his Chamber, indulging his own growing Folly, which alone is his constant Companion. But, *said I*, if he neither comes out, nor lets any body come to him, how does he live? Where does he get Food? We set him Victuals at his Door, *said she*, and when we are gone, he comes out, and takes it in, and then sets out his dirty things again. 'Tis the oddest Way of living, *reply'd I*, that ever I heard of, is there no Way to cure him of such a pernicious Fit of the Hyp. I fear, not, *said she*, for he will not suffer a Physician to come near him, and I am almost at my Wit's End, with one thing or other. What other Uneasiness have you, *said I*? Oh! *said she*, the House is haunted, and has been so ever since my Husband began to be ill; and we hear such dreadful Noises at his Chamber-Door, that we are all ready sometimes to run out of the House. Pish, *said I*, this is all Fancy, and I am afraid your spleenetick Husband has infected the whole Family. Oh! no, *reply'd she*, 'tis more than Fancy, and I doubt not but this Night will convince you of your Mistake.

If I can but find an Opportunity, *said I*, to convince you of yours, I shall think myself very happy, because it may be a Means to make you so in some measure: 'tis true, I am not one of them, who pre-

tend.

tend to argue against supernatural Beings; because we have both Scripture and other good Authority to confirm us in a Belief that there are such; but doubtless nothing but some very extraordinary Occasion ever made them visible to us, and there are fifty Fancies for one Reality among those fairy Tales. But the good Lady was so prepossess'd with the Whim of Sprites and Goblins, that she constantly call'd her Family every Night to pray for a Deliverance from them.

As soon as we had supp'd, according to Custom, the Family was summon'd together, and in the midst of our Devotion we heard a sad rumbling Noise, several Times repeated; for my own Part, I must own my Fault was so great, I could hardly forbear laughing, to see the Countenances of all about me turn'd to a Death Complexion, and the poor Lady herself going on with trembling Lips. At last it came down stairs with such a Clutter as made us all mount; some ran into one Hole, and some another, and no body had Courage to face this formidable Rattler but myself: when I saw I was left quite alone, I was resolv'd in the name of Heaven to find out, if possible, the Cause of this Noise, and taking up a Candle, I went to see what Form or Shape it had. Some time before, one of the Maids had set a Jug of Fumety at her Master's door, which he had not taken in, and Madam Pufs, who was often his Taster, had thrust in her Head for a Lick or two, and the Jug having a strait Neck, she could not get it out again, so that struggling for her Release, and wanting the Use of her Eyes, she and the Jug fell down stairs together, and frightened the rest of the Family out of their Wits, insomuch that I began to fear they would never make their personal Appearance again. The Jug broke, and the Top of it continu'd about the Cat's Neck; she spit at me, and I laugh'd at her; till betwixt us, we brought poor *Hypocon-*

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driack out of his Retirement, who came down stairs to see what the matter was.

When the rest of the mortals heard me so merry, they boulded, one by one, out of their Holes, to see what made me so; where they found *Mr. Gravity*, where he had not been for some Months before, half cured of his Distemper, and making Remarks with me upon the Strength of Fancy, which is better pleas'd to give into wild Notions of it knows not what, than suffer people to convince themselves of their own Folly by Reason: here's a Cat has broke a Jug, which has been the Cause of this Night's Alarm; perhaps to-morrow the Mastiff Dog may get a Marrow-bone, which may prove too hard for his Teeth, and if he strives for the Mastery, he will certainly rumble again; I have heard a Troop of Rats make almost as great a Noise as a Troop of Horse, and, in short, if every House be haunted, where people cannot account for every impertinent Noise they hear in it, there is not a House in the Nation, where the Devil and his Imps don't take Lodgings.

I soon found the rest of the Family inclined to be of my opinion, for every body laugh'd at their own Folly, when they saw the Cat and her Collar the Cause of their Fear. While I was making my Speech, I step'd now and then a step backwards, as if by Chance; but my Design was to draw the melancholy Gentleman into the Parlour, which by little and little I at last accomplish'd, and he sat down with us, and talk'd like any other rational Creature; which pleas'd his poor Spouse so much, that she entirely forgot the Devil and all his Works: In short, after I had with some pains persuaded him, that Company would prove his best Antidote, he took his Wife to bed with him, and the next day came down to dinner. After this, I thought I might whenever I pleas'd set up for a Conjuror, and a Doctor, for I had both laid the Devil, and cured the Sick.

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When I had stay'd about ten Days here, I began to think of removing; but the petty Service I had done in the Family, made them unwilling to part with me so soon, and both the Gentleman and his Lady opposed my going, so that I stay'd there four Months, during which Time my Patient, with the help of a little Physick, grew perfectly well, and his Wife perfectly easy.

About half a Mile from their House a young Lady lodg'd, who used to visit my Friend, and she and I grew very intimate; she was a Woman of much good Sense, and had a Title to every agreeable Quality, which made me desire our Acquaintance might be strengthen'd by Friendship, and she, good as she was, comply'd. Among the rest of her Advantages, she had a very good Face, which brought her a great many Admirers, and one among the rest was no less remarkable for natural Endowments than herself, nay, in one thing he had much the better of her, for he had a very good Estate, and her Fortune depended upon the Courtesy of able, but unwilling Relations; to this Gentleman's Love and Proposals she seem'd very indifferent, and would by no means hearken to what every body thought would be for her good. The Familiarity that was betwixt her and I, made me one day a little more inquisitive than ordinary, and having her wholly to myself, I ask'd her whether that Gentleman, whom I had often seen with her, did really make honourable Love to her or no. She said, yes, he did, but she was resolv'd she would never marry any Man. Why then, *said I*, do you let him visit you? I think you ought in Honour, either to encourage or discard him, and not keep him betwixt Hope and Despair, when you are positively determin'd against him. No, *said she*, I do not keep him, nor did I ever give him leave to hope; but on the contrary, have often desired that every Visit might be his last; but 'tis all in vain, and

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he still haunts me wherever I go; if I lock myself into my Chamber from Morning till Night, he'll sit at the Door, and starve me out, so that I still want the Art to get rid of him, and my best Endeavours have hitherto proved ineffectual. I know, *said I*, you are a Woman of too much Sense, to want a Reason for what you do, but I believe it puzzles all the World to find out why you reject him; he seems to me, a Man in all Respects deserving of your Love, and you alone can give a Cause, why he is despised. Well, *said she*, with Tears in her Eyes, to let you see I am your Friend, and that I do really believe you mine, I will, as such, intrust you with the only Secret of my Life, and then follow your Directions. When I was very young, my Parents died, and left me too much to my own Management; it was not long after, before a Gentleman, for whom I had more Favour than he deserv'd, made his application to me for my Love, and I being young and foolish, and more my own Mistress than I ought to have been, gave him daily Assurances of it; when he found himself secure of me, he pitch'd upon a Day for our Wedding, to which I likewise agreed, and had I stop'd there, and given my Consent no farther, I might have been happy still: but the preceeding Night to our Nuptials he staid till it was very late, and upon Strength of being next day my Husband, he importuned me, for what he too easily gain'd, and I never saw the base Deceiver more.

This, *continu'd she*, is the true Reason why I resolve against Matrimony, nor have I the least Dislike to this Gentleman; but, on the contrary, would prefer him to all his Sex, were not my own Guilt a Bar to it; but I cannot be so ungrateful to his Love, as to reward it with an Imposture. Your Generosity, *said I*, is of a piece with the rest of your good Qualities; and tho' it would be a Fault in me to pretend to advise, where there is a superior Share of

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Wit and Discretion, I can't forbear telling you how I would act in such an unhappy Station. This Man, no doubt of it, loves you to a very high degree, or he would never submit to the Sights and Affronts you have treated him with; I would therefore tell him the whole Truth, which, when he knows, he will either marry you notwithstanding, or he will immediately forbear his Amour: I confess it is a Story, that well wants the greatest Courage and Resolution to tell, but I do really think it is the shortest Way to your Happiness, and I would have you by all means to pursue it. Oh! *said she*, how ungrateful a Task is it to Flesh and Blood, to sound a Trumpet of its own Miscarriages, especially in the Ears of one we wish may like us! and how great must my Assurance be, to tell a Man who thinks me virtuous, how much he is deceiv'd, and how much I am otherwise! But I hope he loves me too well to expose me, and that Thought, added to your Advice, shall conquer all my Aversion, and the next time I see him, shall make him a Sharer in the Secret. Go on, *said I*, and may you be as truly happy as you are truly generous, and truly penitent. About an Hour after, he came in, and then I got up and took my Leave, that she might have an Opportunity with her Father Confessor.

When I was gone, as she told me afterwards, he began to renew his Suit, which she receiv'd with her wonted Indifference, and told him she was sorry she could not persuade him to take her Word without putting her to the Expence of so many ungrateful Denials: Why, Sir, *said she*, will you lose that Time upon me, which doubtless may be improved to very great Advantage in another place? Madam, *said he*, Advantage is not my Business, and therefore that is no Inducement to leave you; but since I find you are resolv'd to persist in your Coldness towards me, I desire, nay intreat you to be so just to

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me, as to tell me why you use me with so much Contempt; where there is such an Averſion, there muſt be an equivalent Fault, or elſe you muſt be guilty of a great deal of Injuſtice; but as that is not conſiſtent with the reſt of your Character, I had rather believe myſelf in fault than you. No, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, with Confuſion and a Bluſh, the Fault is wholly mine, and ſince I find a common Denial will not do, rather than ſuffer you any longer to love a worthleſs Woman, who cannot deſerve you, I will lay my Weakneſs and Folly before you, and truſt you with a Secret, which robs me at once of both Innocence and Quiet; know then, if you marry me, you take a Woman to your Arms, who has met with the greateſt Wrongs from the greateſt of Villains, at an Age when ſhe had neither Wit nor Courage to defend herſelf: This is the Truth, and this is my Caſe, and the very Cauſe why I have ſo long rejected the advantageous Offers you have ſo often made me. You now know the worſt of me, which will, no doubt, put a full ſtop to your Suit; but I hope you have ſtill ſo much Favour for me, as to make my Crime a Secret to the World, it can be of no uſe to you to expoſe me, and I intreat you to remember I have diſcover'd myſelf to you out of a Principle of Juſtice and Honour. To expoſe you, Madam, *ſaid he*, is ſtill to expoſe myſelf, for our Interests as well as Perſons ſhall be for ever one, and you ſhall ſee I can admire your preſent Virtues more than I deſpiſe your paſt Folly; and will always believe that Woman, that can be ſo great, to own her Fault, rather than deceive a Man before Marriage, will behave herſelf with ſo much Circumſpection after it, as to give him no juſt Cauſe of Complaint. Therefore, *ſaid he*, ſince you have removed your own Objection, comply at laſt to be my Wife to-morrow, and I will now go and provide a Licence.

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As soon as he was gone, she sent for me to tell me what good Success attended my Advice, and how near she was to Matrimony. I was very glad of her fortunate Proceedings, and the next day I saw them join'd, to the very great Satisfaction of all her Friends, and from my own Observation, when there, as well as Inquiry afterwards, I had all the reason in the world to believe she made a careful loving Wife. Some time after, I went to an Attorney about a Legacy that was left me, but never paid; and while I was with him, an old Woman, brim-full of Nonsense, came in, whose Face I thought I had seen somewhere, and she wanted a little of his Device in Form of Popery: her Husband was dead, and she had remanifested, but his Brother had clap'd in a Pecavi to her Remanifestation, and was going to convince a Suit against her, and she should lose all her Money if he did not help her by his Ingenious, for truly she was not in a Compacity to help herself. When she had made an end of her Speech to him, she turn'd about to me, and ask'd me how I did. I told her I had seen her somewhere, but had forgot where; which made her very angry: Aye, *said she*, you are so proud, that you won't know poor *Joan Ellis*, who used to weed your Uncle's Garden, I am sure I remember your Physmygig very well. I cry thee mercy with all my Heart, honest *Joan*, *said I*, believe me I had almost forgot thee; but now thou hast put me in mind, I remember thy Physmygig too, prithee what has brought thee to this Side of the Country? My Husband, Forsooth Madam, *said she*, brought me here, and now he is dead and has left me in so much Trouble, that I am forced to come to this Gentleman for Help. Ah! *Joan, Joan*, *said I*, I wish thee good Luck; but I doubt, if thou hast brought no Money here, thou wilt not carry much Law home with thee; betwixt thee and I, a Lawyer does not much for a Fee, and it would be very surprizing

prizing to see him handle a Cause for nothing. Oh but, Forsooth, *said the poor Woman*, they tell me he is a very good Man, and so very compaffinary to the Poor, that I hope he will take pity on my Infiictions, and see that I have my own. Well, *said I*, it will be a good Hearing if all things do but answer your Expectations; but going to Law without Money, is like going to fight without Arms, and, in my opinion, as little Hope of a Victory on one side as t'other; but if he be a good Man—I say, *Joan*, if he be a good Man, why then much may be done.

When my own Business was over, I return'd again to my Friend's House, and found her preparing to go abroad; she told me she knew I did not much care to stay at home when she was gone out, and if my Inclinations lay towards a Walk, she would have me get dress'd and go with her; and, to make our Way seem shorter, she would divert me with a little Tale of the Lady we were going to visit. I told her, at home or abroad her Company was every where diverting, and she could not oblige me more than to take me with her. As soon as we were both dress'd in our very best Trappings, we began our short Journey of two little miles; and as we went, she entertain'd me with a Story, I thought worth laying up in my Memory, which perhaps may please my Reader too. The Person, *said she*, whom we are now going to visit, is lately become a Wife; she is Daughter to a good honest Country Man, who may be worth a Brace of hundred Pounds; but she having the good Fortune to be acceptable to her Betters, has, by that means, improved her natural Parts, which are allow'd by every body to be very good, and to them we may add a Face, which not one in a Hundred can better, beside an Air and Mien very uncommon to Women of her Rank: so that by the Sharpness of her Wit, and an agreeable Way of Conversation which she is perfectly mistress of, she wound herself into

into the Favour of one of the best Families, where she liv'd ; infomuch, that the Lady of the House never thought she had Company, when she was absent, nor never desired more, if she were present ; but the kind Reception she met with from this good Lady was not her only Advantage ; for by a frequent Residence at her House, she often saw and convers'd with a Gentleman, who was a Relation to the aforesaid Lady, and a Man of Three Hundred Pounds a-year, over whom, she, in a little time, gain'd an absolute Conquest, and he made her many repeated Offers of honourable Love. Some Time pass'd before she came to a Resolution, at least before she would own it ; but at last, when she found his Pretensions were real, and that his Inclinations and Designs met with no opposition from his own Relations, after she had consulted her own Friends and Interest, and found both were for promoting so advantageous a Match ; she, after a few faint Denials to oblige Modesty, complies with all his Wishes, and consents to be his Wife. All things being thus concluded on, she resolves to go to *London*, to provide herself of such things as were not fine, but necessary ; and because she was a Stranger to both the Town and Fashions, she prevail'd with a female Relation of her own to go with her, whose Intimacy with both made her a very fit Companion. They had something more than a Day's Journey to *London*, which obliged them to lie a Night upon the Road, and after they had been in Bed some time, this Lady heard very fine Musick in the House, of which being a true Admirer, she whip'd out of Bed, leaving her Cousin a-sleep, and ran to the end of the Gallery without her Clothes, to feast her Ears with what she was so very fond of. But before she had half enough of the Melody, she grew so cold she could stay no longer, but with much Unwillingness turn'd and went to Bed again, giving her Bedfellow a Shove, and said to her, Surely thou art

art one of the dullest Animals that ever was, to lie, and stop thy Ears to the Charms of Musick. To this she got no answer ; but when she had thrust herself over head and ears to warm herself, she found her Cuz grown very kind of a sudden, and with an unusual close Hug bid her welcome. What's the Fool dreaming, *said she*, prithee lie farther ? But when she found the Caresses repeated, her Heart sunk, and she began to guess at the Truth of what she had done, and soon found she was all wrong ; for the Rooms standing very thick, and she not used to such Places, she mistook her own Chamber, and went to bed to a Gentleman, who lay in the next. You frighten me out of my wits, *said I*, I hope you intend to bring her well off. If you, *said my Friend*, are in such a taking, what was she, poor Girl ? you may easily believe she was in a pitiful Plight, when she found her Mistake, and began to struggle hard for her Liberty, which she pleaded for with a great many good Words, but found her Detainer very refractory, and he told her with an affected Morosity, that he neither expected, nor desired her Company ; yet since she was so kind as to make him a voluntary Visit in his Bed ; he would not leave it in her power to say he was so ill bred as to slight or despise the Favour ; and therefore, Madam, *said he*, no Struggling nor Affectation, but lie still, and be easy and contented with what you yourself have done : For you must not suppose, that you and I are to part on any Terms, but what I greatly approve of. Sir, *said she*, I must own you have but too much reason for what you say, and my Folly is so great in leaving my own Chamber without a Light to convey me safe back again, that I know not how to make my own Excuse ; however, let Appareances be what they will against me, you may assure yourself, you shall not find me the Person you take me for. I must own I am not willing to expose myself to the
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People of the House, by making a discovery of my want of Care; and if you are a Gentleman, you will not put me to the extremity of it: yet know, I will run all hazards, rather than suffer myself to be abused. And, whatever you may think of me now, I will, by a fix'd Resolution against all your Attempts, let you see, that my coming here was Chance, not Design. When he found her so very resolute, he began to consider, that Rigour would never bring her to his Bow; and therefore he changed the Scene, and try'd what fair Means would do: he vow'd, swore, ly'd, and promised a thousand things, of which he never meant to keep one; tho' all proved ineffectual, and she bravely kept her own Promise, while she wisely despised his.

He now saw all his Endeavours were in vain, and found nothing could prevail with her to be as wicked as himself, but heard every Request she made end in her Deliverance: He then begg'd her to stay a little longer, and tell him truly who she was, and where she liv'd; and then he would dismiss her without any farther Importunity. She, who was willing to purchase her Freedom at any rate, which did not touch her Honour, made no great difficulty to comply with his last Request, but gave him an exact and true account of herself and Circumstances, not concealing so much as her matrimonial Affair. Well, *said he*, if I give you leave to go from me, as you came to me, you will, I hope, own my Generosity deserves some Acknowledgment; and that you may see I do not design to be unreasonable, I will only exact a Promise from you of coming to your Wedding, and having an account of it three days before Consummation. This she promis'd faithfully to perform, and told him her Esteem for him should always be equal to that Greatness of Spirit he had shown, in being not her's, but his own Conqueror.

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But, Madam, *said he*, I find you are much alarm'd, and the thoughts of that ill Usage which you might, and have expected from me, makes you as profuse of your Promises, as People on a dying Bed, who, after recovery, never think of them more. You must therefore not take it ill, if I desire some small Hostage, which may oblige you to a performance of yours, since a breach of them would give me a very great disappointment. Sir, *said she*, what can you expect from a Person almost naked? you know the Inventory of all the Clothes I have on, amounts to no more than a Smock, and a Suit of Night-Clothes, which, if they could be spared, are too inconsiderable to be pawn'd for the Performance of a Promise. But, *said he*, if I be not very much deceived, you have a Ring on your Finger, which I expect. If you expect it, *said she*, and exact it, you shall have it; but I must tell you, when I have given that away, I have put it out of my own power to supply myself with what I want; and since you have extorted a Confession from me of my most private Affairs, take this among the rest: This Ring was left me by my Mother's Mother, who was of a good middling Family; and it is not so much to buy Clothes I go to *London*, as to sell this Ring, for which I believe I may have a better Price than in the Country, and can dispose of it, without exposing myself.

That, *said he*, shall be no Pretence; for if you will let me see you in the morning, I will give you a Bill to receive the full Worth of it at *London*; or, if you dare take Money in the dark, set your Price, and I will pay you now. To this last Proposal she consented, and took thirty Guineas for her Ring. But now, *said he*, that I have paid you for this Ring, perhaps you will say it is no longer a tie upon you: 'Tis true, I have very good reason to believe you a virtuous Woman in some respects, and I will think you so in every thing; but don't deceive me, for if
you

you do, this Ring shall rise up against you, and do more mischief than you are now aware of.

Forbear your Threats, *said she*; for tho' I cannot boast of noble Blood, I scorn a base Action as much as they that can: and I'll keep my word, till I can no longer keep that Breath I promise with. Go then, *said he*, and be for ever happy; and remember, I part with more reluctance from you, than ever I did from the Darling of my Soul, a Bottle. She was too well pleas'd with her Licence, to wait for a second Bidding; but, without any farther Ceremony, she got up, and went to the next Room, which happen'd to be her own, and was very thankful for her Deliverance out of the hands of one, from whom she had no reason to expect any favour upon such an Occasion.

In the morning, she and her Cousin (who knew nothing of the last Night's Transactions) got up, and prepared to finish their Journey: When they came out of their Chamber, they saw a Gentleman very well dress'd, with a Glass of Wine in his Hand, presenting his Service to an old Lady, who was going down stairs to take her place in the Coach. He told her he was a little frolicksome, and had made a resolution to drink a Glass of Wine with all the Women that went that way, till Night. Why truly, *said she*, you may, for ought I know, be very well set to work; 'tis a good while to Night: and if this Inn has but as good Custom now, as it had forty Years ago, I believe you may find full employ, till the time be expired, and go pretty bouzy to bed into the bargain.

The next that came was his Bedfellow, whom he took by the hand, and, with design, show'd the Ring, in hopes that one Discovery might make another, as it really did; for as soon as she saw the Ring, and heard his Voice, her Blood with her Guilt flew into her Face, and she saw herself once more seiz'd by
her

her last Night's Companion; and he, whose Design was to find her out, had, by her Blushes, gain'd his end; and he no longer doubted but she was his kind Visitor: He took her to a Side-Table, as he had done the rest, to present her with a Glass of Wine; and told her, unheard by all but herself, he had some cause, from her Blushes, to believe her the Lady whom Fortune had so lately put into his hands; and I own to you, Madam, *continu'd he*, I could not be easy, without seeing that Face which belong'd to so much Vertue and Modesty: it has greatly disappointed me, because I once thought Beauty and a strict Behaviour had never met: you have convinced me I was mistaken. But, Madam, I only gave you a verbal Direction last night how to direct to me, be pleased to take one now in Writing; and as you value, what you are perfectly mistress of, Vertue and Goodness, make use of it according to your Promise. My Frolick is now at an end, since all I design'd was to satisfy my own Curiosity. Sir, *said she, with Looks confused*, if you have a good opinion of my Modesty, why have you shock'd it so, to discover yourself to me? you might have seen the innocent Criminal, without being known yourself; and tho' I saw the Sign of my own Inadvertency on your Finger, I could yet have taken no farther notice of it than a silent Blush. You have justly reproach'd me, *said he*, and I will both ask your pardon, and dismiss you, to prevent the notice of the Spectators. She took her leave of him with an Air so very engaging, that he could not help sending a thousand Sighs and good Wishes after her. The Cousin wonder'd, and the Coachman swore at her staying so long; but the whole Company wedg'd in together, and to London they went, where their Business was soon done, and she return'd again to her Father's House.

Her transported Lover was ready to receive her, and would not stir from her, till she named
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the Day, in which she would make him happy : her wonted Modesty stop'd her Mouth ; but the honest Father was her Spokesman, and said, she should have ten days to prepare, and then he would wash his Hands of her, and resign his Right to him : her Silence confirm'd her Father's Promise, and when a Week of the Time was expired, she began to think of sending her Invitation as promis'd. She writ on *Monday* to let the Gentleman know *Thursday* was the Time, of which she had promis'd to send him Word ; but he, contrary to her Expectation, instead of *Thursday* came on *Tuesday* (pretending he had made a Mistake) in a Coach and six, with an Equipage answerable, and he himself dress'd like the Master of so much Grandeur. The poor old Father was frighted to see so gay a thing enter his homely Cottage, and durst not cast an Eye towards that side of the House where he sat ; but the young Woman, tho' she had much rather he had staid a day or two longer, treated him very civilly, and told him, since he had made a Mistake, she hoped he would be so kind as to wink at all those Faults, which generally attend a Hurry. He told her he was sorry his coming was unseasonable, but that nothing could make him uneasy but seeing her so, therefore begg'd her to believe he was highly pleas'd with his Entertainment, and as I have heard, he had no other reason ; for as she is an extraordinary House-wife, she had without any Noise or Clutter prepared a Supper, which might have been eaten in a much better House.

But pray, Madam, *said I*, what Pretence did she make to her Father, and Spouse elect, for having this fine Visitor after her ? Truly, *said she*, that's a material Question, and what I ask'd myself, when I heard the Story ; but it seems, to the Father she had discover'd all, and the Lover had not yet seen him, but the next day he appear'd, and dined with his
Mistress,

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Mistress, and her new Guest, whom he wonder'd to see, but had not then an Opportunity to enquire after him. The Number of the Dishes were not so great as the Order and good Management of them, and the Contriver of the Dinner gain'd new Admiration from all that had the advantage of her Company.

As soon as the Cloth was taken away, and a Health or two had gone round, the Stranger ask'd the intended Bridegroom, if he would take a Walk into the Fields. Good Manners obliged him to comply, tho' perhaps he had rather he would have walked by himself, that he might the mean Time enquire who he was ; but they went together, and how they entertain'd one another at first, I know not, the Lover being no very talkative Man. At last the Stranger told him, he understood, he was the next day to be a very happy Man in the Embraces of a fine Woman. He told him it was so intended, and he hoped it was not in the power of Fate to prevent it. Why indeed, *said the Stranger*, a fine Woman is a desirable thing, but they are so often given to the common Faults of Nature, that a Man knows not how to make himself sure of any of them. I believe, *said the Lover*, there are many of them bad enough, but the greater Rarity a Woman of Honour is, the greater Value should we set upon her ; I am sure of—Hold, *said the Stranger*, (interrupting him,) do not make yourself too sure, it is very possible you may be deceiv'd as well as others have been before you. Come, Sir, you are I believe a Gentleman, and as such I would not have you impos'd upon, I must confess this young Girl you are so fond of, has very great Attractives ; her Conversation, her Conduct, her Carriage, and her Looks would deceive the most observing Eye, and one would take her for the most modest of her Sex, but see the Frailty of human Nature, even in the midst of all this pretended Virtue, this Woman,

this

this very Woman, of whom you have such glittering Ideas, came to bed to me not long since, in her Smock, of her own accord, and lay with me till I bid her be gone.

Sir, *said the Lover*, you dare not stand to what you have said, nor own this Story to her face. Sir, *said the other*, I dare both say and swear what I have told you; I scorn a Lye, and it is all as great a Truth as it is a pity. Why then, *said the Lover*, the Devil may marry her for me, and that she shall know this hour. Away therefore trotted he, with as much Spight in his Looks as a Girl of nine and twenty going to a younger Sister's Wedding. When he came into the House, he asked with a surly Look for the poor Innocent, who never suspected the Evil, which was determined against her; by that time she came down, the Stranger came in, who was left behind by the furious Haste the other had made, and came time enough to hear him reproach her with the Name of Whore, and told her she was so scandalously infamous, that she was a Shame to every thing that knew how to pronounce the word Modesty; and turning to his Informer said, I hope, Sir, you dare own to her Face, what you affirm'd behind her back. Yes, *said the other*, what I have said is true to a Tittle, and nothing shall ever make me deny one Word of it. Whereupon this hot Man, without staying for her Answer, flung out of the House, and bid defiance to all in it. When he was gone, the Bride, that should have been, apply'd herself to her Undoer, after this manner; How could you, Sir, have ill-nature enough to study and contrive the Ruin of one who has never given you the least Provocation! And what manner of Man must he be, that makes his own Jest out of his Fellow-Creature's Misery; you cannot but be very sensible you have hinder'd me from a much better Fortune, than I must ever hope to have the Offer of again,

and you have done that by me, which I should scorn to do by you, even now that you have so highly provoked me. Madam, *said he*, till this Moment I never had the least Reason to call your Discretion in question, and I am very sorry I have such good grounds for it now. Is it possible a Woman of your Sense, can have the least Reluctance to part with a Man, who has known you for some Years, and, by his own Confession, never saw or heard any thing (till now) to your disadvantage, one that loved you well enough to resolve to marry you, and declared so great a Satisfaction in his Design; and of a sudden, on the bare Word of one he never saw before, to launch out into the greatest Abuses, call you Whore, and without giving you Time, or staying for your Answer, or to hear your Defence, fly from you with the greatest Contempt? Can such a Wretch, I say, have it in his power to give you one uneasy Thought? No, Madam, fear not better Offers than any he has power to make you; I have six times his Fortune, and I think it would not discover much Vanity, if I should say my Person deserves as well as his, and if you can be content to make the Exchange, I am very ready to put myself in his place, which I own was my whole Design in coming so long before my Time; I hoped he would prove what I found him, and I thought if he did, I should gain my Ends. I must own my Opinion of all Women in general was once so indifferent, that I thought the same Measures I took with you, would have made the severest Virtue among them totter; but I am now of another mind, and am by your Behaviour convinced, that some Women are, and can be virtuous: give me then that Heart, which he, who has resign'd it, never did deserve; consent I may be yours, and I'll confine myself to you, and you alone for ever.

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There he made a full Stop, and stood expecting her Answer; which, after a little Pause, she gave him thus. Were I a Woman of Merit, Birth, and Fortune, the World, no doubt, would be very severe upon me for so precipitate a Determination; but as I have no Title to any of them, it would call me Fool, for withstanding such an Offer, and what you only will be blamed for. The World, *said he*, is below my Notice, and I have none to please but myself; therefore since it was design'd you should be a Bride to-morrow, To-morrow be the Day.

To this she consented, and the same Clothes, the same Dinner, and the same Company intended for one, served for the other; they would fain have persuaded the first Lover to come and take share of that Feast, where he was once intended the chief Guest; but by that time he had found out how he was bamboozel'd, and was readier to hang himself than fill his Belly: but the new Bride-groom took care at Dinner to tell the whole Story, with every Circumstance to her advantage, in order to prevent those malicious Reflections, which the Lovers of Scandal might otherwise have spread all over the Country. And now, *said my Friend*, I have had just time enough to finish my story, for here's the House to which he has just brought her in very great Splendor. When we went on, we were conducted to a very well furnish'd Dining-Room; where we were receiv'd by the Gentleman and his Lady with great Civility, and found her Conversation so very agreeable, that we made an old-fashion'd Visit, and staid till almost Night. After a few days more spent with my Friend, my unsettled Circumstances carried me to another Part of the Country, where I met with Novelty enough of all conscience, and as much Variety of Tempers as Faces; one sat swearing and cursing at his Neighbour's Folly, and then made loud Acclamations of his own Wit; another call'd himself fifty Fools, in

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order to extort a Compliment from the Company; a third sat railing at Pride and Fashion, while a fourth, with all the gaudy Appearance of a *Bartholomew-Player*, laugh'd at his slovenly dull Fancy, and call'd every thing the Subject of Ridicule, which was not the very Top of the Mode; a fifth, with an affected Gravity and a laudable Voice, breath'd, or rather bellow'd out his Resentments against Women in general, said they were the only true and lasting Plague design'd for the Punishment of sinful Man, who had never deserved that Name, had they never been; while his Opposite, to the great Satisfaction of every present She, declared as fast in their favour, and said, no one could demonstrate his Ill-nature more, than by pretending to despise that Creature, from whom he first had his being, and without whom, he must have continu'd in his first Principles, except the Earth that made him could have prevail'd with the Almighty to substitute new Methods, on purpose to cure his implacable causeless Aversion. Another took all the care in the World to shew his Religion, while the next Man to him did as much to let us know he had none. In short, some swore, some pray'd, some loved, some hated, some ly'd, some spake Truth, (tho' not many of that sort) and nothing could be more nonsensically pleasant to a Person of any Observation, than this was all to me. The Reader is to know, that this Olio of People were got together at a Country Christening, where I (tho' a Stranger) was invited, with the Lady of the House, where I was; but that Half-Gentleman, Half-Plebeian, who had been so lavish in his Opinion of the Women, stuck in my Gizzard, and I long'd for a pluck at his Coxcomb; I therefore watch'd an Opportunity, and set myself down by him, tho' he made as many ugly Faces at me, as a *Dutch-Man* when his Leg is cutting off, and with a Grunt gave his Chair a Heave farther from me. I had a great mind to get him into the Chimney,

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which (as most Country Chimneys are) was very wide, and very dirty, the Maid of the House being none of the cleanliest ; and in order to my Design, as he got farther from me, I took an occasion, as if by Chance, to move after him : but he, poor Soul, who could not bear any thing in Petticoats so near him, kept moving, till he could get no farther for the Wall. He had a good Suit of Clothes on, which look'd to be just new, the Destruction of which, I with pleasure foresaw, and I got as close to him as if I had been fond of his ill-nature, on purpose to keep him in a moving Posture ; till at last, with striving to avoid me, he had made one Side of his Coat as different from t'other, as Soot and Grease could make it. When I saw he had done his worst to his Pride, I began to get out of his reach, for I durst not trust, either to his Good-nature or his Good-manners for my Safety, because he was a Stranger to both : As soon as he saw he had got rid of me, full of Spight, and his Gall ready to boil over, he broke out into these civil Expressions. These damn'd Women, *said he*, will be thrusting themselves forward, tho' a Man does all he can to let them see how great his Indifference is ; I wish they knew how little I desire their Company, it would surely be a means to make them keep their distance a little more. That's as it happens, *said I*, if their coming near you be to please you, it is ten to one, but they withdraw on such a Repulse ; but if it be to please themselves and plague you, then the better they know you, the longer they must stay : I heard last Week of a Man, who was, about forty Years ago, hang'd for lying with his Sow, and I durst almost venture to be hang'd too, if you are not the Product of his Pains. A Pox on you, Madam, *said he*, whence come you, and who the Devil are you ? Nay, *said I*, now you talk of the Devil, look at your own Elbow there, which you will find pretty much of his Complexion, and it

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would be well for you, if that were the only thing you resembled him in. At this, he turn'd his Head over his right Shoulder to look at his Coat, and in the mean time I took that Opportunity to walk off, while I was Mistress of a whole Skin. When he saw what a Condition he was in, as I heard afterwards from some of the Company, he raved like a *Bedlamite*, and after three thousand Curses bestow'd upon me, he left them all, and went (where all such Snarlers should always keep) to his own House.

In the Evening I went to make a charitable Visit to a poor Woman, who was not well, and some body had sent her a pint of Claret Wine, as she call'd it, over which she sat making of Faces, and said it was such nasty sour Stuff, she could not drink it: Why then, *said I*, do you not burn it, and put a little Sugar to it to make it palatable? Alas! Forsooth, *said she*, I have nought but a sery Wood Fire, and if I put it in to burn, I shall never get it out again. Tho' the poor Creature was very sick, I could not forbear laughing at her Simplicity; however I burnt it for her, and then went back with the Jest: but when I came in, I found two such Figures, as I had hardly ever seen before; one was a great fat, staring, blousy Wench, so bedizen'd, that one would have thought some body stood a Mile off, and threw her Clothes on with a Pitch-Fork; the other was a long, lean, starch'd Piece of Formality, and look'd like the Picture of Famine. I found by the Respect they met with, they were no small Fools, and therefore I sat me down, intending to be a gentle Hearer; for the frowzy fat one undertook to find us all with Chat, and had there been as many more, I dare be bold to say, she would not have seen one of them want. The Subject to which she stuck closest was Love, from which she drew several Heads, and they all ended in a new Lover, to be sure, of whom she had so many, that she was become the only Mark for

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Envy in the whole Country ; and there is not, *said she*, a Widow or Maid within ten Miles round, but who would with the greatest Content change their Circumstances with me, purely upon the account of those Men, whom I scorn, and they covet. *Madam, continu'd she*, applying herself to me, did you but know how strangely I am harrafs'd with their Importunity, you would have the greatest Pity in the World for me.

Why truly, *Madam*——*Nay, said she*, interrupting me, I know you are going to compliment me, and say I deserve it all, but I am forced to stop your Mouth, because I hate to be vain, of all things in Life. Oh, *Madam, said I*, Vanity's no Fault in a Woman, but you——*Nay, said she*, now you're going again to compliment me, but I protest I cannot bear it, and therefore beg you will desist. I found she was very fond of the Discourse, and I was resolv'd she should have it; for after that, I open'd not my Mouth, but answer'd her to all she said with a Bow or a Nod. The other stiff thing sat drawing up her Mouth, as if she were to say nothing but Prew-ens, and had set her Face in as much Prim as a She-Quaker before the sanctified Congregation on her Wedding-Day ; tho' had her Inclinations lain never so much towards a little Chat, *Mrs. Prattle*, her Companion, left no room for her to thrust in a Word. When she had impertinized two long Hours, and tired herself with talking, as well as every body else with hearing ; to the great Satisfaction of the latter, she got up and took her Leave. I must own I have often heard the other Sex very smart upon us for Loquacity, but never met with so much of it before.

When they were gone, I ask'd the Lady of the House, who this ill-match'd Pair were ? Why, *return'd she*, that eternal Tongue-Pad, that chattering Mag-pie, that everlasting Rattle-Head, that tells

more Lyes in a quarter of an Hour than Truths in seven Years, is Daughter to a Woman, who lives by her Wits: that she had a Father, I do verily believe; but I never saw him, or so much as heard of him, and if he be alive, he is either afraid or ashamed to own her: where-ever she goes, her whole Discourse is of her Lovers, tho' she never had more than one, that made honourable Love to her; and he, when the Clothes were made, the Friends invited, the Dinner dress'd, and every thing in order but the Bridegroom, turn'd tail, and went to shew the World how much he repented his Bargain. This Disappointment has made her so much the Country's Talk, that she has no way to take off the Odium of that, but by doing something more ridiculous to divert it; and thus she strives to drive away one Extreme by another, and hopes to avoid the Scandal of having no Lovers, by setting up for, and pretending to a great many; till at last, by her foolish Conduct, she is become the greatest Jest in the Neighbourhood. As for the other, she is a sanctify'd holy Vessel, a precise Fanatick, made up of spiritual Pride, pretended Zeal, and an equal Share of deep Hypocrisy, which is too often the true Compound of her Sort; and tho' she has had two Kids by two several Men, she sets up for as much Modesty and Ignorance, as if she knew no more than the Light within. A very indifferent Account truly, *said I*; but at my first coming in, by the profound Respect you shew'd them, I thought they could be no less than Quality; and since you have given me their Characters, methinks I begin to wonder you encourage those Sort of People to visit you.

I have been so far, *reply'd the Lady*, from encouraging them, that when they came first, I used them with the utmost Contempt, which the Brutes took for a friendly familiar Way of treating them, and I was plagued with them two or three times a week;

week; so that I am forced to use them with more Ceremony than is either their due, or my own Inclination to give, in order to have but little of their Company. Alas! we Country Folks are no great Criticks in good Manners; for tho' I never made them a Visit in my Life, I have had at least forty from them, and I cannot bid them come no more. No, *return'd I*, but I would send them Word I was engaged, or not at home, and sure they would take the Hint some time. I have often observ'd, that such a deal of forced Modesty, is as sure a Sign of an ill Woman, as the same Quantity of real Impudence is; and that she, who is always bragging of her Multiplicity of Lovers, has seldom more reason for it, than a blustering Bully has to boast of his fighting, when he chuses to be kick'd, rather than venture to draw his Sword.

Our Observations on those two worthless Women were interrupted by a *Tarpaulin*, who came ten or twelve Miles to see the Coach-man; and we being within hearing of their Discourse, had a mind to divert ourselves with the Dialogue. The Coach-man had once an Employment at Sea himself, and was Pilot of a very good Ship, but he wisely consider'd it was safer driving a Coach at Land, than a Ship at Sea, so left off one Trade, and by the Persuasion of a fond Mother qualify'd himself for t'other. When he and his Friend met, there was a great deal of rough Civility betwixt them, and after that was a little over, *John* the Coach-man began to enquire after his Friends. What, *said he*, is become of poor *Jack Simpson*, how fares he? Alack! *said t'other*, he's conduced. Conduced! *said John*, what's that? Why, *said Tar*, he's drown'd. I am sorry for't, *said John*; but sea-faring Men are never out of danger, which, betwixt you and I, made me leave it. Well he's drown'd, then more's pity; but where is *Tom Gregg*, my old Friend, that used to cheat
me

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me of my Flip; I hope he is well. No, *said t'other*, he's conduced too. Good lack! *said John*, what both drown'd? I think I am happy that left your churlish Element. No, no, *said Tar*, he was not drown'd, he was hang'd. Well, I protest, *said John*, that's worse than t'other, and if it were not for shame, methinks I could cry for him: But I have one Friend more to enquire after, and then I think I have done; what is become of *Mat. Wich*? Ah dear me! *said Tar*, he is conduced and all. Nay, *said John*, he was always an unlucky Dog, and I never expected he would come to a good End; but prithee, whether was he hang'd or drown'd? Neither, *said Tar*; he's married. At this we both burst out a laughing, and the Lady sent her Butler to carry them a Jug of *March Beer* to conduce them too; for we saw no reason, why that Word might not stand as well for drunk, as drown'd, hang'd, or married.

This Lady had no Child, and a Spouse, who perhaps despised her for that reason; he was very seldom at home, and she had no body to converse with but her Maids, so that she kept me as long with her as she could; and I, who had no cause to find fault with my Entertainment, staid with a great deal of Pleasure, and after I had laugh'd a long time at the Impertinence of other Folks, was at last brought in for a Share myself, and acted my Part in the Comedy with very good Success. I was now resolv'd to spend the Winter where I was, which had but just begun to shew itself; and after a few days, a Gentleman, whom I had seen at the Country Christening, lately mention'd, did me the Favour to send me a Letter, which for the Emolument of the Publick, I here insert *verbatim*.

MADAM,

LAST Thursday I was very sick with eating Goose-Giblets, and our Nan says I am in love. Now if I am in love, I am sure it is with you, for I always loved strange Faces dearly; and our Nan, who is a very good Woman, bid me tell you so: and now I tell you so, and to-morrow I will tell you so again, when I come to see you; and I have Three Hundred Pounds a-year, and will keep you a good Pad, and you shall never go to Church on foot, and you shall have Furmety as often as you please, and our Nan shall make it for you; and so no more at present, but that

I am your loving Sweetheart,

J. B.

When I had read this worthy Epistle, I communicated it to the Lady of the House, who seem'd very much surpriz'd at it, and said she did not think he could have writ any thing so egregiously silly; for tho' he is far from a bright Man, *continu'd she*, he makes a tolerable Figure, and I do assure you talks much better than he writes; and to say the truth, I believe 'tis the first Letter he ever writ in his Life. Why then, *reply'd I*, 'tis very likely our Nan found Words for this.

The next day, as he had promis'd, he came, and very fine he was, and indeed his Discourse was a Degree, above his Style in writing, and that was all. However, he had a good Estate, and that is what I can say for the Man. But it seems he was sadly in Love, and made a shift to tell me so, after his Way of Courtship, which, I confess, was never dress'd in a Coat of Eloquence, but it serv'd to let me know his Design; and now and then he would stumble upon a high-flown Strain, which burst out upon me like a Clap of Thunder, and surprized me as much, because as little expected; and tho' the

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Lady where I was, had excus'd his ridiculous Letter, and spoke somewhat in his favour; I soon found it was more with a design to prepossess me with a good Opinion of him, than to shew any real one, she could possibly have of him herself. She knew my Fortunes depended on the Return of a Brother, who was then in the *East-Indies*, and whose coming was uncertain, and she wish'd to see me well provided for, and therefore encouraged the Gentleman's Designs; but to me, his Person, Wit, Air and Dress, was all a Jest, tho' at first, I was well enough pleas'd to divert myself with him, because I found he was very capable of supplying the place of an Owl or a Monkey, or any other ridiculous Creature, which one would keep to make sport: but I was sure the same Fool's Tricks over again would soon tire me, tho' I had some hopes of his growing weary as well as I, for I was sure the little Soul, which inhabited his more despicable Body, would never fix upon any thing less sordid than itself. But I was out in my Guess, and he persisted in his fruitless Attempts much longer than I either expected or desired; nor was it his foolish Importunities only, which I had to struggle with, but the Persuasions of all my Friends, who look'd no farther than his Estate, and thought that alone sufficient to make a Woman happy, tho' it came attended with all the Circumstances of a Coxcomb. But I consider'd it was I, not they, must stand the Test, and the following uneasiness must all lie at my door; for which reason, tho' they were willing to sacrifice my Quiet and Happiness to Wealth, I had more regard to my own Satisfaction than to close with their Measures, and was resolv'd to keep myself free from an Estate, till I could find it coupled with something more acceptable than itself; for tho' Beauty satisfies not a hungry Stomach, nor Wit a thirsty Palate; tho' good Humour keeps out no Cold, and Breeding pays no Rent;

Rent ; yet I could not help thinking, that all, or part of those, with a moderate Competency, was infinitely preferable to the want of them, and nothing to compensate but Coin.

I once had a Husband, and knew the Pleasure of fine Conversation ; he was a Man without exception, whom I lost in the twenty-fourth Year of my Age, and the twenty-ninth of his : and who, that had any value for the Memory of a Man of Sense, could be so base, to take a Blockhead in his room ? No, I scorn'd both the Man and his Errand, and was resolved, before I had done with him, to convince the world, he was what I took him for. He had (which is natural to all, but especially to Fools) a very good opinion of himself, and never so much as fear'd or expected a Repulse ; but was as sure of poor I, as if I had spoke first. I found the Lady, with whom I was, had espoused his Interest very much, and would hear of nothing but taking him for better for worse without delay ; and she told me one day, when we were alone, she expected my Gratitude would have pleaded for him, when he was so generous to offer himself before my Brother's return, at a time when he could be sure of no Fortune with me. Madam, *said I*, it must be own'd, you have known this Man a great deal longer than I have done, and yet I dare be bold to say, you are not half so well acquainted with him : you mistake his present Behaviour for Generosity, because he offers to marry me without a Fortune ; but he well knows my Brother is able to give me one, and has promis'd to do so ; and, as he has no Child, he may well expect a Performance of that Promise. Will you give me leave to convince you, he's a mercenary Fellow ? I believe, *reply'd the Lady*, it is greatly out of your power ; but desire you will take your own Measures. Remember, Madam, *said I*, you have given me leave, and now expect some Sport ; for if I do not make it
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both for you and the whole Country, I will never undertake to manage a Fool again. I then left the Lady, and went to lay a Scheme for my Design; and, knowing him to be a Man whose shallow Intellects admitted of any Imposition, I thought it best to bait my Hook with a Fortune, which, in spite of his Generosity to me, I knew he would catch at; and, by a secret Management of all my Contrivance, I brought him to the Lure, and sent him for a Jest to all the Country.

He was, as I have already hinted, a Man who thought greatly in favour of himself, and I was now to try, whether a Woman in present pay, could not do more than one who only expected Arrears; and I doubted not, but I might with ease persuade him, that some unknown She was most dangerously in love with him: in order to which, I immediately writ the following Letter; which took me up some time to bring to his Understanding: but I knew our Nan could help him out, and thus I began:

S I R,
WHAT are we, poor Women! caught in Cupid's Net, like a harmless Fly in a spiteful Spider's Web? Or how can I, without ten thousand Blushes, tell you, I saw a Gentleman at Leicester Races, that has made a Hole in my Heart, big enough to be my own Tomb, unless you bring some Balsam. I inquired of one and another, till I found out who you were; and was so glad, when I heard you were not married, that I was resolved to speak in time: And I send you this to tell you, my Person is not ugly, my Fortune and Family above what you can expect; and if you think it worth your while, (as I hope you will) to go to morrow morning to Market-B—h, attended only by your Man, I have order'd a Servant in a yellow Livery to wait and convey you to me: You may know him by a blue Cockade in his Hat, put there for your Sign; if you come, you shall certainly know me; if
not,

not, I must live in love, and you in ignorance of what you lose. Adieu.

When I had writ this Burlesque Love-Letter; which I knew would suit, and please the Fool it went to, I sent it eight Miles from home, to a Town where his Brother-in-law never fail'd to be once a Week, and to whom I had it deliver'd by a Stranger; and at Night it was safely delivered into the hand of my loving Swain, who lock'd himself up with our *Nan*, and, with much spelling and putting together, at last betwixt them they made all out: he then calls in the Brother, who brought this dear Epistle to him, to ask who, and what, and when, and where, and a thousand other things about it. But all he could say, was, a Man gave it to him, and he brought it, as directed. Then he call'd a Council to consult, whether he should go or no; and it was resolved, *Nemine contradicente*, he should; but it must be with all the Secrecy in the world, for fear I should know any thing of the matter. Oh! could I but have seen into that trifling Heart of his, how many despicable things should I have read there of myself? and how often did he thank his kind Fate, which had reserv'd him for a Blessing that only waited his Acceptance. The next morning early, I had my Scout abroad, to wait and watch his Motion; and as soon as he saw any sign of a Journey, to come and give me notice. About an hour after, he return'd, and told me the Knight was sallied out to meet the enchanted Lady, which was my Cue, and I prepared with all speed to follow him: I had taken care to get all ready the Night before, and when I had clap'd a couple of Plumpers on each side my Mouth, to disguise my Voice, and had equip'd myself past being found out by his shallow Apprehension, I mounted a single Horse, and, attended by a Servant in an old yellow Livery, which once belong'd to a
Man

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Man who had liv'd with the Lady's Father, where I then was, I rode away in triumph, to see my own Satisfaction compleated ; and, after I had kept him staring about, like what he was, for an Hour or two, at last made my appearance, tho' *incognita*. My Man's yellow Jacket gave the first alarm, upon sight of which the bold Squire ventured to accost me, but was sadly at a loss for something to say ; however, being a Man of thought, after some deliberation, he most ingeniously told me, he was glad I was come, for it was a very cold Day.

I was in hopes, Sir, *said I, with a low Tone, and an affected Lisp*, you might have been as much in love as I, and then you would have been as warm. By my Faith, *said Ninny*, I have been in love a hundred times, and never got myself a-heat by it yet. No, *said I*, you are a cold Lover indeed then, as well as a general one ; but methinks I am sorry to hear you say you have lov'd so many ; 'tis a sign you are inconstant, as our Maids call it ; and I begin to fear I shall keep you no longer than the rest have done. Pray, how many Mistresses may you have at present ? because I should be glad to know the number of my Rivals. Why, for that, *said he*, you need not much fear ; I have but one beside yourself, and her I have discarded ever since I receiv'd your Letter ; for, to tell you the truth, if I had married her, I knew not how to come by her Fortune.

By this time we got to the Inn, where I could put him to no expence for any thing but Fire, because I durst not pull off my Mask ; but as soon as we were alighted, I call'd aloud for a good Fire, which made my Monkey very witty, and he said he thought my Love had kept me warm. As soon as the Fire was made, we sat down by it, and for near half an Hour continued very silent : I confess, I was afraid, now I was out of the Wind, and got into a close Room, where there was little or no Air to take away part of
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the Sound, my Voice would have discover'd me ; but, in the midst of those Fears, I forgot the poor Insensible I had to deal with, whose Ears were as deficient as his other four Senses : and I, with all my caution, was forced to break silence at last.

Methinks, Sir, *said I*, we look like a couple of unspeaking Fortune-tellers, who make their Secrets known by dumb show ; but you, doubtless, consider, it is by my appointment you are come, and you expect I should tell my Business ; but that I thought I had done pretty well in my Letter : and since the Subject I have to treat upon, is so unfit for a Woman's mouth, you might have saved my Blushes, one would think, and have begun where I left off ; but I fear you do not like me, or you would never force me to tell a Tale, I am, and have cause to be ashamed of. Why look-ye, Madam, *said he*, as you say, the Business is yours, not mine ; and what can you expect me to say, till I know you better ? If you will tell me who you are, and what Money you have got, you shall hear then what I will say to you. And can you tell me to my face, *said I*, that you value nothing but my Coin ? I expected, your first Request would have been to see my Face. And how must it mortify a Love-sick Heart, to find itself despised for a little Gold ? A little ! *said he* ; no, no, a little won't do : if I had liked a little, I would have stay'd where I was, and never look'd any farther for a Wife : but you sent me word, your Fortune was above my Wishes ; and, to tell you the truth, it was that which brought me here. I see, *said I*, *sighing*, the Golden Bait hangs at the Line of your Expectation still. Pray, has this other Lady, to whom you have address'd yourself so long, given you any assurance of her Favour ? because you seem to speak of her, as if you might have her at an Hour's Warning : I should be sorry to hear she had hanged herself for you. No, *said he*, no, she's over-cunning for that ; but, no

doubt, I may have her when I please. Well, *said I*, we'll have no more of her, but come a little nearer to my own Affair: You are to know from the first Moment of my unfortunate Interview till this Hour, I have languish'd under a most profound Disquiet, which, after a little Enquiry into my own Condition, I found to be mighty Love. I had no sooner found out my Disease, than I began to think of a Cure, which I saw I could no way perfect without your Help and—— Hold, hold, *said he*, you run on so fast, I do not know what you say, by my Troth I understood your Letter better by half than I do your Talk. Don't interrupt me, *said I*—— And this I say was the reason why I sent to you to know my Fate; but I find this Comfort by the little Conversation I have had with you already, that I shall have no great Cause to despair, when I have told you I have Three Thousand Pounds in my own hands, to dispose of as I please; and since it is a Sum that you may have without any Uncertainty or Trouble, I will persuade myself it will content you.

I here made a full Stop, to give him an Opportunity of telling me how gladly he embraced the kind Offer I had made him; but instead of a Compliment, he got up, and went to the Door, to call for a Pipe and a Candle. His Insensibility surprized me extremely, and I was afraid he had found me out; tho', as it happen'd, he had only a mind to show himself in all his Airs, fancying he always look'd best with a Pipe in his Mouth; and without any regard to Good-manners or me, sat down and smok'd till he had study'd an Answer. My nimble Tongue all this while had a thousand things on the Tip on't, that would fain have been slipping off; but I was afraid of spoiling a good Speech, which I was in great expectation of, and therefore sat very mute, till the last Whiff put an end to the Pipe; and then with

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an unusual piece of Discretion, told me, he had consider'd of what I had said, but could come to no Resolution till he knew me a little better, and had told his Friends who I was. Nay, *reply'd I*, if you can't keep a Secret, I must: it would be a Weakness indeed to give you a Power to expose me; I know you Men have your Vanities, as well as we Women, and catch as hastily at an Opportunity of boasting of a Favour; beside, I know not but you may be too far gone with the other you were speaking of, and then I shall be made both her Jest and yours; but if you will heartily renounce and forswear all future Love, Liking, and Inclination to her, I will carry you home with me, and show you my Face; which, when you have seen, you will say it is not the first time. I-Cod, *said he*, if you can make out your Fortune, I shall not scruple to do what you desire; for what the Devil do I care for a fine Coat and a glib Tongue, if there is no Money in the case? Thus did poor I sit and hear myself despised, for one, who for ought he knew might have had the Face of a Bear. I am here to tell the Reader, that the Family in which I was, had an Invitation to a neighbouring Gentleman's House to Dinner, where there was a pretty deal of other Company, and to this very Place did I intend to carry my Bubble; and when I had told him I was ready to go, our Horses were order'd out, and we all mounted again, and rode to the Gentleman's House aforesaid: When we came into the Dining-Room, every body stared at us, save two of the Company, who were privy to my Design; and when I had got my Rarity in the midst, I said to him, You were pleas'd, Sir, to renounce your old Mistress, betwixt you and I it is my Desire you will, for the Satisfaction of my Friends, do it before them too, and then I am bare-faced for ever. He, who knew the House where we were as well as I did, and knew likewise the Gentleman had a beautiful

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young Daughter, who had a Fortune left her by her Grand-mother, made no doubt but it was she he had all this while in masquerade, (for just at that time she was out of the Room;) and (what added still to his Vanity and Hopes) the Minister of the Parish was there, so that he thought his Work was only to say after him, and then there was a fine Lady and a great Fortune just jump'd into the mouth of a Fool. Those Expectations made him as tractable as a well-taught Spaniel, and he did and said all I desired, and renounced me as heartily as ever he did the Devil; and then I pull'd off my Mask, to the great Diversion of the Company, and the very great Surprize and Confusion of my poor disappointed Lover.

Behold in me, *said I*, turning to the Company, that wretched thing, a poor forsaken Woman, reduced to wear the Willow, and forced by cruel Fate to resign the finest Conversation in the County. Oh! cruel Man, *said I*, reward my Sufferings with a pair of Gloves, or I am ruin'd past Redemption. But here comes the *Syren*, who has sung me out of all my Joy, of all my Hopes, of all my Wishes. The young Lady just then came to us, and tho' she lost Part of the Diversion, came time enough to join in the *Chorus* of a Laugh. Among the rest of the Company, was a young Gentleman, whose Merit deserved a better Fate, than at that time attended him; and coming up to my sweet Sooterkin, who stood in the midst like a dirty Wax-Work Figure, and giving him a Slap on the Shoulder, Awake, Sir, *said he*, and the next time you go a Fortune-hunting, know your Game before you begin the Chase; 'tis ten thousand to one whether a Mask be worth pursuing, and it is a great odds but some Design lurks under it, as you by Example have learn'd, and your Conduct now has been so weak, that every body must blame it; remember the Fable of the

Dog

Dog and the Shadow, the Moral of which, if well apply'd, will keep you for the future from such another Miscarriage ; but to let you see it is not your Fortune alone to be laugh'd at, and that there are mercenary Women as well as Men, I'll tell you all a Story. When I was a young Man in the nineteenth Year of my Age, my Father, who had two Sons elder than I, seem'd not willing to keep us all at home ; tho' he had a very plentiful Estate, and could well enough afford it. However, to ease himself of Part of his Charge, as well as to put me in a way of getting my Bread, he bought me a reputable Commission, and pack'd me into the Army. Some time after, the Regiment was commanded into *Flanders*, where I served two whole Years in the same Station I left *England* in : At last an Opportunity offer'd itself to my advantage, and I had the good Fortune of doing some things, which made me a little remarkable.

I had from my Childhood been fond of a Sword, and could never be brought to study any thing but *English* military Discipline, of which I was so very eager, that it was my greatest Delight ; and my Father seeing my Genius carry me that way, provided for me accordingly, as I have already told you. When I was fix'd in the Army, it still grew more delightful to me, and I began to despise all the softer Pleasures of Life ; I often wondred how so many idle young Fellows could lie at home wrap'd up in Ease and Luxury, while their King and Country, nay and their own Safety wanted their Help abroad ; I was surprized to think how any thing so noble as Man could lie whining an Age at a Woman's feet, to be used like an Ass at last, when Honour call'd so loud for his Assistance elsewhere ; and I often pitied those things, that are proud of being dignify'd and distinguish'd by the despicable Name of Beaux, whose Care was wholly bestow'd on Pride, Love, Scandal

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and Reflections on the Brave abroad, tho' they themselves durst draw nothing but a Snuff-Box. Alas! vain Man, *continu'd he*, what are thy weak Resolutions, when Nature says thou shalt not keep them? Those very Faults, which I so heartily declaim'd against, in a little time became too strong for me, and in spite of my firmest Intentions got the upper hand, and forced me to submit to the powerful God, who vow'd Revenge against me, for the Contempt I had so long shown to him.

I had, as I have already told you, signalized myself in an Action or two, where Fortune favour'd me with the better, and that by degrees made our late excellent Prince take some Notice of me; and he, who was all Justice, Goodness, and Gratitude, never fail'd to reward great Actions, because they were the Delight of his noble Soul, and from a Captain he rais'd me to a Lieutenant Colonel; which inspired me with new Courage, and I could rather have chosen to die under that beloved Monarch's Command, than have lived under any other Prince in *Christendom*: he was a Soldier himself, and for that reason knew how to use one, I am proud to boast of his Favours, because they were never bestowed where they were not deserved, nor never omitted, where they were. But to go on, we had for some time laid close Siege to a Town, which held us longer employ'd than we expected, and we had made many brave, tho' ineffectual Attempts; at last being quite tired with Delay, we resolv'd to storm or die, and with Hearts becoming true *Engliss-Men*, we beat off all their Men from their Walls, and got to their very Gates; but they, who were as resolute in keeping their Town, as we were in taking it, made a most vigorous Defence, and beat us all back again, with the Loss of a great many Men, some kill'd, and some taken Prisoners, among which latter sort I was one. I cannot describe the Rage I was
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in at such a Disappointment; tho', like an angry Lion in a Toil, I was forced to submit, and Patience per-force was all I had to trust to; I found I had lost my Liberty, and with it a Power of serving my Prince: but being in a considerable Post, I was made a Prisoner in the Governor's own House, who was a Man of nice Breeding as well as much Good-humour: There I was entertain'd according to his Circumstances and my own, not as a common Prisoner, but a Field-Officer, and my Liberty was the only thing denied me; his Good-manners put him upon having all the regard in the world to my Quiet, and he used me much more like a Friend than an Enemy. One day at Dinner he asked me in a jocular manner, whether I could bear the sight of the Ladies: for if, *said he*, you are not too much a Soldier to be diverted with their Impertinence, we will have their Company, and try how far they have power to dissipate that Cloud, which the Fortune of War has gather'd about your Brow. Sir, *said I*, my present Circumstances admit of no Gallantry, and I am at best but a rough-hewn sort of a Fellow, very unfit for the Conversation of the Fair Sex; tho' if ever I were fit for their Entertainment, it is now, while I am forced to live in Idleness, and while I have nothing to do but indulge my Pleasures, which is what I always scorn'd: but an unlucky hit has almost forced me to that my Soul abhors, I mean Ease and Idleness; the Ladies are exempted from that Expression, and I have not been bred so much a Soldier, but I know how to treat every Person I see in this House with Good-manners, where I have met with so much Humanity and good Usage. The Governor told me with much Civility, he was glad I liked my Treatment, and promised me a Continuance of it, till I had my Liberty again.

When we had dined, and drank a Glass or two after Dinner, I got up and went to my own Apartment,

ment, where ten thousand tormenting Thoughts were my Companions, till I was summon'd again to appear at Supper. I obey'd, and found the Governor accompany'd by his Lady, two Daughters and a Niece, all which I saluted in their turn, and paid that Respect to them, which I knew their Station of Life exacted from me. They were all courteous, genteel, and well-behaved, affable, free and very diverting; which I confess gave me some Pleasure, but never once fear'd, or suspected the ensuing Plague. The Niece indeed I beheld with some Admiration, and I cannot say I ever saw any thing that deserved it more; her Eyes, Hair and Teeth were beautiful to a miracle, regular small Features, a Face finely turn'd, a Skin and Bosom infinitely beyond any thing I had ever seen before, at least that I had ever taken notice of; her Shape and Air were equally engaging, and tho' I was still unapprehensive of my own Danger, I thought her one continu'd Charm, and often (tho' unknown to myself) found my Eyes fix'd upon her, which she with repeated Blushes took notice of; her Judgment was as piercing as her Eyes, and she soon made a right Interpretation of my Looks; my Thoughts too were wholly hers, and I was of a sudden forced to like, love, admire and die for the most beautiful Creature on Earth; I was now become her Slave, her Changeling, her Afs, and could have lost Life and Liberty rather than one kind Opportunity of seeing her. I went on thus for some time, consuming daily in a secret Flame, ashamed to own my Folly even to myself; but at last, when I found Nature would prove Conqueror, and get the better of my Reason and Resolutions, I then began to think what Method was best for me to take; I consider'd my present Confinement would not last long, for either the Town would be taken, or I should be releas'd; these Thoughts made me resolve to discover the Secrets of my Heart to her, who had

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the entire Possession of it, and all I wanted in order to it, was an Opportunity of seeing her alone; but that I found was not to be expected, and since I could not make a verbal Declaration of my Love, I one day convey'd a Paper into her hand, wherein was written, to the best of my remembrance, these Words.

I*F you at first had Power to set an icy Heart on fire;
'tis no wonder if you daily add Fuel to the Flame;
and when I find myself almost consumed to Ashes, it is time
to call aloud for Help. Fortune and you have both conspired
to make me a Captive and a Slave, and tho' I scorn
her Pity, I sue for yours, since you alone have Power to
make me always happy, or always wretched.*

To this I set my Name, and unseen by any body gave it her. She at first drew back, as if she had a mind to refuse it; but her Curiosity got the better of her Pride, and she took it and went out. I waited with the greatest Impatience for her Return, but saw her not again that day, which made me very uneasy, and I began to repeat I had discover'd my Thoughts; the next day she came to Dinner, but would not vouchsafe me so much as a Look. I watch'd her angry Eyes, but could see nothing there but my own Ruin. When Dinner was over, she got up in haste to be gone, and as she went by, threw me a Letter, which I took up unseen, and as soon as I could handsomely disengage myself, I went to my Chamber, where I sat some time before I durst open it, so much can Love intimidate the Man; I knew it enclos'd my Fate, and I was fain to call in all my Courage to help me to break the Seal; at last I ventured, and found her Resentments thus express'd.

SIR,

SIR,

WHEN I took your impertinent Paper from your Hand, I did suppose it might have been a Petition to me to intercede for your Release; but upon Examination, I found you had Assurance enough to affront me with your Love. Perhaps you think to take the Town and my Heart together, and that the making sure of one is the first and surest Step towards gaining the other; but your Politicks will so surely fail you, that I would advise you in time to give up your Hopes; and if you have a mind to escape the Punishment due to your Insolence, you must for the future forbid yourself so much as a Thought of the incensed

Dorothea.

After I had read this Letter, I gave it a second Perusal, not only with a great deal of Indifference, but with the utmost Contempt, which was more than I expected I should ever have brought myself to, and tho' it was neither true Lover, nor true Soldier like to be discouraged at the first Repulse; yet I saw so much Insolence, Pride, and Ill-nature in every Line of it, that I e'en resolv'd to obey her first Command, and never give myself the trouble of bestowing a single Thought upon her more. And now it was, I began to lament my being a Prisoner more than ever; because it had rendred me liable to the Insinuations of that idle, blind Bastard, whose Power I will not say none but Fools do obey, but none but Fools ought to do so; and I cannot but say her Treatment pleas'd me, because it disengaged my free-born Soul from the worst Captivity. When I came again where she was, I will not say I stifled my Resentment, for I really had none, but had persuaded myself to be very easy, and never appear'd with more Gaiety in my Looks than I did at that time, of which the too beauteous *Dorothea* took notice, and was inwardly vex'd

vex'd to find her Chains so weak, that they were broke before she had well put them on ; and whether she did it to draw me again into Fools Paradise (as I have had good reason since to believe) or what other Motive induced her, I know not, but certain it is, she turn'd from one Extreme to another, from an Excess of Pride and Scorn to the humblest Gesture and mildest Behaviour in the world. I was some time before I would cast an Eye towards her, and I had brought myself so well to my own Wishes, that I began to be very indifferent whether I ever came within the Reach of her dangerous keen Eyes again or no ; but she had no mind to lose an easy Fool, and therefore took all opportunities both by Words and Actions to shew an Esteem, which I never expected. One day at Dinner she took a Glass of Wine, and drank to me ; saying, Come, Sir, here's to your double Deliverance, and may every body, according to their power, contribute towards it, till you are every thing you wish to be.

I must own those kind Words made me ashamed of my Neglect, and I return'd them with a languishing Look, which spoke my Content but too plainly ; I bow'd, and blush'd and lov'd again, and became ten times more a Fool than ever. In short, I said all that so violent a Passion could inspire me with, and had in return as much as I could in reason expect. I will not trouble you with a Recital of our daily Proceedings, because it would be too prolix and impertinent ; I shall only tell you, that I made so fair a Progress in my Love, as to procure, in a few days, a Promise from the adorable *Dorothea* to crown all my Wishes ; this made every thing easy to me, and I often thanked that Power, which had thrown me into Bondage, only to make me the happiest Man alive. I now grew impatient of Delay, and every flying Moment seem'd to halt and call for Expedition ;

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tion ; I therefore begg'd my lovely *Dorothea* would let the next Day see our Nuptials, and make us one. To this she readily consented, and said it should be her Care to provide a Priest. In the mean time, the General of our Army, who was in daily expectation of taking the Town, had upon that score neglected my Release ; but when he saw it still held out, and might possibly do so, till the Year was too far spent, he sent Conditions to the Governor about my Liberty, of which he accepted, and the very Morning, which should have thrown me into the Arms of all my Happiness, I saw the Governor come into my Chamber, and told me I was no longer his Prisoner, but at liberty to go back to our own Army, which he expected me to do in a few hours. He was intirely a Stranger to the mutual Love, which was betwixt his Niece and me, and knew not what a killing Blow he had given me ; but surely Liberty never came in a worse time to any body under Confinement than it did then to me. I was at my wits end, and knew not what Course I had best to take, in order to finish the great Work of that Day ; I was almost distracted, to think how near I was to my wish'd-for Blifs, and yet how impossible it was to compleat it : again, it was Death to me to think of going, till I had seen *Dorothea*, and that was as hard a Work as all the rest ; I consider'd the Ladies never appear'd till Dinner, and that would be longer than I should be admitted to stay. I went however to the Governor, to take my leave of him, and to express my Gratitude for the kind Treatment I had met with ; and then desired to see the Ladies. He said it wanted some Hours of their Time of leaving their Chambers, but he would be the Bearer of my Service to them all, which would be the same thing as if I saw them myself ; but I could have convinced him, he was not in the right. I found this would not do, and saw no hopes of bringing my Designs a-

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about that way, and I had but one method more to try, which was to feign myself sick, and of a sudden complain'd of violent Gripings, and other Disorders, which made me unable to stir; I told the Governor how ill I was, and hoped, as he had used me all this while with greater Favour than I could have expected, so he would continue his Goodness, and admit me to stay a little longer till I was better able to remove.

He told me, while I was his Prisoner, both his Humanity and Generosity obliged him to use me well; but now, *said he*, I am to look upon you as an Enemy at large, and sick or well you must be removed out of the Town in a very few hours. I was glad however of even a few hours, and was conducted by my Guards back to my Chamber; where I had not been long, before I was visited by all the Ladies, who came to my Bed-side to enquire after my Health. *Dorothea*, whose Looks spoke the greatest Concern, came and sat down by me, and asked me softly, why I was resolved to die or leave her? I took her by the Hand, and in a low Tone bid her come again, and she should know; at which she got up, and said, Perhaps, Sir, you have a mind to sleep, and Company may be troublesome, it will therefore be best to leave you. I said not any thing to keep them, being willing they should go, in order to *Dorothea's* Return; and as if Pain had stop'd my mouth, lay very silent till they were all gone. In half an Hour after she came back, and with the greatest Signs of a deep Concern, lamented both our Misfortunes, and kindly said, it was impossible for her to support herself under the Thoughts of my going, or dying. As for the latter, *said I*, you need not lie under any Apprehension, since it is all Pretence, and it was the only way I had to get a sight, a parting sight of all I value, of all I hold dear; go I must, and that immediately, the Thoughts of which are more insupportable

portable than Death, because I must leave the Treasure of my Soul behind me ; but I verily hope and believe, it will not be long before I see the inside of this Town again, tho' upon very different Terms ; and all I have to beg of you at present, is, to keep and confirm those Promises you have made me, for when-ever you deviate from them one Tittle, from that Moment I date my inevitable Ruin. Oh! suspect me not of Falshood, *said the weeping Dorothea* ; for not the most dreadful Menaces, not Racks or Tortures shall ever have power to make me banish you from my Heart and Thoughts one moment ; not the Face of an Angel, with the Wealth of both *Indies* added to it, should be of force to make me break my Vows to you ; no, as I am, so will I keep myself, most entirely yours. This I invoke Heaven to witness, and when I renounce what I have now said, may its Vengeance closely pursue me, and light upon my guilty Head, as the just Reward of so much Perjury. And when I forget thee, *said I*, may I be stigmatized with the black Names of an Ingrate and a Coward. I then got from my Bed, (where I had lain all this while, for fear of being surprized) on my Feet, and took a sad leave of my dear *Dorothea* ; I then begg'd her to go to her own Apartment, for fear of a Discovery, which with many Signs of an unfeigned Grief she did, and stamp'd a lasting Sympathy on my Heart. She was no sooner gone, than I prepared to go too ; and was so well satisfy'd with the Promises she had given me, that I thought it out of the power of Fate to rob me of what I doubtless held very dear. When I had parted with her I had no longer any Business there, but went to desire the Governor to send me away, which he did with a Convoy to our own Army.

And thus I saw my Body once more at Liberty, tho' my Mind was still in Chains, and so besotted with the Power of Love, that the Thoughts of my
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adored *Dorothea* was infinitely more pleasing to my ravish'd Mind than either Life or Liberty, and my greatest Concern proceeded from my Want of Power to send to her, and well knew it was next to an Impossibility to hear from her ; again, I fear'd it would be a Work of more Time than I had imagin'd, to make ourselves Masters of the Town, the Thoughts of which brought new Additions to my Impatience, and every Day was an Age to my foolish love-sick Heart. I will not trouble the Ladies with any particulars of the Siege, but what is material to the Account of my own Usage : We made many Attacks, and they often sallied out upon us, which at last gave me a wish'd-for Opportunity of sending to my *Dorothea* ; for one Night towards the middle of it, when we least expected it, and never dream'd of them, the Garrison surprized us, and we had a very warm dispute till almost Day, in which at last we got the better, and found our Enemies beginning to fly, while we as fast pursued : They left a great Number of Men dead upon the Plain, which rais'd my Hopes again of being soon Masters of the Town, because such a Loss must needs weaken the Garrison very much ; then we took a considerable Number of them alive. I had the good fortune to take one, who seem'd to be of note both by his Garb and Manners ; I remembred how civilly I had been treated by the Governor, when I was in his Condition, and by that brave Man's Example I was resolv'd to use him well. I took him to my Tent, and entertain'd him with what it afforded, which he accepted of with the Behaviour of a Gentleman ; I then enquired after the Governor's Family, for which I express'd a very great Esteem. He said he knew so very little of the Ladies, that he could give no Account of them, but the Governor himself was well. This was but small Satisfaction to me, who had rather have heard from his Niece once, than twice

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twice from him. Next day the Prisoner, according to my Wish, began to make Proposals for his Liberty, and offer'd a handsome Gratuity for it, beside several Presents of value, which few Men would have carried about them at such a time.

I refused all his Gifts ; but told him, if he would do me a piece of Service in the Town, I would take care to have him sent safe thither : He said, my Civility deserved any Service in his power, provided he might do it with Honour, so far he would give me his Word for a Performance. Sir, said I, I scorn to employ a Gentleman in the work of a Villain, all the Request I have to you, is to convey a Letter to the Hands of a fair Lady, which for the Security of your Honour, you shall see is no more than a little Love ; but you must give me your Promise to deliver it as directed, because a Discovery may be of dangerous consequence to her ; you have the Appearance of a Gentleman, and if you are one, you will keep your Word, and remember the Delivery of that Letter is the Price of your Enlargement. He gave me his faithful Promise to be very secret, and then I writ as follows.

IN the Midst of all her Cruelty, Fortune has at last blest'd me with an Opportunity of sending to my dearest Dorothea; and how is my Pleasure doubled, when I tell myself 'twill carry Joy to her ! That Thought, that dear transporting Thought, is my Support under this cruel Separation. What Ages of Woe have I run through, since I was forced away from thy dear Arms ! and how did my happy Hours fly away, when they were spent in viewing thy Charms. Oh ! Why must Gates and Walls and different Interests part us ? What has our mutual private Love to do with publick Affairs ? Why have we not Wings to fly to each other's Embraces ? But my fond desiring Heart makes me say things too extravagant ; yet still I remember I am going to send it to one, whose tender Affections

Affections will make her overlook all the Faults : How happy would a line from my Dorothea's hand make her Adorer ! But if no other way can be found, I will animate myself with new Courage, and make way thro' the Swords of my Enemies to the Arms of my Love. The Bearer is in haste, (for we have no detaining Dorotheas here) which makes me finish before I have well begun, and I conclude this short Epistle, as I shall my Life, with saying I am

Yours always.

This was the Substance of what I writ, and according to my Promise, I first shew'd it to the Bearer, and then seal'd it up and gave it him : He made me all the Protestations in the world of his Care and Secrecy, and then, according to my Promise, I sent him back to the Town. What follow'd on that side afterwards, I knew not ; but can tell you for a very great truth, that I was the joyfullest Man alive, to think how Fate had given me one lucky Minute to bless my hopes, and make the Fair-one glad. I confess it is impertinent to trouble you so long with what concerns no body but myself, and will therefore tell you with as much Brevity as I can, that our Men grew impatient of so tedious a Work, which made them with new Resolution set about it again ; and after much Fatigue, Hazard, and Loss, we at last made a Breach in their Walls, upon which they capitulated, and then surrendered.

This brought a great deal of Pleasure to us all, but to me in particular, who had not only the publick reason for rejoicing, but a private one, of much greater Moment to me, of my own ; I flew with eager haste to see my mourning Dove, and lost not one Moment of that Time I had so long been wishing for, as well as she ; but when I came within the Reach of her lovely Eyes, I found her Looks but too much alter'd : She receiv'd me with a very different Air from what I expected, and tho' I was all Fire

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and Flame, she seem'd like the *Northern Climate*, cold and frozen. My dear *Dorothea*, said I, snatching her to my Bosom, either your Eyes are chang'd, or mine deceive me ; quickly, my Love, convince my Fears, lest I die away before the happy Sound can reach my Ear. Die, Colonel ! said she laughing ; is there any danger of a Man, who has made his way thro' Swords, Guns, and Cannon-Balls to die, because a Woman has chang'd her Mind ? Madam, said I, your Answer is very surprizing, and I own a little shocking ; but 'tis not possible for me to believe so fine an outside can be a case for Perjury, and Falshood. No, you only try what I can bear, and give me pain, to make my pleasure greater ; I would fain flatter myself 'tis so, and cannot think your mind is alter'd with your looks, or that you can forget the Vows you made to me, and confirm'd before the face of Heaven. At this she laugh'd again, and said she thought I had been a Man of more Breeding than to expect a young Lady to keep a promise of two Months standing, and to an absent Lover too ; for, said she,

*He that will not be forgot
Must be always on the spot ;
Absent Friendship won't keep hot,
So says ancient Aristot.*

This founded so like Burlesque and Banter, that I took it for nothing else, and laugh'd in my turn : But now, my *Dorothea*, said I, you have carried your Jest as far as it will go ; for tho' your Artifice has had an Air of Sincerity enough to persuade a timorous unthinking Lover into a Certainty of his Fate, I know you too well to believe you so base, or myself so wretched. No, *Dorothea* is all Goodness, all Justice, all Perfection, and I am still happy in her love. Well then, said she, since your opinion of me is so good, meet me an hour hence at the Cathedral Church,

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Church, and there will I put an end to all your Expectations. I now thought myself within one hour of being the happiest Man upon Earth, and catching her again with the greatest Transport to my Arms, told her she had made choice of the surest, tho' the unkindest way to double my Joy. She told me she had not much time to spare, and desired I would forbear Caresses, till I had a better authority for them, and so left me. I went into the Town to give some Orders to my Men, and to see that they kept within bounds, by which time, this tedious Hour was expired, and then I ran with eager Joy and Haste to find my Blessing. I saw the glorious lovely Fair, false *Dorothea*, at a distance, who came to meet me, and said she thought me long. I blush'd at her Reproach, and blamed my own Delay; but made all the haste I possibly could towards her and the Priest, who waited to join our hands: I clap'd myself close by her side, and thought it had been my place, when, of a sudden, she put me by, and drew another into my room, who I soon knew to be the happy Man, by whom I had sent my Letter. His Estate prevail'd against my Person, and he then and there took possession of what, from a thousand Promises, should have been mine.

I would not have you, Ladies, surprized at this Proceeding; for the Town was not taken; but surrendered, and their Conditions were such as gave them the liberty of their Churches. 'Tis not possible for me to tell you with what just Rage this sight inspired me, to see all my Expectations blasted in a moment, myself stand by neglected, scorn'd, and laugh'd at; while she, of whom I had made myself secure, was given away before my face to another; but where to revenge myself, I knew not, nor on whom. *Dorothea*, who was the chief Aggressor, was yet a Woman, and consequently no Mark for it. Her Husband was the only Person on whom

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it could fall, and him I consider'd first as her Husband, next as an Enemy, from whom I had no reason to expect any thing contrary to his own Interest; and in the third place, I knew it was present Death to draw a Sword in the Church, tho' none of those Reasons would have prevail'd with me, had not another Consideration stop'd my hand; which was, that a Woman, who could make such Vows, and confirm them with so many solemn Imprecations, and in a few Weeks break, forget, and make a Jest of all, when she had done, was not worth the least Hazard I could run for her: and therefore I immediately left the Church and Town, threw up my Commission, quitted the Army, and came back again to *England*, where I have ever since liv'd a private life, upon a small allowance from an angry Father. And thus I have given you the true Character of the only Woman I ever did or ever will love.

Ay, *said I*, but who will believe you? you know what Promises you made against Love before, and that little blind Bastard, as you call him, has the same tricks to draw you in now, that he had then; ten to one, but he will find out another *Dorothea* for you, on purpose to be reveng'd on your flights. But what ails that Lady, *said I*, (to one who sat by me,) she is gone out not well, I fear; can she speak? Yes, *said she*, few Women are dumb, she can speak, but she seldom does, and this Gentleman's Story has touch'd her to the quick; her History is short, and I will tell it you in as few words as I can, for fear Supper should interrupt us. Know then, this very Lady, who is now gone out, had the misfortune to live so long unmarried, that at last she arrived at the name and standing of an old Maid; and Husbands being very scarce in that part of the world, where she liv'd, it was much to be fear'd, Necessity would oblige her to a Continuation in that lamented condition some time longer: But tho' she had been redu-

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ced to her last Prayers a long time, Fortune at long run look'd pleas'd, and smiled upon her, and was so very good as to visit her with a Lover, which she, according to the Motives of Prudence, accepted of. The Gentleman came, and was well receiv'd by the Lady and her Friends, and the good humble Soul was as well pleas'd himself with what he was going to do.

Things were in a very little time concluded on, and they were to be married forthwith; but the poor Bride elect was so transported at the Thoughts of a Husband, that she could not forbear expressing her Content to a young Cousin she had in *Shropshire*, to whom she sent a Letter with a very importunate Invitation to come to the Wedding: beside, she pretended she wanted her advice; tho' it is not very likely, she who had been so long praying for an Invitation to Matrimony, would have been perswaded easily from it, when it offer'd. The Cousin however writ to her again, and wish'd her many Years of Joy, advised her to be expeditious, and told her, Delays in Love were dangerous; but withal sent her word, that she had for some time been very ill, and was but just recover'd, that the Weather was very unfit for travelling, the Days short and cold, and all those Disadvantages consider'd, she desired of all things to be excused. The Bride resents her refusal, and immediately sends again, to let her know how ill she takes it, that she should deny her the Pleasure of her Company at such a time, and that she was resolv'd not to marry till she came, therefore begg'd of her to come with the Messenger. So much Importunity at last prevails upon the good-humour'd Lady, and, tho' with danger to her health, she set forward and came. The Lover she views, and likes him well; and, curse on all ill luck, he does as much by her, falls most desperately in love with her, and in a few days made an exchange, took a pretty young Girl,

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tho' no Fortune, for that ugly old one, and a Thousand Pounds, whom he left to bewail, not the loss of her Virginity, but the preservation of it. This made a great noise in the Country, and every unmannerly body made bold to make a Jest on't ; inso-much, that it became the table-talk of the very Plow-men. This gave the Lady so much Uneasiness, that she was forced to leave that part of the Country, and fly hither for a little rest ; tho' she had not been here long, before that spiteful Discoverer, Fame, brought the Story after her, and it is now as well known here, as it was there ; for which reason, I suppose she will make no long stay where she is, but e'en return to the place from whence she came, because good-natur'd Report will follow her wherever she goes, and she had better confine her Disgrace to the place where it had its birth, than spread it all over the Nation by rambling. By this time, the bell rung for Supper, and put an end to the Labour of the Tongue, to make way for that of the Teeth ; and when we had jaded our Jaws, we fell to scandal again, and began upon the same subject, the Lady being absent ; and every body was as witty upon her Misfortune as—— they could.

This poor Lady's ill luck with her Lover, puts me in mind, *said I*, of an unfortunate Fellow, I once heard of ; which, tho' it is not a parallel case, has some little similitude, as to the success. His Name was *Astropus*, and a very industrious Man he was, but no Undertaking ever prosper'd in his hand, tho' he try'd many ways to get the better of Fortune ; at last he resolv'd to take up the common trade of selling Ale, which his Wife very much oppos'd ; but he was Master, and so it should be. When he had almost teaz'd her to death, for her own Quiet she sets herself to work, and brews a Barrel of toping Ale, which was to make her very famous at a Fair, that was coming on ; and since she must be an Ale-Wife,

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she had a mind to begin with a good Name. The Fair-Day came, the Ale was tapp'd, the House swept, herself and Daughter dish'd out in their Holyday Clothes, and all things in as good order as could be; but the Fair fill'd much faster than their House did, and it was past noon before any body came near them. At last two Men came in, and call'd each of them for a single pot of Ale; but before they had drank them, some dispute arose, which ended in a Quarrel, and they threw the Pots and Drink at one another's heads, and went away to box it out, without paying for either, and those, tho' very bad, were the best, and all the Guests they had during the whole Fair: so the poor Man was as long bringing his Wife to sell Ale, as the Lady was getting a Lover, and they turn'd much to the same account. Madam, *said a Gentleman in the Company*, you have brought in this Story, as the Parson did *Sampson*. Pray, Sir, *reply'd I*, how was that? By the head and shoulders, *said he*; for I see no manner of Connexion betwixt yours, and that which went before. I am sorry, Sir, *said I*, my Story did not please you, but hope you do not think I would be guilty of so much Absurdity, as to entertain the Company with the same thing over again; my business was to divert the subject, and bring in something new: but perhaps your Brains may be a little foul, and you can't digest variety; if so, you would do well to withdraw, and make room for some body, who has a better Understanding. But I fancy I know your Grief, you have had some very witty thing ready to broach, and I baulk'd you so long, you have forgot it; if that be your case, I do not wonder you are angry, for I am apt to believe such things are accidental, and happen but seldom. Madam, *said he*, if I am not witty, I would be thought wise; and to deserve that Character, I must no longer hold an angry Dialogue with you, but had rather confess my Fault,

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and beg your pardon. If you desire my pardon, *return'd I*, you shall have it, and take likewise a little advice with it: Would you keep yourself in a whole skin, never strive to put a Woman out of conceit with her own talk, or Man either; for we all naturally think well of what we say ourselves, and no body appears more our Enemy, than those who take pains to persuade us we are Fools.

By this time, every body had talked out their Stage, and late hours bid us think of home: When we had call'd for our Coaches, and those that had none, for their Horses; we all return'd to our own Habitations, where, very probably, the talk of the Day and Evening found subject for the next Sunrise: but not many days past before I was fate alone in my closet, and heard a hoarse untunable Voice enquire for me. The Raven-croak alarm'd me, and I made haste to see what Omen attended. When I got down, I saw a very ugly old Fellow with a Paper in his hand, which he said he was charg'd to give into mine: And as soon as he had deliver'd it, he went away. I found by the Supercription I was a stranger to the hand, tho' when I had open'd it, I was more at a loss to know the Author; but tho' I did not know him, perhaps the Reader may, and therefore I give the Letter at large.

MADAM,

THO' I have no great reason to appear your Friend, yet out of pure charity and pity to your Weakness, my Advice must reach your Ear. Your Head (I am sorry for't) seems a little disorder'd, and therefore I would have you for your own good sleep more, and talk less; your wits bubble up so fast, I am afraid they will boil over, and then all the Fat will be in the Fire, and you will lose part of that Scum and Froth, which makes you so very pert: Your counterpart, Mrs. Johnson, met with areward for her Wit last night; for pretending to be smart upon Mrs. Gillford,

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Gillford, *she threw a Glass of Wine in her Face, so that one may see the visible marks of her Wit in her Clothes. You are both resolv'd to distinguish yourselves for something, tho' my Concern for her is not great, but your Affectation gives me the Spleen, and the whole Country takes notice of your Pride; with how much Insolence you usurp a Superiority over those, who know how to talk, and behave themselves as much to advantage as you do. If you can find in your heart to part with your darling Follies, perhaps you may purchase my Esteem; if not, you must expect no more than barely the pity of your plain-dealing Friend*

ABCDEF.

This familiar Billet made me very industrious to find out the Author; in order to which, I sent after the old Man, and had him brought back again, and used all my Art to bring him to a Discovery: but the Rogue's Resolutions were as tough as his Hide; and he soon let me understand, he should leave me just as wise as he found me. At last I prevail'd with him to carry an Answer to the piece of civility he brought me, tho' he would not let me know to whom I was obliged for it; and then I went back to my Chamber, where I invoked Spight to come to my aid, and writ him the following Lines.

Good Mr. Alphabet,

I should never forgive myself for my Ingratitude, should I forbear sending you my Thanks by the Bearer, for all the Care and Cost you have been at, on my account. I say Cost, because without doubt you have put yourself to the expence of much Study and Labour. I'll warrant no less than the Loss of a whole Night's rest has served to produce such wonderful Effects of your pity and great charity; but I fear your Converse is a little too frequent with the Cook-maid, which I guess at from your greasy Simile's, as Fat, Scum, Froth, and so forth, which are I find the Ingredients that go to make Folks pert. I beg you would preserve the
Receipt,

Receipt, it may turn to your Emolument, or at least be of service to yourself, if you should chance to grow duller than you are, which I think would be a Miracle. But you say, the visible Marks of Mrs. Johnson's Wit are to be seen, which is not another Miracle, because most visible things are to be seen; but if you would oblige the world with a Rarity in good earnest, you must spy out something invisible, and then I will allow you to be a very extraordinary Oculist.

Methinks I am concern'd to hear you inveigh so much against Wit; I fear it is for the same reason that the Mob rail at Grandure and fine Clothes, because they are out of their reach: but I shall go on till I am as impertinent as yourself, which I would willingly avoid; and therefore if you have not answer enough to your Letter, be pleas'd to borrow a Bible, and read the finishing Stroke in the 26th Chapter of the Proverbs, and the 4th Verse, which will conclude all Disputes betwixt good Mr. Alphabet and his
Humble Servant.

As soon as I had finish'd my Billet, I carried it down to the sturdy old Man, who took a good deal of persuading to stay till I had done; and with a Shilling for Postage, gave it him, and desired he would deliver it that night. He said, he would go with it that minute; which was to my wish, for I immediately dispatch'd a Fellow after him, to dog him, who kept at a distance till he saw him hous'd; and by that means, I found my Antagonist to be the very Gentleman, who a few days before jarr'd with me, for not matching my Story well with one that went before it. I was very well pleas'd at my Discovery; but my Curiosity had like to have cost me dear, for a day or two after, I had a Relation came to see me, and because I would entertain him with something more than ordinarily diverting, I shew'd him the Letter, and unadvisedly told him from whom it came. He was a Man of a pretty warm
Temper,

Temper, and had a very great value for me, which made him a little impatient of the Affront, and he thought it a fault to let so much Impudence go unpunish'd; the next morning therefore he goes to the Gentleman's House before I was up, and with more Resentment than the Provocation deserv'd, told him he expected Satisfaction. The other, who was no great Sword's-man, was surprized at his Errand, and heartily vex'd at what he said, never stood to parley with him, but let loose a huge Mastiff Dog upon him, who without compliment took him by the arm and shook him soundly; which did not only spoil his tilting then, but threw him into a Fever, and had like to have cost him his Life. This, I must own, rais'd new Indignation in me, and I could not forbear sending him such a message as made him pale with Anger. But when he had consider'd of what he had done, his Stomach came down, and he express'd a great Concern for what had happen'd, but laid the fault on his want of reason, which his Passion had deprived him of at that time. He came to me, and made a long Apology, and thus excused himself. You cannot but own, Madam, *said he*, that so many angry Menaces from a Man I knew not, and to whom I had given no just cause, was provoking to the last degree.

I find you know me for the Author of a Letter sent you some days ago, which I only intended for your Diversion; but by your answer to it, I find you did not take it as I design'd it. I must needs say, I thought you had by that sufficiently reveng'd yourself without seeking for any other Satisfaction, and therefore did not expect you to send one to surprize me in my own house. Sir, *said I*, the Action you charge me with, is so unjust, that I can hardly deny it with patience. No, had I known the least of his Design, I would have prevented his Misfortune, and your distinguishing yourself to be a Coward: A
Man

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Man who dares not draw a Sword, should never wear one; nor need he defend himself, who keeps a Mastiff for his Bully: if you did not know the Person, you saw he look'd as much like a Gentleman as yourself, and was not to be treated like a Mid-Night House-breaker.

Madam, *said he*, I can bear your Reproaches, because I know your Concern, and I do assure you mine is not less than your own; but since I cannot undo what my want of thought has done, I first sue for your pardon, and then intreat you to conduct me to the sick Gentleman, that I may interceed for his too. I own, *said I*, good Words are very powerful, and go as far with me as any body; and since you have ask'd my pardon, you shall have it; but you must have a very great opinion of my Relation's Temper, if you expect his, at least till he is well again. However, tho' he is of a fiery nature, he is withal of a forgiving one; and I dare almost promise, will have a pardon as ready for asking as I had. Then, Madam, *said he*, be but my Convoy to him, and you shall see we'll soon be Friends. I went with him to my Kinsman, who was just gotten up, and when he saw who was with me, he started from his Seat, and said, I should be glad, Sir, to know whether you come arm'd with your Sword or your Dog; if the latter, I shall play the Coward as much now as you did before, and call for help. Sir, *said t'other*, I come now arm'd with nothing but Patience to hear all your just Reproaches, and a Resolution to beg ten thousand pardons for what I have done; and I heartily wish it were in my power to bear part of your Pain, that you might see I could do as well as say. This mild Answer turn'd away all the sick Man's Wrath, and he became calm and mild, and used him with as much Civility as if he had prophesied what was to follow. After they had sat a while, Mr. *Watts* (for that was my Neighbour's Name)

told

told my Cuz, he had certainly seen him somewhere before, or else a Person extremely like him, tho' he neither knew when, or where. I believe, Sir, *said my Relation*, it has rather been somebody like me, than myself, for I come from *Mansfield* in *Wiltshire*, which is a great way from this Place. *Mansfield!* *said the other*, I had once a very fair Prospect of being a happy Man in the Arms of a fine Woman at that Town, the Daughter of one Mr. *Elliot*; but by the Persuasion of a Brother of hers, she left me to wear the willow, and took another of his recommending. Pray, Sir, *said I*, how long is it since you were at *Mansfield*? I was there, when she was married, and I do not remember I saw you there. It is, *said he*, five Years since, and I do assure you, Madam, I came off not only a pensive, but an expensive Lover. Your Memory, *said my Cousin*, is something better than mine, for you have a faint Idea of my Face, while I had entirely forgot yours; but it is very likely you will say by and by, Chance has reveng'd your Quarrel, for I am that individual Brother, who put a stop to your Amour, and do confess I have liv'd long enough to repent of what I did. For he that I persuaded her to, made only the worst Husband in the world; but thank Fate, she is now rid of him, for he has been dead these fifteen Months, has left her one Child well provided for, and a good Jointure, which he could not hinder her from; so that if you have any of the old Fire yet unquenched, you may blow up the Embers, and try once more what you can do: she is still young and handsome, and I promise you I will no more oppose you. Her Inclinations once stood fair for you, and if they do so still, you have good grounds to build your Hopes upon; for I do assure you, I found great difficulty to displace you.

Why truly, *said Mr. Watts*, I cannot confess myself so much a Fool as to say I have any Remains of
Love,

Love, after being despised and slighted for another; but I have still a Respect, a Value, and an Esteem, which with a little Encouragement would soon grow up into something very like it: and if you will give me leave to wait upon you home, I will once more try her's, and Fortune's Kindness.

Do, said Mr. Elliot, and may both favour your Designs; but if you are as much alter'd in her eye as you are in mine, she will think I have brought her a Visitor she never saw in her Life before. However, as soon as I am able to undertake such a Journey, we will go and try how good her Memory is. About a Fortnight after, he grew pretty well, and they went together, where I heard the Sister and he agreed upon all matters; and, with the Approbation of all her Friends, Mr. *Alphabet* and she made a match: so the Consequence of an angry Letter was a very happy Wedding. And some time after they were married, I went to make them a Visit, and staid on that side of the Country a considerable time, where I had many good Acquaintance, and among them one young Lady of much Merit and a considerable Fortune; she was so humble in her choice of Friends, that she singled me out for a particular one, and I was more with her than any body else. She had an Aunt, who liv'd about twenty Miles from her, not her own, but an Uncle's Widow; the which Uncle would have done well for this Niece, if he might have had Peace and Quietness: but his Wife, who had two Children by a former Husband, was for ingrossing all to herself, that she might have a power to dispose of what there was, if she out-liv'd her Spouse; and at last, betwixt Wheedle and Noise, she brought him to make a Will after her own heart, in which every body was excluded but herself, and she had the disposal of his whole Fortune, which was a very considerable one. Not long after, the Husband dies, and then she had full Possession of all.

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This, one may imagine, nettled the young Lady; to see all that Money, which ought to have been hers, given to the Children of a Man she had not the least relation to, and herself intirely cut off, was enough to give her some Uneasiness: but as she did not want it, Time wore it out, tho' she still had a sort of a grudge to the Aunt, who she knew was the occasion of all.

The old Lady had however sent the young one many Invitations to come and see her, which she at last accepted of; and being one day in a rambling humour, she resolv'd to go next Morning, and sent for me to go with her. I went, and lay there all night, and in the morning we set forward. We had not ridden ten Miles of our Journey, when a Gentleman well mounted, and alone, overtook us, between whom and my Friend was a very pleasant Dialogue; at least I thought it so, and hope it will bear Repetition. She was a very pretty, witty Woman, and her greatest fault was being a little too frolicsome; but all her Words and Actions were guarded by Modesty, and she never said that thing could cause a Blush. The Gentleman, when he had look'd at her, rode up very close to us, and very briefly ask'd her if she was married; to which, she as concisely answer'd, no. How long, *said he*, do you intend to live a single Life? Till I meet with one I like, that will have me, *reply'd she*. What think you of me? *return'd the Gentleman*? Think of you, *said the Lady*; why, if I am to be plain with you, I think you have as much Pride as Impudence, and as little Wit as Beauty. Faith, Madam, *said he*, that's plain indeed; and without you give me some very good reasons for your indifferent opinion of me, I shall be very ready to call both your Good-nature and Good-manners in question. But, *return'd she*, who must be judge, whether my reasons are good or no? not yourself, for 'tis in your own Cause, and those
reasons

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reasons which I may think very good for what I say, you, in all probability, will not allow to be so: but your Pride consists in the good opinion you have of yourself, which must be very great, or you would hardly expect a Woman should like you well enough the first minute she sees you, to tell you without any more a-do, that she will have you; but again, you confirm my opinion of your Pride, by being angry at what I said: why should you pretend to take it ill, that I answer'd your own Question directly, which was what I thought of you? and because I have spoke the truth without hypocrisy, you charge me with Ill-nature, and want of Manners. Madam, *said he*, I should never have guess'd by your Face, that you were one of the last Age; yet sure if you were not, you would know, that nothing is a greater sign of mechanick Breeding, than speaking truth, nor of Ill-nature, than telling people of their faults: beside, you charge me with things I am not guilty of, you should rather have blamed me for too much humility in offering myself to one, who perhaps does not deserve me.

That, *reply'd the Lady*, is indeed a sign of your folly; but not of your humility, for in all outward appearance, as far as one may guess by Looks and Dress, I certainly deserve as well as you, and 'tis ten to one but you are some younger Brother, whose Patrimony is dispos'd of at the Groom-porter's, or the Tavern, or both; and now you wisely consider, you may possibly mend your Fortune, but can't make it worse; so, hit or miss, you'll e'en take the first that will have you. Come if that be your case, be free and own it; I'll be your Confidant, and help you to a superannuated Lady, who has a great deal of Money to give for a great deal of ill usage, where you may have her company, and the pleasure of thrashing her as long as her Money lasts, and of leaving her upon the Parish when it is gone.

This

This is generally the deserved luck of such Fools, and I dare say, if you would speak your mind freely, it is the very thing you would be at. Hold, Madam, *said he*, I must interrupt you, or you will run on so long, that I shall forget where to begin an answer. I remember about a quarter of an Hour ago, you were pleas'd to be very smart upon me for my Pride; but I confess it is very natural for us to find that a Fault in another, which we are extremely prone to justify in ourselves, else why do you tell me you deserve as well as I? is there no Pride in that Expression? Clear yourself of it, and I will submit to the rest of your censure, and go along with you to see the worn-out Lady you just told me of. Sir, *reply'd she*, I can very easily clear myself of Pride in every thing I have said, since there is a modest esteem of ourselves allow'd us, especially when our worth is call'd in question. But it is not my business to disclaim my Pride, but rather to justify it, for a Woman without it looks as like a Fool, as a Man with it looks like a Coxcomb: You will, I hope, allow there are several things Faults in you, which are none in us; how ready are we, and even ourselves, to call that Man a *Mr. Maiden*, who spends his Mornings in dress at a looking-glass, and his Afternoons in making visits, drinking tea, and criticizing upon the nicety of Good-breeding? On the contrary, it would be every whit as ridiculous for us Women to be every day at a Coffee-house, talking Politicks and reading Gazettes; then at night to spend our time at the Tavern smoaking Tobacco and drinking Bumpers. So that you see one Person may be condemn'd for the same action, which may very well be justify'd in another, especially betwixt your Sex and ours.

I find, Madam, *return'd the Gentleman*, you are resolv'd to be too hard for me every way, and I may as well submit, which now I do; but methinks be-

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fore I leave you, I should try to bring you to a better opinion of me, and beg you will no longer believe me a younger Brother, who would gladly sell my Peace, my Quiet, my Happiness, nay and my Heaven too, for Gain: Therefore tell me no more of what is nauseous to my Thoughts, but use your interest with one, whose Merit hath created my esteem. Now should I ask you, *said she*, who that is; but to let you see how quick my Apprehension is, and how willing I am to save you the labour of telling, I will (*sans* farther Speeches) suppose it is myself, and you shall have my answer the next time we meet, for I fancy you are in no great haste, and I am now very near my Journey's end. Well, Madam, *reply'd he*, I am now going, after all the sparring Blows we have had, to be very courtly, and must tell you, a Man who has once engaged himself in your agreeable company, cannot be in haste to leave it, which you shall see by my future Proceedings; for I intend to go with you where-ever you are going, and there stay till you determine my Fate.

Did I not tell you, *said she*, at first, you were a Man of consummate Impudence? and I now find you are resolv'd to keep up your character; but because I would be civil in my turn, I do not much care if I tell you, it becomes you better than it does most people, and you have carried your jest as handsomely on: but by the little Conversation I have had with you, I fancy the order of this house will not well agree with your Constitution; for if you enter these Gates, you must conform (tho' that Word be abominable) to the rules within prefix'd: You must pray three times a-day, sing Psalms till you are black in the face, and get the Assembly's Catechism by heart; you must read and expound a Chapter out of the Revelations every night to the Family after Supper; you must, in your turn, say a Grace fifteen Minutes long, after which you must pray for
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neither Church nor State ; as soon as the Clock strikes nine, you must start fair with the rest of the Family to bed ; you must be up and dress'd by seven, or else you lose your Breakfast ; and now come if you dare. Faith, Madam, *said our new Acquaintance*, the conditions are very hard, and not at all agreeable ; but he's a Coward-Knight, who dares not run thro' a few Difficulties to purchase the company of a fair Lady he likes ; beside, Madam, if my Observations have been made right, you will be as soon weary of this way of living as I shall be, and will not make it your choice long ; for which reason, I dare promise to run all hazards, and think it very possible to bear as much as you can do : therefore promise to encourage me as an acquaintance, and I will go in with you, and we will do penance together.

Stay, *said the Lady*, you know not the worst yet, for if you go with me, you must do penance indeed ; and beside what I have already told you, you must make love to a very ugly, tho' young Woman, and if you can but beat them at their own weapon, and play the hypocrite heartily, you will make yourself and me a great deal of sport, and place an obligation where you seem to desire it. You see, Madam, *said the Gentleman*, I am willing to do any thing rather than part with you, and every time I comply, you impose a new and harder task upon me ; I am as seldom backward at a frolick as any body, but if I should undertake this, and get my bones broke for my pains with a sanctify'd cudgel, you'd only laugh at me, and say, Why were you such a Fool to be advised by a Stranger ? No, *said she*, that would be base indeed, put yourself under my protection, and if you go sound in, I'll give you my Word and Honour you shall come so out again. To shew you, *said he*, how great my opinion of you is, I will go with you, whatever is the event, and you shall command me as you please. You shall never repent the trust

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you put in me, *reply'd she* ; but now we are just at the Door, pray what am I to call you? I find, *said he*, they are an holy People, and I think it will not be amiss to suit the name accordingly ; if you please you may call me *Good*. That, *return'd she*, will do, and now, Mr. *Good*, you and I are to appear no longer Strangers to each other ; come, alight, and take me down.

Here the old Lady approach'd us, the very picture of Hypocrisy, and with an holy accent bid us welcome ; the Daughter also came out in her night-gear, which added much to the lustre of her face, a Description of which may not be unnecessary : It was exactly shaped like a Half-moon, with a Fore-head bulging out, and a long Chin turning up to meet it ; her Eyes were white and small, her Hair black and frizzy, and her Face was full of black-headed Worms, which passed sometimes for small Patches, to the great mortification of her Mother, who had such an Abhorrence for the spots of the Whore of *Babylon*, that she would have been better pleas'd to have had them pass for what they really were, than for what they did. But tho' her Face was as I have described it, her Humour was ten thousand times more to be despised ; insomuch, that if it were possible for any body to be worse than the worst, she had certainly found out the receipt : A little unbred Wit she had, which naturally run itself into Satyr, and that made her so much the more intolerable to be borne. And this was the lovely figure my Friend had provided for her unknown Attendant, who stood admiring her matchless Charms, with Eyes that darted Contempt and Aversion ; I wish I could turn my pen into a pencil, that for the Reader's Diversion I might draw his Looks while he beheld the hated Object : for my part, I was forced, in spite of my teeth, to show them, for after I had cough'd, blow'd my nose, bit my lips, and

and done a hundred unnecessary things, I was fain to give it vent, and then contrive an excuse for it. But the young unlucky Baggage that brought us there, seeing how big we were with Laugh, said a thousand merry things to give us an excuse to grin; while the old Lady with a rebuke to her for being so wild, desired us to walk in, and then convey'd us into the very best Parlour, where we had not been long before the Son came to us with a Drawer's Compliment in his mouth——Very welcome, Ladies and Gentleman. He had got just one step above his Sister, on Beauty's stair-case; tho' I wonder her Footmen did not kick them both down, for pretending to come there at all. His Temper was the very reverse of what it seem'd to be, and while he was fawning upon you, and expressing a deal of love, it was ten to one but he was contriving to do you an ill turn; tho' in his Behaviour he was a perfect Sir *Mannerly Shallow*, and in his Dress a Sir *Fopling*, as far as he durst or was capable. His Complexion was true buff, but he mightily affected looking red; in order to which, he always tied his Neck-cloth as strait, to force the Blood into his face, as if he were trying by degrees to bring himself to be halter-proof: then again, to shew the extremity of his Perfections, he would often force a Song upon us, tho' he had *Grimalkin's* voice, and made a more untunable noise than a Pig in a pail; yet when he pretended to be witty, he was really diverting, for he was then always the greatest Fool.

Surrounded with all those good Qualities, he thought himself a very suitable young Fellow for his new-come Cousin, being resolv'd to have a pretty Woman what-ever came on't, for fear, I suppose, of spoiling the Breed; for he had an extravagant good opinion of his own merit, and was a true lover of himself, without any Rival. Being loth to lose time, he first went to ask his Mother leave, and then came

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to us again, and offer'd his awkward service before us all, which gave *Mr. Good* as much diversion as he himself had given us a little before. The Mother of those two Rarities was not so inconsiderable, but she deserves a little notice, and was one of the godliest, busiest, praying, imperious, holy, back-biting old Women I had ever seen; she constantly pray'd three times a-day with a laudable voice, and all the rest of her time was spent in abusing her Neighbours, and bragging of her Family, the top of which was a rooking Brother, who had gamed long enough to keep a Coach; which made the poor Woman so vain and proud, that she thought neither her Son or Daughter would ever be match'd to their worth. But after a little time spent in——doing of nothing, *Mr. Good*, our new old Friend, turn'd to the grave Lady, who sat rocking like an old house in a high wind, and made the following Speech: I ought, Madam, to apologize for my Intrusion into your house, being so unfortunate as to be an entire Stranger to you; but, Madam, I beg you will place the trouble I give you to your Niece's account, by whose Encouragement and Invitation I am come, and I hope, when I have made my designs known to you, my Proposals will not be rejected, nor my Suit denied.

The old Lady was very much at a loss for his meaning, as well she might, and look'd at every body round, to see who would explain his Words; but all being dumb, she call'd however for a Glass of Sack, and drank to the Gentleman, and then with her usual Formality got up and went out, beckoning me to follow her, that I might give her Information of one I knew just nothing of myself. Who, *said she to me*, is this Man my Niece has brought hither, and what is the meaning of what he said? Madam, *return'd I*, he is not my acquaintance, but your Niece's; all that I could gather from their Discourse, was, that

hat he has a mind to make love, either to you, or your Daughter; but I know not which; if you please, *continu'd I*, I will go in and send her to you, she is much the fittest Person to inform you, because she knows more of the matter. Court me! *said she, laughing*; no, no, what should he court me for?—*Nancy* indeed——but pray step in, and send my Niece, for I long to hear more on't. I went in, and told my Friend, betwixt her and I, what addition I had made to her Comedy; and then we went out to the old Lady, and left Mr. *Good* to improve his Time with the young one.

Come, Niece, *said the Aunt*, I am in great haste to know who this Man is, that you have brought here, and on whom his Design is. Why truly, *Madam, said the Niece*, I am a little out of countenance about the matter; for when I brought him, as he is one of your own Persuasion, and a grave, solid, sober, young Man; I intended him for yourself: but—*alas, Madam*, I blush to tell you——as soon as he saw my Cousin *Nancy*, he came and whisper'd in my ear—that he liked her best, and bid me say nothing to you at all. Ha! well, *said she*, who can help those things? young Folks will like young Folks best; but you say nothing of his Estate, Cousin, and that must be consider'd: I do not doubt but he likes my *Nancy*, and the truth on't is, I like him very well; but I must not throw her away on one that has nothing: what Estate has he, what Estate, I say? So good a one, *Madam, reply'd she*, that had it not been for his heavy flegmatick Religion, neither you, nor Miss *Nancy* should have been troubled with him, for I would have had him myself; but I found he was fonder of that, than he was of me, and for that reason I gave up my own Inclinations; but was resolv'd, if I could, to have him among us, because I know his worth, and I would not have you so much the Girl's

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Enemy, as to refuse him, but marry (according to the Proverb) your Daughter when you can.

When I can! *said the half angry Lady*; I would have you to know, I can marry her when I please; but, as you say, this young Man is very sober, and very good, I will enquire into his Circumstances and Temper, and if I like them, I'll talk with him about the matter, for if he should prove an ill Husband, it would break my heart. Enquire, Madam! *said the young Lady, with an angry air*; is my Word of so little credit with you, that you dare not take it upon any occasion? Do you think I am come here to ruin your Daughter? No, I dare pawn my Life for him, that he will never make her a bad Husband, I know him too well for that; and for enquiring after his Temper, 'tis all a jest, Men have the art of disguising as well as we, and can as industriously hide the failings of their own humours: Believe me, Madam, there is not, or ever will be one happy Couple in this nation, who do not mutually endeavour to oblige and please each other; therefore take the Girl, and advise her accordingly, and I will answer for his Behaviour, when they are married. Well, Child, *said the deluded Aunt*, I know you have more Wit than I, and I dare take your word for any thing, so if they like one another—why—with all my heart, but I'll never force her, do ye hear, Child, I will never force her. No, Madam, *reply'd t'other*, there will be no need of Force, I'll warrant you; Miss Nancy will have more wit, than to want forcing into the arms of a fine young Gentleman with a good Estate: but I'll go to them again, and stay with them, till they are a little better acquainted, while you give order for supper.

We both went back, and found the two loving things fate very close, but knew not how they entertain'd one another. As soon as Miss Nancy saw the Lady and I come in, she got up, and went out for
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Some Information from her Mother ; she was no sooner gone, than Mr. *Good* and my Friend began to compare notes, and found the Mother and Daughter were both managed according to our own wishes. But, Madam, *said Mr. Good*, methinks you only employ me in a pretended Amour to divert me from a real one, and while I am busied in your affair, lose ground in my own. No, *return'd she*, you gain it rather, for had it not been for this Scheme, which a little Revenge put into my head, you and I had before this been parted for ever ; but this is not to the purpose, no matter how you like me, I desire to know how you like pretty Miss. Like her ! *said he*, as a Seaman does the Bilboes, or a Soldier a Whipping-post, as a Quaker does a Compliment, or her Mother a common Prayer-Book. In short, if I were going to be hang'd, I would not change my condition for that of being her Husband. Why then, *said the Lady*, I find I run no great hazard, when I ventured to promise you would never make her a bad one ; but here comes my Adorer, half throttled in his own Crevat, his Face looks as if he had been at cuffs with some body, all black and blue ; save it, what a stiff, formal Fop it is ! Aye, Madam, *said Mr. Good*, let you and I but like one another heartily, and we are both provided with excellent Antidotes against Jealousy. By this time the Booby came in, and going up to the young Lady, *said*, My Mother, Cousin, has lock'd herself up with my Sister, I wonder what she is saying to her, do you know, Cousin ? No really, Sir, *said she*, I do not know, and I take it ill you should ask me, because it looks as if you took me for a Conjurer, and I am sure I never thought you one in my life, nor should I ever have a good opinion of any body else that did : Dear Cousin, *said he*, I give you ten thousand Thanks for your good Kindness to me, and I hope, if so be, as that things fall out as I wish, to make you a-
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mends for all; but I wonder what a-clock it is. Why that, *reply'd my mad-cap Friend*, is a very material question, considering how much we all want our Suppers; I believe it is past eight, and I wish you would go and tell your Mother so; perhaps you may find out the Secret, you would so. *sin* be let into, if you can but Eves-drop handsomely. By my vads and so I will, *said he*; but I can tell my Mother one thing, if she won't tell me her Secrets, she shall never know mine.

He was no sooner gone, than the Beauty his Sister appear'd, with a Blush and a guilty Look, that told us all, what her Instructions had been. Come, Madam, *said Mr. Good*, why do you rob me of all the Pleasure I come for? My only Business here is to converse with you, and if you deprive me of the Happiness of your company, you give me a very sensible Uneasiness, and will make me fear I am rejected for some happier Man. No truly, Sir, *said she*, with her natural Pride, I do not like you Men so well as to engage two at once, I think one too many unless they were better than they generally are. Oh! Madam, *said he*, have a care of railing at our Sex, for it is very natural for Men and Women to like one another, and when a Woman speaks invidiously against Men in general, every body will conclude, she must either have been robb'd of what she should have preserv'd, or they have all been so remiss, as never to offer their service; now in either of those two cases, I'll allow a Woman to be angry: But, Madam, I have a much better opinion of your Merit and Discretion, than to believe that either of those Reasons are your's; and therefore I should be glad to have it in my power to persuade you from what other people may not judge so favourably of. Sir, *said she*, I have no great regard to the Judgment of any body, nor shall I ever consult any thing but my own will, which I shall always think sufficient to

justify

justify whatever I do. Madam, *said he*, by my consent you shall have your own will in all things, and I hope it will be propitious to my wishes. At that the modest Creature blush'd again, and by her silence told him, Yes.

Well, *said my Friend*, you may sit and make love as long as you please, but for my part I cannot live upon it, I must go and see for something to eat: if all those fine things were said to myself, perhaps I might strain a point, and go with the Thoughts of them supperless to bed; but as it is, I am for something that may be seen and felt, as well as heard and understood, so let you and I, *said she to me*, go and leave them together. This, she knew was as bad as drowning to the poor Hypocrite, who was forcing an unwilling tongue to say fine things to one he heartily wish'd in the low Parlour of a certain subterraneous Prince. We stay'd a considerable time away, and then began to think a release would do him more good than his Supper, tho' we did suppose he might have a pretty good stomach to both; and when we thought he had done penance enough, we return'd, and found him fast asleep. Why how now, Mr. Good, *said I*, what has your Lady's Charms lull'd you into a Dream? or do you sleep now, that you may lie awake all night, and think of her? No, Madam, *said he*, (starting up and rubbing his eyes) but I am so besotted with my Love, that I sleep waking; beside, as soon as you were gone, the Lady thought there was nothing left worth her notice, and the Example she gave me of silence, made me drouzy. Sir, *said the half angry ugly Cousin*, if you could but give an example as readily as you can take one, perhaps we might have had talk enough to have kept you awake. Madam, *said Mr. Good*, the more a Man strives to suit his Words to the worth of the Object he adores, the more he is at a loss to say something worthy of so fine an Ear; no wonder then,

then, if I was dumb, while I was conscious to myself, I could never say what you deserv'd. This downright abusive Compliment, would have made us very merry, but we were not willing to lose a great deal of sport for a little, so contented ourselves with giving them a summons to supper; which we hoped would make one brisker, and t'other better condition'd.

Three days were now spent in this mock Courtship, during which time, Mr. *Good*, by his seeming Sanctity, had got very deep into the good Graces of the old Lady, and the young one began to comply apace; but the Follies of life, tho' pleasing for a time, will cloy at last, and we all grew so weary of our undertaking, that we wish'd for nothing more than a Period, to which we design'd to bring it as soon as we could. One Morning early, we three Conspirators met in the Garden, when Mr. *Good* thus apply'd himself to my acquaintance: I am so sick, Madam, of this ungrateful work you have put me upon, that unless you contrive to bring it to a speedy Conclusion, I shall never have patience to go thro' with it. Nay, Sir, *reply'd she*, say not so, for if you do not stay to finish what you have begun with so much success, all that is past will stand for nothing, and I think it is pity to murder so hopeful a Project. You act, *said he*, upon sure grounds, and both your frolick and revenge is gratify'd; but what return must I expect for all the Mortification I have gone thro'? Give me but some hopes of your future favour, or I shall feel an uneasiness, which I cannot express, nor would you believe it, if I could. If you begin to grow serious, *said she*, 'tis time for me to do so too; I would not purchase the frolick you speak of, at the expence of my own ruin: You know, Sir, I am an absolute Stranger bothe to your Name and Fortune, and sure even you yourself could not like a Woman, whose Weakness was so great, as to suffer her to give
hopes

hopes to one she knows not. No, Madam, *said he*, I do not expect so much Imprudence from one of your Sense, and if I durst but hope you could like my Person, I would soon acquaint you with the rest: my true Name is *Brown*, and I live within five Miles of the Place, where I overtook you coming hither; the Estate I now possess was once much better than it is, but was never impair'd by any Mismanagement of mine; tho' it is still sufficient to support a Family that will not live too fast, and a few years with good Husbandry will make it much better than it is. Come, *said the Lady*, I may, ten to one, hear you again upon this Subject, but desire you will now lay it by, to make way for our present Project; and if you have a mind to be deliver'd, urge the settling a Day for your Marriage, and leave me to bring you off.

While we were thus employ'd contriving our affairs, we saw the old Lady and her awkward Son coming towards us. Good-morrow, Madam, *said the Niece*, here is your impatient Son, that is to be, teasing me this morning to beg you would put an end to his Wishes, and let to-morrow make him happy. Aye, Child, *said the Aunt*, I have another impatient Son beside him, who is in as much haste to be happy as he can be, and if you will consent to make him so, why then you shall all be married together, and let to-morrow be the Day. I'll swear, Madam, *reply'd she*, I thought my Cousin *Dicky* had been but in jest all this while: What think you, Mr. Good, *continu'd she, turning to him*, shall you and I be married on a Day at last? With all my soul, Madam, *said he*, you never propos'd any thing in your life, that pleas'd me so well, unless when you set my ardent Love before the Lady, who is to make me bless'd. Well then, *return'd she*, e'en let it be so, what signifies long Courtship betwixt us Relations. I-cod, *says Dicky*, this is pure, Mother, is it not? Come, come, this is Market-day, let's go and buy all the good
good

good things in it. As soon as they were gone, I ask'd the young Lady if she was not afraid her Comedy should turn to a Tragedy: How, *said I*, will you look, if her Disappointment should break her heart? What her Pride may do, *said she, laughing*, I know not, but I dare answer for her Love, that it will never do her any hurt; if it does, we all know the worst on't, and we shall have a worthless Animal the less in the world; but none but I know the best, for then my Lubber will have all the Coin. Towards night, the Mother and Son came home from Market, and brought provision enough for both Weddings, some of which we desired for Supper, lest we should lose our share on't.

The next morning, we all got up with Joy in our Looks, the old Lady was pleas'd she was going to increase her Family; the Son, that he was going to get a pretty Wife; the Daughter no less, that she should be married; and we, heartily glad we were so near getting rid of them all. When we were at breakfast, the young Lady, who had undertaken to bring us off handsomely, thus began: When I first propos'd this match, Madam, betwixt Mr. *Good* and your Daughter, you seem'd a little desirous to make some enquiry after him, which I could have put you in a way of doing, without giving yourself any great trouble; but I was resolv'd to try how far you would take my own word, and now, that I find you have taken it to the last, you shall have farther satisfaction. Mr. *Good* (tho' I shall surprize you when I tell you so) has a Sister married within two Miles of this Place, and whom you will very well know, when I have told you her Name is *Nixon*. How! *said the Aunt*, is my Neighbour *Nixon* my Son *Good's* Sister, you surprize me indeed; but I am hugely glad we shall be related to so good a Family? Yes, Madam, *said the lying Baggage*, she is his own Sister, and as she is so near a Relation, and so near a Neighbour, I think it

is very fit she should be invited to the Wedding. Oh! *said the old Woman*, by all means; *Dicky* get ready this minute, and go with my humble Service, and tell her—No stay, Madam, *said the Niece, interrupting her*, since *Mr. Good* has been here so long, and has neither seen her, nor acquainted her with his design of marrying, she may perhaps resent his remiss Behaviour, and refuse to come; I would therefore have him go himself, and I think it would not be amiss, if I went with him to take his Fault upon myself.

And pray, *said I*, let me go with you, for it is so long since I have been on horse-back, I shall grow mouldy for want of jolting. The old Lady set us all forward to a Place we never intended to come near, and we left another, which we never design'd to see again. Clothes we had none—but what was on our backs, save a little Linnen, which we could and did bestow in our pockets; and when we were getting on horse-back, *Mr. Good* said, he fear'd it would be too late to come back that way, so desired they would all meet us at Church; the very name of which, put the poor Aunt into a sweat, and she held up her Eyes and Hands for Pardon, and begg'd that Day's Sin might not be laid to her charge, in which she was to pollute her holy Feet in that unsanctify'd Tabernacle, and defile her righteous Eyes with the sight of a Surplice and Common Prayer-book.

We were no sooner got clear of our Incumbrance, than we grew thankful for our Deliverance, and took the direct Road to *Mrs. Nixon's*, tho' we struck off at the first turning, and got to a blind Ale-house three Miles from the deluded Company we had left behind us, and there we bribed a Fellow's Secrecy, and sent him back to mind their Motions. At his return, he told us, he got to the Church just as they were going in, (which is a quarter of a Mile from the House) and there they staid till the canonical Hour

was

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was past, and then the Parson dismiss'd them without his Blessing. We sat a while, making ourselves merry at our own Jest, and then the young Lady call'd for a Pen and Ink, and sent her Aunt the following Lines.

M A D A M,

B*T this time, I fear both yourself and the dear Cubs my Cousins are in a state of much Vexation and Wrath; but who can help the Caprices of whimsical Fortune? she has all her Paces, and will play her Tricks over with every body. Be pleas'd to know, as we were going to Mrs. Nixon's, I found out Mr. Good to be a most notorious Hypocrite, she is none of his Sister; Good is not his Name, his Religion is intirely Orthodox, and he never had the least Design to marry your Daughter: which, when I found to my great Sorrow, I resolv'd to return no more, chusing rather to lose my dapper Dicky, than bear the Frowns of my pretty Miss Nancy; but if they are in haste for a Yoke-mate be pleas'd to buy for them, as soon as you can light of a good penny-worth, you have Money enough of mine in your hands, which I cannot bestow better, unless you would do an unusual Act of Justice, and return it to*

Dear M A D A M,

Your most affectionate Niece.

This Letter we sent to the poor old Lady by the same Fellow we had employ'd before, and as soon as he was gone, we went too. Mr. Brown (which I have already told you was his true Name) very much importuned us to go and spend the remaining part of the Day at his House, which we made no great scruple of doing, and when we came there, we found it very neat, clean, and well furnish'd; he had a Sister, who was the present Mistress of it, and she reciev'd us with a very civil Air; the Brother renew'd his Addreses to the young Lady, and next day waited upon her to her own Dwelling, where I left them together, and in a little time heard they were married.

THE



THE
MODERN
POET.



VOL. I.

T



THE MODERN POET

THE MODERN POET
MINDFUL OF HIS EYES, FOR EACH OF US
HAS HIS OWN VIEW OF THE WORLD

That I do not see the world as it is,
Nor as it should be, but as I see it,
That is the world of the modern poet.
He does not see the world as it is,
Nor as it should be, but as I see it,
That is the world of the modern poet.
He does not see the world as it is,
Nor as it should be, but as I see it,
That is the world of the modern poet.



THE MODERN POET.



E that a modern Poet would espy,
Must strain his Eyes, to reach at Garret
high ;
Who gets from Street, at least a measur'd
Mile,

That Lodgings may be lofty as his Style :
Nor is it Pride makes him such Mansions chuse,
But that he would be nearer to his Muse,
Whose kind Advice is to be very still,
And he obedient to the Lady's Will.
Gets from the Sound of Mack'rel and green Pease,
Which make Mouth water, yet wou'd Stomach ease
Chuses to foot it, rather than approach
That noisy, rattling Vehicle, a Coach ;

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Loud Claps at Play-house in another's Cause,
 Quite turns his Brain, he cannot bear Applause;
 For such a one, must I, *said he*, still miss
 Of all this Praise, get nothing but a Hiss?
 Curses, between each Spondee, all those Men,
 Who fain would make their Fortunes with their Pen;
 So vex'd to see each Fool catch Fortune's Ball,
 That what he writes is Antimetrical,
 And Joy triumphant set on other Faces
 Turns all his Wit into a Catacrisis;
 With Spleen he sees brocaded Foplings shine,
 Who ne'er cou'd write, of common Sense, a Line;
 Does from the bottom all their Grandeur spy,
 While he is forc'd to live four Story high;
 But tho' the dull Reflection gives him pain,
 Compos'd he turns, sits down, and writes again,
 On cruel Mistress, tho' he has cause to hate her,
 Epithalamiums, Elegy, and Satyr:
 On half a Sheet, thrown by with careless Air
 There lay four Lines just written on the Fair:

The *Sun* and *Cloe* had Dispute,
 Whose Brightness was of most Repute,
 His Beams, her Eyes; but still it fell
 To *Cloe's* share to bear the Bell.

Upon another Bridegroom's Joy was seen,
 A third produced the melancholy Scene
 Of poor dead *Poll*, whose Elegy was writ
 In Golden Letters, that it might beget

A Golden Show'r from his bright Mistress' Eyes,
Whose weeping Folly proves the Poet's Prize;
And thus contented sits the witty Sinner,
In Poems rich, but not one Bit of Dinner.
Upon a Shelf, a Bottle stood alone,
With Water fill'd, perhaps from *Helicon*,
Which serv'd in two Capacities; and first,
'Twou'd wash his Hands; next, it would quench his
Thirst.

Alas, poor Devil! who must bear the Curse
Of Poetry, when every Age grows worse;
Well may he at his angry Stars repine,
Who drinks with Ducks, must with Duke *Humphry*
dine.

Not so *Ben. Johnson* did his Genius rack,
He kept it briskly up with Malmsey Sack;
Champaign and *Burgundy* he could allow,
But Poets then were scarce to what they're now:
No saucy Actor durst confront his Rage,
Missing his Sense, he kick'd them round the Stage.
He could not bear to have his Wit arraign'd,
Or Plays by their Mismanagement be damn'd;
A witty Author then cou'd gain just Praise,
And for the Pains he took, he wore the Bays;
But now the Poet, and the Critick hit,
One has no Judgment, t'other has no Wit.

Behind moth-eaten Curtain, 'stead of Press,
Hung up the tatter'd Relicks of his Dress:

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A thread-bare Coat, at Elbows quite worn out,
 Buttonless Waistcoat with an old Surtout ;
 Breeches with Pockets gone, for the Abuse
 Of Master's Wit had made them of no Use ;
 A Hat some ten Times dress'd, much on the rust,
 Was laid in Box, to keep it from the Dust ;
 On wooden Peg hung piss-burnt Perriwig,
 A little out of Curl, but very big ;
 In Days of yore it had a noble Master,
 And given to set up the Poetaster ;
 For Pride has oftentimes appear'd in Tatters,
 And strives to make us imitate our Betters :
 It gave him Airs to strut about the Town,
 Flatt'ring my Lord, and railing at the Gown.
 With brazen-hilted Bilbo to attack
 All those, who dare call Names behind his Back ;
 Tho' certain 'tis, a Poet's only Weapon
 Should be his Pen, when People are mistaken.
 But some, alas ! have to their Sorrow found
 His Passion, not his Reason, kept its Ground ;
 He thought it hard he should a Scene run through
 Of Beggary, and be insulted too.

His Dress and Person thus describ'd, I come,
 To say a Word or two on Lodging Room,
 The Height of which already has been said,
 Furniture next comes in, and first the Bed,
 On which coarse dirty Linnen might be seen,
 With Store of those dear Creatures (Bugs) between ;
 A shaggy Rug, as useful as his Meat,
 It kept out Winter's Cold, and Summer's Heat :

Beside,

Beside, that every thing might live at ease,
He laid it on as Refuge for the Fleas.
In Closet dark stood what is often useful,
Which Decency forbids to call a——
From whence Effluvia rose, which could allay
Vapours in Wits, like Assafætida.
In Corner of the unswept Room there lay
A Heap of blunted Pens, as who shou'd say,
Behold the Fate of all things in this World,
When we have done our best, away we're hurl'd,
And if our Pains but little Profit brought,
Our Guider, not ourselves, was in the Fault!
In Table-drawer whole Quires most neatly writ
Lay uselefs by, and now for nothing fit,
Unless minc'd Pyes, or some such Use inferiour,
As lighting Pipes, or clapping to Posteriour.
Two Dedications he with Sighs laid by,
Because his Patrons did his Suit deny,
Nor wou'd with his Necessities comply.
On Chimney-piece, instead of China set,
A Standish, Razor, and old Pen-knife met,
Tobacco-Box, two dirty Pipes with Sticks
Of scented Wax, and Wafers there did mix.
For want of Window-Curtains in his Room,
Two Lordly Cobwebs from the Spider's Loom,
Spread them all o'er with Care, lest too much Light
Shou'd spoil the Student's Eyes, when set to write.
Two Chairs there were, one of them had no Back,
The other, like his Verse, a Foot did lack ;

Thus

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Thus Poetry and Poverty were join'd,
And left the Marks of both their Plagues behind,
If any knocks, away in haste he runs,
Having a strange Antipathy to Duns ;
Nor dares he any fee, lest they shou'd prove,
The only thing on Earth he cannot love.

The kind Good-natured Mice would often come,
To make him Visits in his empty Room ;
Like modern Visitors made short their Stay,
And like them too, untreated went away ;
Because our Bard's Provision was but scant,
The Mice and he did oft their Dinners want.
And now dear Readers, if this cannot win ye
Strait to turn Poets, sure the Devil's in ye.

The End of the first Volume.



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